SEPT. 18,
1937

Liberty

5¢

CALL ME
JIM
The Private
Life of
James A. Farley

CASANOVA'S
WOMEN
By John Erskine

THE WORLD
GOES SMASH
A Novel of
What Can
Happen Here
BY SAMUEL
HOPKINS ADAMS

"Some hills here—eh, mister?"
"Yes, but they flatten out with Ethyl!"

And you don't have to wait for a hill to feel the difference Ethyl makes. In traffic and in flat open country it pays its dividends in a cooler, sweeter, snappier motor. Wherever you drive, the "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means "best-grade" gasoline for these reasons:

You get more anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in each gallon than you can get in the best regular-grade gasoline; and *all-round* quality that is *double-tested* by the oil company and the Ethyl Laboratories.

To you, this means 100% performance from your high compression engine . . . and a saving of both gas and oil, as Ethyl prevents harmful knock and overheating.

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

LISTERINE

THE MOST EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF I EVER USED . . . AND SO DELIGHTFUL

Kills Pityrosporum ovale, the germ which causes dandruff, removes unsightly scales, allays itching and brings new life to the scalp. In New Jersey hair clinic 76% of patients got quick relief.

After ten years of research, dandruff has been stripped of its mystery. There is new hope for millions of sufferers.

Laboratories find that a stubborn germ, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Clinical tests show that treatment should be antiseptic to kill the germ. Otherwise the chances for permanent recovery are slight.

No Guesswork—Clinical Proof

And now, to countless men and women, Listerine is bringing quick relief from this humiliating condition. Never before, they say, a treatment so positive in results—so beneficial to scalp and hair—so invigorating and delightful—and so easy to carry out. All you need to do is apply Listerine right from the bottle or with a medicine dropper, then follow with a vigorous, persistent massage.

And remember, such personal experience is corroborated by impressive clinical evidence. Such evidence is the guide of medical men. Let it be yours, also. Read carefully the brief outline of this amazing research.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side only, with Listerine Antiseptic, once a day. The other side was untreated.

Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts.

The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage their scalps *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to note carefully the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks, on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

76% Got Relief

Meanwhile, in a New Jersey clinic other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Try the Proved Method

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Don't expect overnight miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic*. Do not rely on ointments, salves or solutions, which may relieve symptoms only momentarily. Remember, Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record. We know no other remedy of which the same may be said.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

His story reflects the ringing enthusiasm of thousands of users:

In desperation, I called up my doctor about a severe case of dandruff which ordinary remedies hadn't done a thing for. "Try Listerine," he said. "It kills the dandruff germ."

I doused on Listerine just as it came from the bottle, and followed it with massage. Those ugly flakes began to go—that annoying itching stopped. My scalp felt marvelously clean.

Man, was I grateful to Listerine! I kept the treatment up every day for about three weeks, using a little olive oil because my scalp was excessively dry.

Now thanks to Listerine I haven't a trace of dandruff, and my scalp and hair have never been so healthy.

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
46112
Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 18, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

ARE WE TO BECOME A NATION OF *Sissies*?

THIS nation has become great and powerful largely because of the difficulties which our ancestors had to overcome. You have to learn to climb hills before you attempt to scale high mountains.

It is the activities of life that build mental and physical force. The easy life leads to mediocrity and ultimate oblivion.

Our forefathers were reared in a rigid school. Hard work was required of them. It was their daily routine. There were few exceptions. That was the source of the hardy American stock which has made us a great nation.

But doing away with work now seems to be our outstanding objective. Labor-saving machines have multiplied infinitely. Farmers in bygone years had to walk all day in the furrow made with a plow. They walked behind a harrow in soft ground. Nearly all farm implements are now provided with comfortable seats. Walking is taboo.

And throughout all our activities—in business, factories, and homes—there is a similar tendency to eliminate human effort. Housework is to a large extent now performed with electricity. Vacuum cleaners sweep our floors and dust our rooms. The electric washing machine has discarded the washboard. Electric mangles do our ironing. Our food is cooked by gas or electricity.

The outstanding dream of modern life seems to be to find ease, happiness, and comfort by doing nothing. And everywhere we must ride. Walking has gone out of fashion. The automobile is a great convenience. It has revolutionized modern life. It has made accessible millions of acres of rich land. But it has helped to rob us of one of the most potent factors in building human vitality—and that is walking.

But the culminating crime—and it is a crime—has come to us in the form of busses and other conveyances to take our children to school. In adult life it might be excusable at times to avoid walking. But walking and running in child life are absolutely essential to insure the proper growth and development of the body.

Young children are constantly active during their waking hours. They follow an instinctive demand. No growing child would sit still if allowed to follow his inclination.

And all these influences toward human decay are due largely to our life as it is being lived today.

This general demand of our people for an effortless existence has poisoned our government. Our officials have the impression that they must do away with the struggle which is an outstanding requirement to bring about complete human development.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

To remedy the evil of child labor, which has already been largely eliminated, Washington officials are trying to control the youth of the land up to eighteen years of age. They say that no remunerative work should be attempted before sixteen years of age, although the important formative period in life begins at about the ages of ten and twelve.

Nearly all our outstanding successful men learned as much or more through work as they did through what we term education.

Our government has given us compulsory employment and old-age insurance. It is no longer necessary to save for your declining years. Our government is taking care of that. It is not even necessary to develop the efficiency required in holding your job, for our government has given us employment insurance.

What will be the effect of all this mollycoddling on the future of the nation? But little analysis of the situation is necessary. Unless we can find a substitute for the development of vigor and vitality through sports or other means, we will have to admit that we are headed toward the gradual dissolution that leads to national oblivion.

We will have to learn the importance of using our legs.

If we intend to take away hard work entirely, there will have to be some substitute, or family trees will gradually diminish and finally disappear.

Utility is the law of life. That which is not useful automatically disappears.

The above dissertation is not intended as a condemnation of the marvelous improvements that inventive genius has brought us. It is presented as a warning of what will result, individually and nationally, unless we take the necessary precautions to avoid the heavy penalties that will follow the revolutionary changes we have made in our lives.

Bernarr Macfadden

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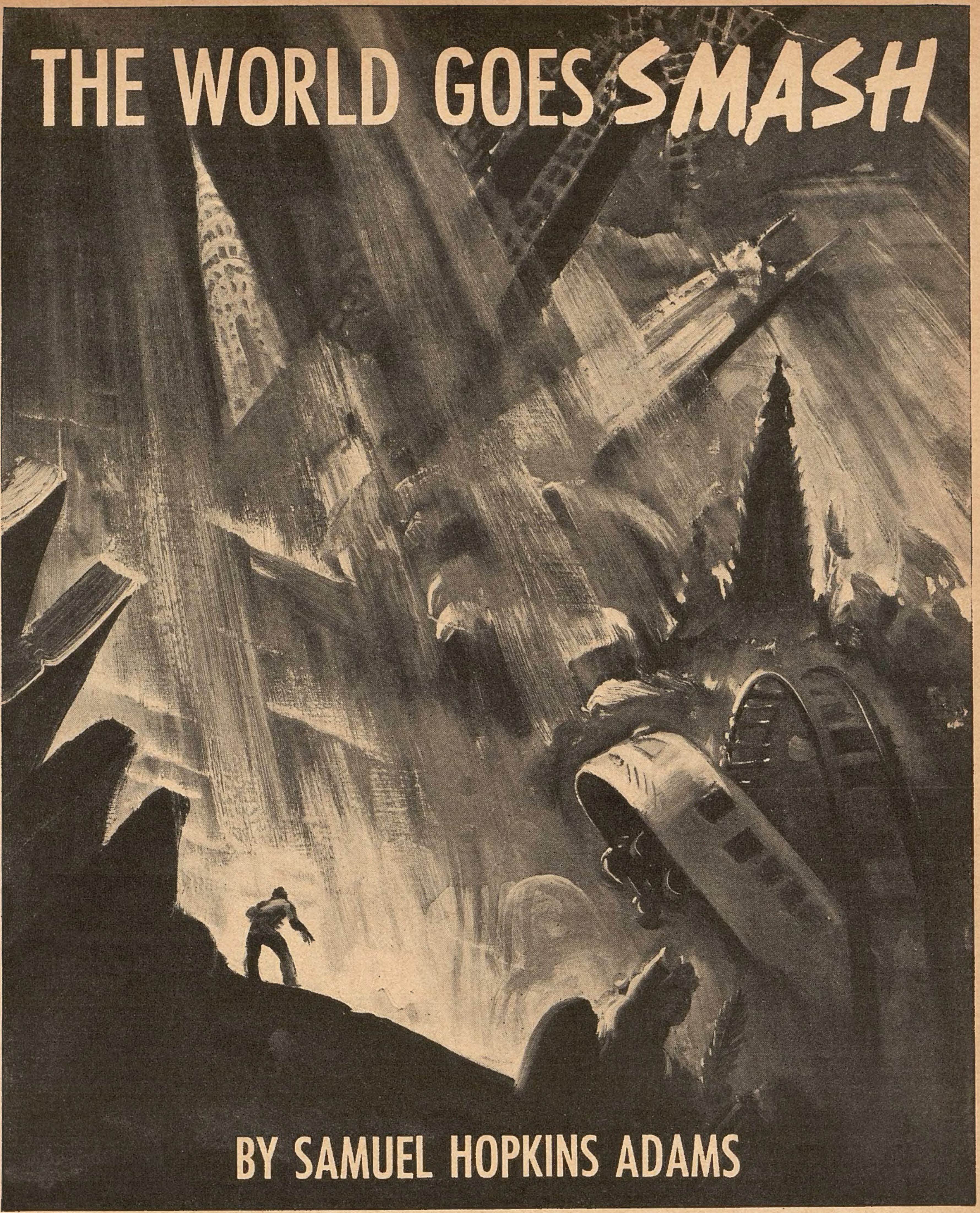
THE WORLD GOES SMASH



BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PROLOGUE

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

YES; I can tell it now. For a time, in that awful blur of successive catastrophes, it did not seem endurable even to remember, far less to recount it. Now I am, I believe, sane again, if indeed there be any sanity left in this convulsed world. I can tell what I know.

The focal point, for me, is that interval when I stared into the great jagged crater, filled with debris and death, that had been Columbus Circle, wondering whether any one would be left in the ruins of the world with brains not too stunned to retain some interest in figuring out why and how it went to pieces.

And I am still wondering. For it is not over yet.

Beginning a constructively sensational novel—a vivid forecast of what can happen here

On that evening in the Circle, as I lay with my feet dangling above the charnel pit, I had little expectation of living through the night. That noon the siege of New York had ended with the final capitulation of that little band of desperate fighters and their seven supermachine guns on the fourteenth floor of the Empire State Building. Manhattan was an abattoir—a dump heap. The five bridges over the East River were wreckage. The waters of the Hudson roared through the Holland Tunnel and the seven subway systems.

For a little while at least the guns on the Palisades, on Staten Island, and on Brooklyn Heights were quiet. No airplanes droned overhead, waiting to drop more of the infamous torture bombs. New York was quiet, but it was the quiet of damnation. The reek of death rose from the jack-tumble of junk and the annihilation of hundreds of thousands who had lightly thought that it would all be over in a few hours.

Somewhere a miraculously surviving bell struck seven. As if convulsed by the impertinent and absurd indication of time's continuity, the earth to the left of me opened up with a sound like a huge sob, vomiting forth a mass of twisted subway cars, sprinkled and dotted with the gleaming tiles of a station. One of the terrible seismite bombs with a delayed charge had burst. A lofty building near by leaned but did not yet topple over. From its roof there waved crazily in the twisting air currents a sign:

A BOON TO THE MOTOR PUBLIC
THE SUPERCAR OF 1940

Braggart man still at his commercial boasting in the face of the annihilation he had brought upon himself and his works!

Then the flimsy structure split, part of it hurtling down twenty stories. Only the numerals remained, stark against a sunset of flame: 1940. The year of the Lord 1940—the year of the vengeance of the Lord upon a people blinded and gone mad in the lust of their power and the dazzle of their vainglory.

From the matted jungle of Central Park, streaked with abandoned trenches, a figure crawled, rose, reeled, and staggered toward me with brandishing arms. I knew what that mad rush meant. Some lingering, invisible breath of the torture-gas had touched him.

"Kill me! For Christ's sake, kill me!"

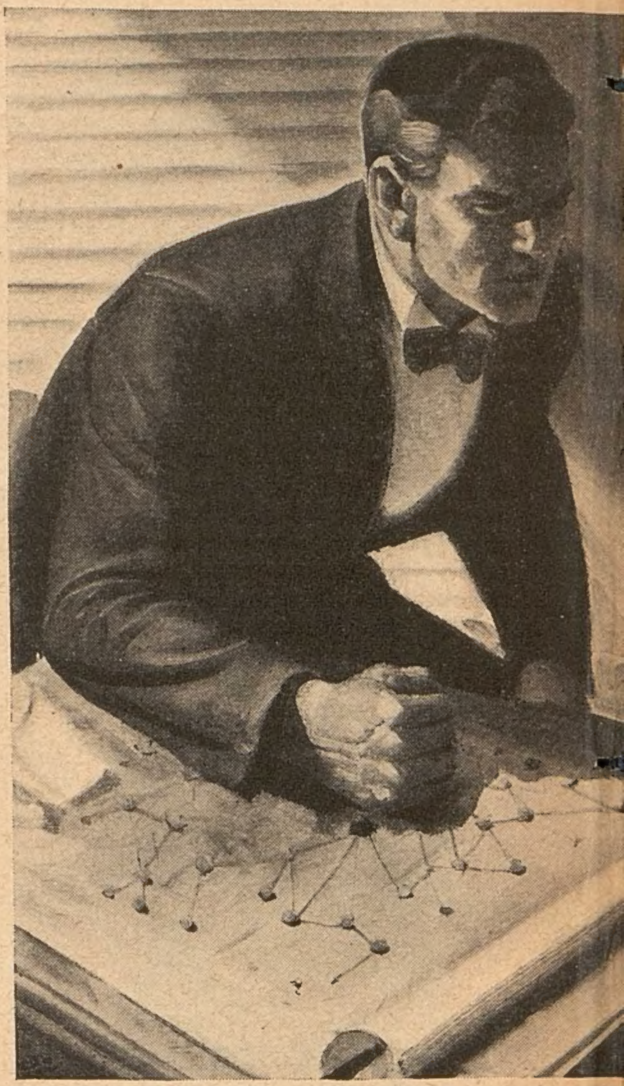
Uncertain, reluctant, I reached for my revolver. I was saved the grisly and merciful deed. He saw the chasm between us, and plunged headlong into it—another tribute to mankind's scientific advance; one of several millions whose rotting bodies poisoned the air.

NINETEEN FORTY. How many brief years ago was it that the halcyon birds were chirping their sweet commercial lay of an unexampled prosperity? Then Franklin D. Roosevelt was still President of the United States, and we had all those alphabetical agencies pouring out treasure to help the underprivileged and the casualties of competitive capitalism. Then the New Deal was zealously striving to bring a new abundance and a new idealism to the hopeful people of the nation, always ready to believe in anything if only it were new and idealistic and did not involve too much trouble on their part.

In those days we thought of Madrid as a horrible nightmare comfortable thousands of miles away. Undisturbed in our serene self-satisfaction, we listened to Rudy Vallée on the radio; watched Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire on the screen; debated profoundly whether Joe DiMaggio was a greater ballplayer than Babe Ruth; deplored the strikes in industrial centers, but told ourselves that it would all shake down and work out, all the time ignoring the steady advance of the systemization of crime and plunder, with which we were too ignorant or too complaisant to concern ourselves. We played bridge, golf, and badminton, and danced to swing-time music. As mental exercise we sweat our brains over million-dollar picture puzzles. Our girls wore ludicrous little hats and tried to give their eyebrows the wide sweep of the Duchess of Windsor's.

In those gay and peaceful days we, superior breed that we deemed ourselves, bragged that, no matter what happened elsewhere, we would keep out of war. We did not notice the internal forces that were creeping up on us invisibly, like throttling hands in the dark. Had we been warned, we would not have believed; for we were too comfortable and smug to think of anything except our own infallibility and the promise of our future and pleasant estate.

True, we went to church respectably; but we took little heed of what the church stood for or of what we were warned against by its pastors and priests. Our religion was the creed of success, the sanctification of the dollar. Fair or foul, we must get the best of every bargain. We chiseled and we cheated. We made contracts when we thought them to our advantage, and broke them when they proved otherwise. Our goods were shoddy when we thought we could get away with it. We took all the traffic would bear. We borrowed from the very food and drink and shelter of our grandchildren. We dodged our taxes and shirked our obligations. Let the other fellow pay! We were a godless and self-centered race.



She shuddered. "Hugh, it is awful! I can't bear to think of you involved in it."

Later we watched Europe commit suicide and reduce itself to a smoldering ruin, sparsely peopled by purposeless, hopeless waifs. We saw Asia liquidate in unimagined slaughter its teeming surplus of humanity. Object lessons more awful than previous history at its most brutish had ever known. What did we learn from it? Nothing. From my vantage point in Columbus Circle, I, an incredulous survivor, could view a tiny segment of the inevitable reckoning.

High, terrific shrieking in the air overhead. Not the death rays searching for air traffic—they would be silent. The disintegrators were at work, neutralizing the herztian waves and preventing all radio communication. Instinctively I looked up, though there would, of course, be no visible trace. I did see something: four sinister figures floating below the light filmy clouds. Airplanes? Where could I hide? Of what use to attempt concealment against the terror that descended from the heavens? But these soarers were noiseless, almost motionless. Not even our superb mechanical genius for murder had produced a bombing plane that could float. Then I saw that they were buzzards! Their presence added a touch of horror. What could be more fitting than the arrival in new and promising haunts of the carrion birds?

A voice back of me, hoarse and weary, said: "Stick up your hands!"

I obeyed, turning to see the man. On his arm were the intertwined circles of the enemy force. He had me covered with the new miniature pocket weapon—the spray gun, which at close quarters spreads blinding and poisoned steel dust, and cannot miss. It wavered. He lowered the muzzle.

"Oh, hell!" he muttered in discouraged tones. "What's the *use!*"

"Yes; there's been almost enough killing," I agreed. "Where do you come from?"

"Down there somewhere," he answered vaguely. "Got any water?"

I handed him my canteen. He drank in ravening gulps which roused my suspicions. They were confirmed by his query, which he tried to make offhand:

"How do I look? Is there—anything?"

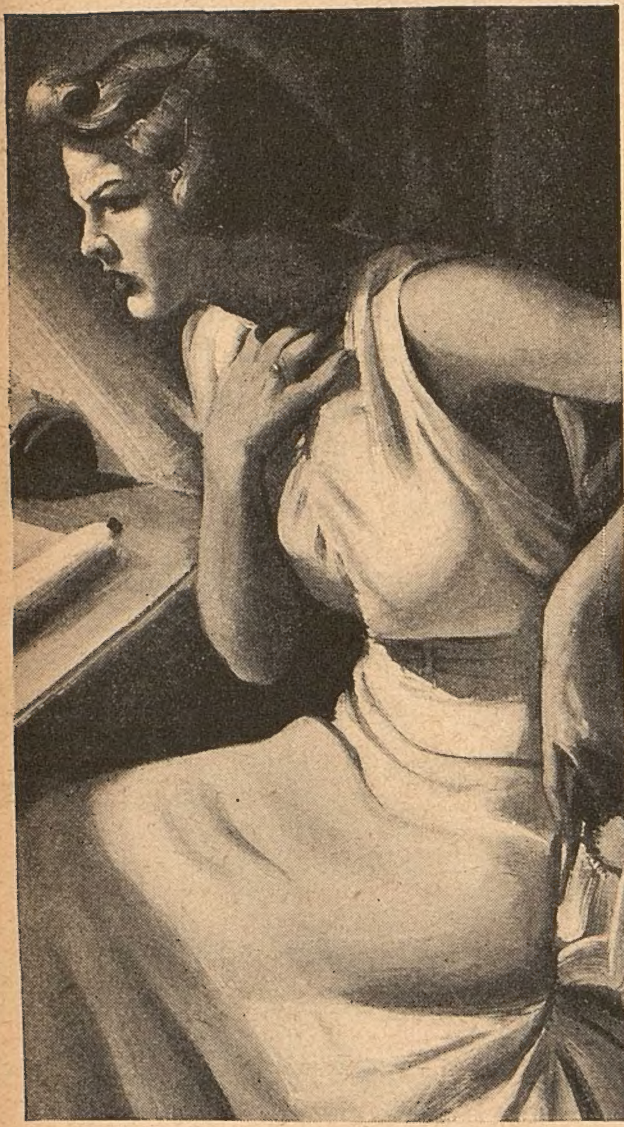
Unmistakably there was. The greenish pallor, the occasional twitching of the facial muscles, the anxious expression—not unlike that of a cholera victim—told the tale. I had several times seen the effects of the mysterious disease germs with which the poison-flyers had, early in the week, sprayed certain localities. It was medical science's newest contribution to the cause of universal murder. But why tell this poor devil? As encouragingly as I could I answered:

"You're all right. Sit down and rest a minute."

"I don't feel too good. I'm a runner. Military message. Don't suppose there'll be any one left to deliver it to, though."

He lay slowly down. The retching took him. Mercifully soon came the spout of blood. He lay still.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN CLYMER



I was shaken by a new fear—the crushing weight of an unbearable loneliness; the dread of being left as the sole survivor of desolation. The obsession of a mind temporarily unhinged, of course, but potent enough to inspire the desire to kill myself at once, as I had seen scores of unfortunates do, rather than face the horrors of that week. One sane thought checked me. Dorrie. There was hardly a chance that she had not perished. But as long as there was any doubt I must try to keep alive, in the hope of seeing her again.

The thought came to me—perhaps but for her, but for our love, this whole catastrophe might have been avoided, or at worst postponed. . . . Dorrie was the Helen of our preposterous Ilium's topless towers. How she would have laughed at that ascription! . . . Should I ever again hear her deep, happy laughter? . . . Would any one in this ruin of a world ever laugh again?

The body beside me twitched once and was quiet. Poor victim of a fate which must have seemed to him sadly illogical.

Not to me. There has been in it all a horribly inevitable logic. I do not believe that this hell on earth which now encompasses us, this reek of blood and carcasses, whether in New York or New Orleans, Chicago or San Francisco —I do not for an instant believe that all this is the whim of some capricious power taking an illogical vengeance. I believe rather that we are reaping what we have sown, because we have forgotten God and His eternal ways. Mercy and love, kindliness and sympathy and simple decency—these are the eternal ways of God, and we have turned from them. Not that we ourselves have been such great sinners: the lives we lead are too petty and careless for that. But, within our own moral dimensions, we are as evil negatively as those monstrous and mighty minds who strove to establish their rule over all of us and so brought us to this bloody pass.

Most thoughtful people have foreseen the possibility of a bitter class war: capital against labor; the old standards and beliefs against the newer. But this is profoundly different—profoundly more bitter and feral. This is the conflict of entrenched criminal power against law and order and human decency; and on our side, the side of the "rebels"—God save the mark!—are ranged many of the great industrialists side by side with powerful labor leaders, because we battle together against the hosts of hell.

We, the hundred and thirty million men, women, and children of these United States have supinely tolerated inhuman selfishness, corruption, and ruthlessness in the lives of our leaders, industrial, political, and proletarian, so long as we could comfortably practice in our own small spheres our own ruthlessness and petty dishonesty.

Thus the fabric of our national character became motheaten. It was easily torn to pieces. Our schools were deficient in any ethical teaching. We taught bookkeeping, but we made no effort to inculcate fundamental honesty, unselfishness, loyalty to principles, or character.

We made our children competent and unmoral. We were, in short, moral defectives. So fire rained upon us, hotter fire than burned up Sodom and Gomorrah. We must not exculpate ourselves in laying the responsibility upon those who started the fire. They were the creatures of a lower world—a dank, secret, reptilian world, without belief or pity; the kind who would burn an orphan asylum to warm their own cold hands. And we let them usurp control of our inner government, these supergangsters, because we were too cowardly or too inert to fight. So they came to flower at the last—the poisonous flower of all the seeds that we had sown in the beautiful garden of folly that we called our United States.

I doubt whether I shall live to finish this account of what I saw. Nor am I sure that any one will live to read what I write. Nevertheless, I shall set it down as best I can: one man's account of what came to pass in the forty-eight states after Franklin D. Roosevelt left the White House.

PART ONE—AND THIS IS HOW IT BEGAN . .

As the noise of the descending elevator died away in a dim mechanical sigh, Hugh Farragut opened the door of his apartment. Automatically the hallway flooded with light.

"Wait," he directed his companion.

He preceded her, then nodded for her to follow. The girl chuckled.

"Quite dramatic," she commented. She slipped out of her opera cloak and subsided gratefully into an old-fashioned easy chair. "What do you use for air in here?"

"Sorry." He opened a window, standing aside from it. The hum of the Fifties, choked with New York's after-theater traffic, sounded faint and far below. She noticed that he carefully drew the curtains. Dorothy James was noticing much on this her first visit to the place.

"Highball?"

"No. Fizzy water, please."

"Sandwich? If I can find the makings?"

"That would help some, after your flat refusal to feed me at a restaurant."

"There are disadvantages about restaurants."

"Or dangers?"

"Don't believe all you hear," he advised brusquely.

"If I believed all I heard I shouldn't be here," she smiled. "I make my own judgments about people, darling. You don't look a bit like the Terror of the Lawless tonight."

"If you pin tabloid labels on me I'll lock the icebox. Ham or Swiss?"

"Swiss, I think. Lots of mustard."

He left the door open so that he could see her as he cut and spread. With a tug at his heart he thought how her youth and gaiety and loveliness irradiated the careless austerity of his quarters; of how they might irradiate the careful austerity of his life.

Taking the over-thick sandwich, the girl bit into it with the unaffected appreciativeness of health and vigor.

"Beer?" she remarked, observing the bottle which he had brought out for himself. "Is that the extent of your dissipation?" He nodded. "Bright young idea of mine, having you bring me up here," she proceeded. "Were you surprised when I suggested it?"

"A little."

"Shocked?"

"Less."

"This is the year 1940," she observed. "My generation is insulated against shock. Yours— How old are you, Hugh?"

"Thirty-six."

"Think of all the trouble you've made already! Is it fun being special prosecutor and racket buster and having your name in headlines seven days a week?"

"Not always."

"When you say that, you look grim enough to be fifty. Other times you act like twenty. You must be a double personality, Hugh."

"Not at all. I've got a single-track mind. It's been exclusively concerned with trying to marry you since first I set eyes on you."

"That's only six weeks ago. I'll admit we've covered a good deal of ground in that time."

"More than I ever hope to get back. Or want to."

"Of course I've always known a lot about you. You knew nothing about me. That gives you an unfair advantage."

"Gives *me?* I should think—"

"Think harder," she advised. "Having no background of knowledge, you can judge me by what I seem to you."

"An unsafe basis," he returned gravely. "Nobody could be quite what you seem to me. Not even you."

"That's silly. Or is it? Anyway, I have to guard myself from being dazzled by your glittering personality. You're partly a newspaper figment to me. How am I to see you as a person, as a man? How am I to judge how you affect me as an individual when my vision is distorted by the glamour of your career?"

"There's darn little glamour and a lot of dull hard work about what you call my career."

The telephone buzzed. With an exclamation of annoyance, he turned to it. His expression changed; became tense, rigorous, concentrated.

"No," he snapped. "Not an inch of concession. Why should we? . . . Help? I'm not the one that needs help. . . . Are you threatening me? . . . That's final and that's all."

"What was that?" she asked curiously.

"Just a man who thinks he's too big to go to jail," he said with impatience. "We were talking about more important things."

"Yes. Ourselves. And now you look about twenty again. How did you ever land in this work?"

"Special racket prosecutor? I expect it goes back to my playing football opposite a big Percheron from Cornell who was about thirty pounds heavier than I," he answered.

She estimated his chunky, hard trimness. "You don't look like a lineman."

"I wasn't. They put me in to be slaughtered."

"Were you?"

"Pretty nearly. But they didn't make much money around my end while I lasted," he chuckled.

"But how does that connect up with this job of yours?"

"The big Cornell Percheron's uncle is now governor of New York. My ex-enemy of the gridiron recommended me when they were looking for some lawyer not too easily sidetracked."

"Or scared," she supplied. "I don't suppose they will make much around your end." She paused. "While you last," she supplemented. "How long are you likely to last, Hugh?"

"Until the job is finished, I hope."

"Hasn't your life been threatened?"

"Every public man is threatened," he returned impatiently. "It means nothing."

"Does it mean nothing to be shot at? To find a bomb planted in your car?"

"Bogey tales. You mustn't believe all you hear, Dorrie."

The telephone sounded again. This time the voice came through and clacked in the air—a woman's voice, dehumanized by the transformation of the mechanism, but still instinct with mortal terror.

"Is it you, Mr. Farragut? . . . Oh, thank God! It's our boy; our baby. . . . Yes. The letter came tonight. . . . No; I don't know how it came. . . . Oh, Mr. Farragut, what shall I *do?* . . . I daren't go out and I daren't stay . . . No. My husband hasn't come home. Isn't he at your office?" It was almost a shriek now. Dorothy James fought an instinct to close her ears against it.

The prosecutor spoke a few quiet words. His face had darkened to a sort of savagery. He called a number. . . . "Tell him he's got to come. . . . I don't care if he's asleep, sick, or dying! . . . Is that you, Kirkbride? . . . Yes; it's the Girtners. . . . What's that? You can't do anything? Are you the head of the department or aren't you? . . . Get this, Kirkbride. If anything happens to that family, you'll be a special witness before me tomorrow morning. . . . That's better! Good night."

"WAS that Chief Kirkbride?" asked Dorothy, marveling.

"He's Chief Kirkbride now. He may not be long."

"It's rather terrifying to have such power," she said quite low. "And dangerous." She forced herself to a lighter tone. "Do you know why I wanted to come here tonight, Hugh?"

"To give me opportunity for advancing my forceful and convincing arguments why you should marry me. Now, if the Court pleases—"

"Out of order. I came to see how you live. To find out if there wasn't perhaps *something* about you not to like."

"There's my looks," said he helpfully.

"They're not beautiful, certainly, and they can be downright forbidding at times. But somehow I like 'em."

"Then you're lost," he asserted with conviction. "Why try to dig up points against me?"

"To keep myself from marrying you, naturally."

"Don't you want to marry me, Dorrie?"

"Terribly. But I'm afraid."

"That you wouldn't be happy with me?"

"That I'd be too happy. That I'd become so wrapped up in our life together that if anything happened I shouldn't know how to live without you, having lived with you." All lightness had passed from her bearing.

"What should happen?" he asked gravely.

"I don't know. I've heard so much of the risks you run. Don't you ever consider that yourself?"

"Not specially. It's all in the game. Who's been talking now?"

"Dolly Simms. Shall I tell you what she said to me? You won't like it."

"My skin's been toughened by experience."

"She asked me if I wasn't becoming too much interested in you, and when I said, 'What do you mean, too much?' she said, 'Old Hugh's a swell sort, but how would you like to be the widow Farragut?'"

"That's all rot," he retorted disgustedly.

"Dolly says you haven't a year to live if you keep on as you're going now. And she isn't the only one."

"Bogey tales," he repeated. "I wish people would keep their fool mouths shut."

"Isn't it true that your clues are leading up to bigger and more dangerous game all the time?"

"Bigger, yes. It's a foul tangle, Dorrie. I'm not sure yet how far and high some of them may reach. But all this talk of danger is so exaggerated."

Rising, she stood over him and looked down with an enigmatic smile. "Hugh, if I say I'll marry you, will you have your life insured?"

"It is insured."

"Will you have it insured for more?"

His scrutiny was puzzled, incredulous. "If you want me to. You aren't going mercenary on me, Dorrie?"

"It looks that way, but I'm not."

"Then why—"

"You aren't a good liar, Hugh darling. You know that no company would so much as look at you as a risk."

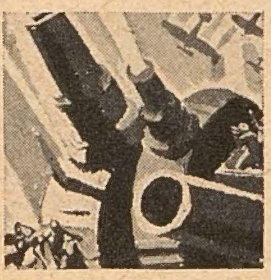
He grinned in rueful confession.

"Do insurance companies believe in bogey tales?"

"Just what are you driving at, Dorrie?"

"I want you to give up this dreadful work." She slipped to the floor in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, and gripped both his hands in her strong brown fingers. "Look at me, Hugh. Do you know what would be the worst betrayal I'd have to fear from you?"

"Do you trust me as little as that?" he asked.



"The worst betrayal," she repeated. "It would be for you to take my life into your hands and then leave me to live it out alone. I'm asking you to live, Hugh," she said passionately. "For me. With me."

More to himself than to her he muttered, "I was afraid that was coming. Dorrie, I can't."

She made a hopeless, desperate little gesture.

"My problem isn't finished. I must go on. Ask me again a year from now," he told her.

"A year from now! And you expect to be alive a year from now?" she retorted bitterly.

"With you to live for? Darling, I'm ordering a suit of chain armor from my tailor tomorrow."

"Can't *anything* make you serious?"

"Yes. You can. When will you marry me?"

"And live in fear? Like that dreadful voice on the telephone?"

Now he was serious. "I'm not denying there's some risk, though you are making it out worse than it is. Suppose it were war and I were going to the front."

"It isn't the same. It isn't fair."

"Yes; it's the same. It's a war. You're asking me to desert."

"It's a crusade. Father says that a crusader is only an adventurous criminal gone pious."

"Clever but hardly just. However, I'm not thinking of myself as a crusader. Only of a job that I can finish better than the next fellow."

"You've been at it for nearly four years. Let some one else carry on."

"No one else can."

"I wonder," said she in discouraged accents, "whether people who have made a big success always come to consider themselves indispensable."

"Oh, I know what they say about me," he returned with unaffected good humor. "That publicity has gone to my head; that I'm eaten up with political ambition; that my vanity has set me to running amuck. But who are the men that say it?"

Her smile was constrained, rueful. "My father, for one."

"Yet he's an idealist, too, in his way."

"OF course he is!" she cried warmly. "Only, so many people don't understand that." She checked herself sharply. "Of course he is," she repeated.

"I'm coming to your father later. Just now I want to put it into your mind what would happen if I dropped out of the fight. The combinations of vice and crime that are pretty well disrupted would close ranks, solidify, and fasten their grip on the city again. People who have trusted and supported and fought under me would feel that I had betrayed them. I could name a dozen men and women whose lives wouldn't be worth anything the day after my resignation was announced."

"Isn't your life worth more than theirs?"

"That's sophistry." His keen face deepened with contemplation of her, as if he were trying to read through the lines of youth and beauty to the essential character beneath. "I couldn't be so deeply in love with you if I didn't trust you," he told her. "You want to know why I can't resign, even to marry you. That's your right. What I'm going to show you only one other person in the world has seen. Bart Crowell will carry on if I should—drop out."

He led her to an inner room where stood a formidable safe. "Two of the best hands in the country have had a crack at that," he remarked. "Strong political powers, including a member of the Cabinet, are now hard at work trying to get them pardoned out of state's prison. They won't succeed while I'm in office." Carefully he spun the wheel, drew open the massive door, and lifted out a scroll, which he spread upon the table. To the girl's widening, wondering eyes it suggested a vastly complicated web made up of colored filaments. Here and there were set names, numbers, legends.

"What is it?"

"The jungle. And those are the trails."

"And you're the hunter."

"It's unclean hunting. Like tracking foul under-earth creatures through lightless caves. See this blue tracery? That's the drug ring. The dope peddlers. Morphine, heroin, cocaine. The yellow line is commercialized prostitution. It's intertwined with the blue in places, because drugs help supply the trade in girls. Green is for the gambling combine. All the games are crooked. Black is the labor racket. It's highly specialized: fish, building, poultry, restaurant, laundry. Then here are the small threads in purple that hook up with all the rest: They're the intimidators; the organizers of gangs for hire to bullying corporations and working criminals alike; traders in illegal weapons; handlers of stink bombs and the more deadly 'pineapples.'"

"THERE are tiny red dots everywhere."

"They are murders. Quite incidental."

She shuddered. "Hugh, it's awful! I can't bear to think of you involved in it." She stared at the grisly document. "I see a lot of names in circles, with numbers."

"Convictions. Here's Pasiano, the vice czar. He got fifty years. We sent Hocks Lannigan of the Fulton Market gang up for twenty. Ten years for income tax is the best we could do for Pim Schwartzfelder of—" The buzzing telephone interrupted him.

With instinctive shrinking she glanced toward the other room to which he had gone. He shut the door, but through it she could presently hear his voice, sharpened with distress:

. . . "Where were our men? . . . That's no excuse. . . . His wife too? Good God! . . . Yes. Well, if they were warned. . . . Hands off, for the police. This is our affair now."

He was white when he came back through the door. Something told her it would be better to ask no questions. She touched his hand as he leaned over the chart, and he set his lips to her fingers before he spoke again.

"If you could follow all the convolutions of those threads, you would know more about crime than any living person in New York."

"It makes me feel small," she whispered. "And terrified. And you are caught in that network!"

"We're cutting our way through fast. Do you see that vacant spot in the center, on which all the lines converge?"

"Rather like the South Pole on the map. What does the big Z stand for?"

"Everything that is worst and most destructive in the city. The focus of political corruption and criminal power. For a while I believed that Z was three men, a trinity of the underworld. Now I know that he is a single individual, very artfully inconspicuous. He is the final refuge of the underworld; the Big Fixer, the agency that apportions the spoils, handles protection, bribes juries, blackmails judges and buys pardons. Imagine all those threads to be streams of corruption. Each one of them pours its percentage of tribute into his pockets. His influence stretches up into the very highest nerve centers of government, state and national. When that problem"—he struck the chart lightly with the flat of his hand—"is reduced to its elements, he'll appear as the final beneficiary of the processes that make drug addicts of school children and send innocent girls to the slavery of the brothels. Oh, very likely he's a kindly, generous, clean-living family man in private life," he went on with a bitter smile. “In fact, I’ve heard that he is. Probably he has never touched a drug or mistreated a woman in his life. But if there’s any such thing as eternal justice, he’ll live to see his sons, if he’s got any, corrupted by dope, and his daughters kidnaped and ruined and made into women of sale, and himself—” He stopped, arrested by her strained face. “I’m sorry, Dorrie,” said he with an effort. “I didn’t mean to make a jury speech to you. And I try to keep personal feeling out of this work of mine. But with that sinister figure I can’t. He’s balked me too often by his secret methods. Before it’s over, either I’ll get him or he’ll get me.”

“I wish you wouldn’t, Hugh,” said she in an appalled voice. “Something dreadful is going to come of this if you keep on. I know it. I feel it. I’m afraid!”

“You still want me to quit?”

“Oh, if only you would!”

“Now I’m going to present my own case. Here’s my argument: Gilroy James is an able surgeon, isn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve heard there are radical and desperate operations that he alone dares undertake. Suppose, in the middle of such an operation, he cut himself and some virulent and possibly deadly pus got into the cut. Would he leave the patient to die while he attended to his own wound, or would he take the risk and finish?”

“It isn’t the same thing,” she protested.

“It is. The city is my patient. We’ll admit a certain risk, for the sake of the argument.” His steady regard held her reluctant gaze. “Now, what would your father think of you if you tried to hold him back when it was a question of life or—”

“*Who?*” she interrupted.

“We’re talking of Gilroy James,” said he impatiently.

“Gilroy James isn’t my father,” she said.

It was his turn to be astonished. “He isn’t! Why, he motored you to the house party, and I heard you call him ‘pop.’ And you’ve been living in his house.”

“Visiting. That’s another story.” She laughed, not quite easily. “He’s my second cousin and godfather. I’ve always called him pop.”

“It doesn’t matter, for the moment. The point is the same. Would you feel the same respect for Gilroy James if he set his own safety before that of his patient?”

“No,” she admitted. She raised her face and spoke with a clear steadiness. “All right, Hugh, you win. One can get over fear, I suppose. Or learn to live with it. I’ll go into the web with you.”

“You? Into that?” He thrust aside the paper and it writhed to the floor. “Don’t be a fool, Dorrie!”

“Do you expect to keep me outside your life?”

“Yes. That part of it.”

“A HALF-MARRIAGE? Do you want me for a half-wife? I heard you over the telephone. You said: ‘His wife too?’ I don’t know what it meant. But was she a half-wife? It didn’t sound so.”

“Oh, my God!” he groaned.

“What is it, Hugh? Darling!”

“That message—told me—one of my undercover men—hacked and beaten to death—in his own home—and—and his wife with him. They’d been married only a month.”

The girl paled. But she spoke without a tremor: “Why not? Wasn’t it better so? If they loved each other.”

Through rigid lips he said: “It might happen to my wife. To you.”

She answered him steadfastly: “Why not? Wouldn’t it be better so? Since I love you.”

“You were right. You mustn’t marry me.”

“Hugh! Are you going to turn coward?”

“Yes. For you. We’ll have to wait.”

“Until you come home from the wars?” she taunted. “When will that be?”

“God knows. Years, perhaps.”

To his amazement, a soft warmth of laughter sounded in his ears. She was suddenly possessed of a wild gaiety and exaltation. “Darling, what time is it?” she said.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

in common with so many other successful novelists, began his literary career on a newspaper. Later he became managing editor of the McClure Syndicate and a staff writer on McClure’s Magazine. Now he spends his time writing fiction and pursuing two hobbies—fishing and antiquing.

“I don’t know,” he answered vaguely. “It must be after midnight. . . . Good Lord! It’s nearly two.”

“Two o’clock, and me, an unprotected maiden, alone in a man’s apartment. And now he says he won’t marry me. Have you ever been blackmailed, Mr. Hugh Farragut?”

“Not very successfully.” His tensity began to relax. “Are you thinking of trying it?”

“I am. Unless you abase yourself properly and play the part of an honorable and remorseful gent—”

“Well?” he prompted as she paused for effect. In spite of himself, he was smiling down into the smiling face so close beneath his.

“‘I won’t go home till morning, till daylight doth appear,’” she hummed.

“And then?”

“I’ll call up my father and tell him all about it.”

“I see.” The infection of her levity had captured him. “And he’ll come, armed with righteous wrath.”

“And a shotgun. Don’t forget the shotgun.”

“And a preacher. Don’t forget the preacher.”

“So they were married and lived happy ever after.” Her arms were around him now, her mouth pressed to his. “Oh, Hugh darling! I’m not afraid any more. If the danger is for both of us, I can face it. So can you.”

HE drew a deep breath. “Yes,” he yielded. “So can I. It’s all wrong. It’s weak and indefensible in me, but I can’t stand out against you. Perhaps some one else can, though,” he added with a return to his former grimness. “If that father of yours has good sense, he’ll bring his shotgun not to forward our marriage but to prevent it.”

“Oh, no, he won’t,” she contradicted. “You don’t know my dad.”

“True enough. But, Dorrie, you certainly let me believe that you were Gilroy James’ daughter.”

“That shows how little you really know about me after these long six weeks,” she returned gaily. “Though we haven’t been together more than half a dozen times in all, have we? And you’re not a very inquisitive person.”

“No? I thought I had a bad reputation in that line.”

“You didn’t ask, and I didn’t volunteer. Shall I tell you why I cheated a little? It was dad’s idea.”

“But why should he want to be kept in the background?” Puzzled, Hugh began to feel uneasy.

“We-ell, believe it or not, dad has quite unparental respect for my opinions on people. As a political philosopher he’s interested in your career, though he’s suspicious of young reformers on principle. But you won’t mind that when you meet and talk with him. You’ll love him. Everybody does. Anyway, he suggested, when he knew that I was going to meet you, that if you knew who I was you might shut up like a clam and not talk politics at all, and that I’d miss something, because he thought your political talk would be interesting. It has been. . . . Darling, I’ve simply got to go home.”

His brows drew down, heavy with suspicion. “Wait a minute. Who is your father?”

“Harold James.”

“Harold James? Happy Harold James of the Old Thirteenth?” He was staring at the chart.

“Yes. Happy James. They call him that because he brings happiness to so many people.”

“I might have known,” said he thickly. “You—Happy James’ daughter! And you hid it from me.”

“Hugh! What is it? Why do you speak to me that way?” she asked piteously.

His clenched fist came down on the scroll.

“Z is Happy Harold James!”

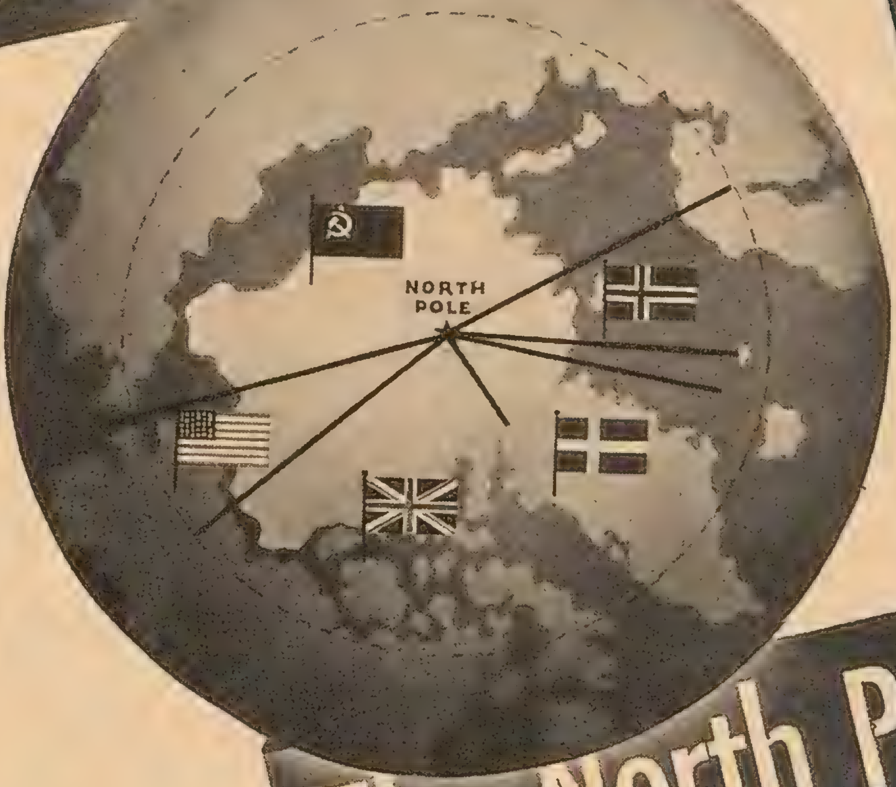
Can Hugh convince Dorrie that her father is the monstrous spider in the center of the crime web that is stifling America? Don’t miss next week’s installment of this forceful, thrilling novel of a man’s crusade against the hordes of evil, while a grim battle between love and duty rages in his heart.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Why the Russians Want The North Pole

N. W. N. S. photo

The author.



A famous explorer tells the inside story of the Soviets' exciting dreams

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WHY do the Soviets want the North Pole?

The earth is spherical. Most centers of wealth and power are in the North Temperate Zone. The Soviets apparently want to see whether they cannot apply the principle that when two cities of the North Temperate Zone are far from each other, the shortest airway between them lies through or skirting the Arctic. The Soviets want to be first in developing the shortest commercial air routes between great traffic centers.

They want to dominate the polar sea because it separates the Old World from the New World, somewhat as the Mediterranean separates Europe from Africa. The Italians want their Mediterranean for a *mare nostrum*, a "sea of our own." The Soviets want the polar Mediterranean for their own. It lies in their back yard.

Once the high seas were free and lands discovered in a strange ocean belonged to the discoverers, provided their nationals followed up by occupation. It was a bright Canadian, Senator Poirien, who thought of a different scheme for the polar sea. He proposed in 1907 that straight lines should be drawn to the North Pole from the most easterly and most westerly points at which Canadian territories border the polar sea, and that all lands which might be discovered within those boundaries should be the property of Canada. Naturally, this implied an acknowledgment that other nations fronting the polar Mediterranean would have like sector rights.

The democracies and the Fascist powers have permitted the Canadian sector doctrine to go unchallenged to date. Now the Soviets announce their adherence, making it unanimous—and also making them the biggest stakeholders in the northern sea. By the sector doctrine, they control nearly half of it.

Is it valuable, this control? The Soviets, after a decade of study unexampled in thoroughness, apparently think so. For they have taken the affirmative side in a controversy upon which these values largely depend.

George H. (now Sir Hubert) Wilkins was probably the first trained aviator who ever shared in polar work. He joined my third Arctic expedition in 1913. As we traveled over the drifting pack north of Alaska and Canada during the next three seasons, he kept pointing out to the rest of us large fields of level ice which he said would be admirable emergency grounds for landings and take-offs, using wheels or skis. He came to the conclusion that on an average over the whole polar sea you have a safe emergency landing place every five miles.

Later on, when Wilkins tried to promote a flying expedition on the basis of these views, he found himself opposed by most of the northern explorers. The leader against him was Amundsen, who had gone north from Spitsbergen in a flying boat during the spring of 1925, and had crossed by dirigible the full width of the Arctic Sea in 1926. In his story of that flight Amundsen says:

"We did not see a single landing place on the long way from Svalbard [Spitsbergen] to Alaska. Not one."

The practical test came when Wilkins finally got the necessary money and, with the United States army pilot Ben Eielson at the controls, took off with skis at forty below zero from Point Barrow on March 29, 1927. They flew northwest for what they intended to be a 1,200- to 1,500-mile round-trip nonstop flight, though they were prepared to land in an emergency.

Three emergencies did occur. The first was an engine failure when they were more than 500 miles northwest of Point Barrow, where the water is three miles deep beneath the typical drifting Arctic pack. They came down, without the aid of power, to the first landing ever attempted by man on the ice of the northern sea far from shore.

This first descent upon the deep-sea pack was a perfect landing, made in good weather. Their second forced descent was in a thick snowstorm. Yet this was also a perfect landing. On the second take-off they headed back south toward Alaska. A wind, strong for the Arctic (where winds do not average as strong as they do in the central United States), cut their speed so that their gas was finished while they were still far short of Barrow. They came down in darkness and in a blizzard, yet they made still another safe landing.

Next day's observations showed that they were 100 miles north of

Alaska, on a floe several square miles in area, with lanes of open water all about.

During the following seven days the flyers, comfortable in their plane camp, drifted 200 miles eastward. Then young ice froze hard between the floes; whereupon, with camp gear on their backs, they walked ashore, a distance of 100 miles, in ten days.

This Wilkins flight was, to the few who noticed it, a proof that the northern sea is safe for flying beyond all others. The next year Wilkins and Eielson flew nonstop across it from Barrow to Spitsbergen—and for that feat received public acclaim.

Just one country paid serious attention to the three safe pack-ice landings of 1927—the Soviet Union. A rebuttal of deep consequence to the Soviets had been made to Wilkins by those of the Amundsen faction who had noticed the three landings. It was argued that you could indeed make descents on pack ice with a light airplane practically empty, but not with such heavy planes as would be necessary for air commerce.

Last May the Soviets made decisive reply to these objectors. After systematic and extensive studies Professor Otto Yulievitch Schmidt flew, with a plane of four 900-horsepower engines and a cargo capacity of twelve tons, from the Franz Josef Islands some 500 miles to the North Pole and came down to a perfect landing.

Safely down, he radioed for three such giant planes to join him. One came direct, and had the advantage of descending upon a flagged landing space. The other two missed the target. One of them landed seven miles from Schmidt's party, and one some twenty miles away. Both landings were perfect, and both planes took off easily when they had found out by radio just where Schmidt was.

After building a snug camp, all Schmidt's planes took off for the Franz Josef Islands. Only three planes received enough gas to take them home. The fourth was forced down upon the drifting pack ice 200 miles from the Pole. The rest continued to the Franz Josef Islands and sent back gas, so that a few days later all four planes were safe back at their home base.

Previously, since 1927, the Wilkins-Eielson demonstration had been reinforced by the experience of the flyers who rescued Nobile, and, in fact, by all flyers who had braved the icy northern seas. So this controversy has been settled.

There was a second controversy, broader than the Wilkins-Amundsen dispute, as to whether the Arctic is dreadful and dangerous. The Soviet position on this question is given by H. P. Smolka in Forty Thousand Against the Arctic, a book released for American publication this August. I quote from page 23, where Smolka is quoting Professor Schmidt:

"We fully believe the word stamped by the American Polar explorer Stefansson: 'The friendly Arctic.'"

WHILE the Soviets have borrowed wisely from the explorers of numerous countries, and acknowledged their borrowings generously, they have taken nothing on faith. They have checked theories and facts through ten years of observation and experimenting. Their own contributions have become so extensive that the Soviet operations of 1937 must be understood to rest, in the main, on the work of their own nationals.

Now to revert to the question why they want to try to dominate the northern sea:

The Soviets believe themselves to be in danger of attack from the Fascist powers and from Japan. Their Trans-Siberian Railway, although double-tracked and functioning better than it did in 1904, is still a weak link in their chain. They cannot hope to send ships in time of war through the Suez Canal or around Africa. So they have decided to open a seaway north of Asia.

The big engineering feat is a canal which runs from Leningrad northeast to the White Sea, lopping off Scandinavia. Even more spectacular is the manner in which Russian scientists have vanquished the difficulties of Arctic sea navigation.

The Northeast Passage around Asia was first actually navigated by the Swede Nordenskiöld in 1878-79. After him it was completed only three times during the next forty years. Each passage required two seasons.

But Soviet pioneers developed the idea, some ten years ago, that if they only could know on a given day how the ice was distributed in the sea north of Asia, their ships could avoid it. Now the Soviets have a weather and ice observatory at practically every significant promontory that sticks up north from Asia, and have observatories on every island group. Several of these observatories have airplanes attached, which scout in wide circles, reporting continuously by radio. From their interpreted reports a captain can now practically construct anew every six hours a map of the whole route between the two great oceans. Then there are scouting planes attached to each fleet of vessels, and there are powerful icebreakers.

The first Soviet through voyage was by a single vessel in 1932; in 1935 four freighters, carrying 2,000 tons, made through runs; in 1936 fourteen ships, carrying about 24,000 tons, completed the passage. So far as we can see, there is no reason why a fleet carrying 24,000,000 tons could not go through next year.

THE summer of 1936, there were more than 160 ships that came from either Atlantic or Pacific and kept passing back and forth to and between the mouths of the great rivers that rise in the heart of Asia in wheat countries, gold countries, and oil countries, and flow through wide, steamboat-frequented channels into the polar sea. The commerce of these rivers is being opened as one objective for the development of the northern route.

Perhaps the strongest of all the Soviets' motives for seeking control of the northern sea is yet to be mentioned. Fifteen years ago they were a strip of settlements along a southern frontier. Their undeveloped lands, their region of a glamorous promise, lay to the north. Their slogan was destined to be, "Go north, young man!"—as our own, in Greeley's time, had been, "Go west!"

Eventually the task of developing the northern frontier was placed under the Administration of the Northern Sea Route and under the care of Professor Schmidt. He is now master of the country north of 62°, equal to more than half the United States. There fall to him also the seas and islands.

Schmidt's program has grown until in 1936 it was reckoned that 40,000 men were constantly active in exploration and development. According to the New York Journal of Commerce, the appropriation which Schmidt has this year for Arctic exploration is $117,000,000.

If you admire the U. S. S. R. for the spending of these millions you are surely not a typical United States or Canadian taxpayer. We need little imagination to be deafened by the howl that would arise in our two North American countries if both together were to appropriate even $17,000,000 for Arctic exploration. A government making that grant would lose votes in either country.

But nothing is so eagerly supported by the whole Soviet Union as the work of Professor Schmidt. They support it with still more enthusiasm than they do the Red army. Even before Chkalov and his comrades made their flight from Moscow to Oregon, there were in Moscow alone more than 200 applications per day by men and women for work on the shores of the polar sea, on the polar islands, or on the drifting northern pack. Women go on these assignments in their own right as physicians, meteorologists, chemists, biologists, magneticians.

Finally, the Soviets are aiming for the high target that making the world spherical, in this sense, shall be recognized as a *socialist* achievement. That is why they wanted to place their fifty-sixth Arctic observation station right at the North Pole. They know you can't get acknowledgment in the modern world without publicity. Since it is at the Pole, or is thought of as being there, their observatory gets front-page space.

The Soviets no doubt believe that thus will be driven into American consciousness the idea that the short road between the continents is also the cheap road and the safe road, and that our promoters and our governments will then be ready for that international co-operation without which transpolar commerce cannot be established.

THE END

CALL ME JIM

The private life of James A. Farley: New, surprising facts concerning the jovial wheel-horse of the New Deal

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PART ONE—A SMALL-TOWN BOY STEPS OUT

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TWO things happened in the year 1888 which citizens of this country will long remember.

One was the Great Blizzard, which tossed telephone poles about as if they were toothpicks, buried men and beasts under mountains of swirling snow, and turned great cities into the semblance of long forgotten mining camps. The other was Jim Farley.

There are those who are still concerned as to which event was the more truly cataclysmic.

Few, at this late date, know where the Great Blizzard came from—north, south, east, or west—and, judging from newspaper comment and curbstone conversation, there is an even greater paucity of authentic information about the Great Farley. The popular notion, in Jim's case, seems to be that he was born “ under the bridge ” on New York’s East Side, and that he and Al Smith grew to manhood dancing the hootchy-kootchy and splitting infinitives together on the sidewalks of New York.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The two Irishers never saw each other until both were grown men, and the only thing they shared when they did meet was the offer of a cigar from Al to Jim, which Jim didn’t take, being as how he doesn’t smoke or drink but only chews gum.

James Aloysius Farley was born in the little village of Grassy Point, a subdivision of the township of Stony Point, on the west bank of the Hudson, in upstate New York—which bears about the same relation to Brooklyn Bridge as Yorkshire does to Charing Cross, and, incidentally, about the same amount of reciprocal disapproval and distrust.

The only bridge that Jim might have been born under was Bear Mountain Bridge—which spans the Hudson from near his birthplace to Franklin Roosevelt’s—and he wasn’t born under that for the very good reason that it hadn’t been built.

Jim was a Memorial Day baby, a fact which may mean that he was born with more than the usual quota of reverence for the glories of the past. On the other hand, it may just mean that there was a parade and he couldn’t bear to miss it.

Anyhow, at Hyde Park, on that day of birth and death, the six-year-old youngster who was to be the infant Farley boy’s “ finest friend a man ever had ” was marching with his silken flag up and down the manicured lawns of his ancestral estate.

All unconscious was little Frankie Roosevelt, as he marched, that the lusty squawks echoing against the precipitous Palisades across the Hudson issued from the cherubic lips of the boy who was to grow up to six-feet-two, two-hundred-and-fifteen-pound manhood, and make him, Frank Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Soon the little Roosevelt boy would be going to Groton, and to Europe with a private tutor, and to Harvard, and to all the other places and through all the other experiences common to the born-rich.

Jim Farley’s course would be different—so different that it would have been a brave prophet indeed who said that the two courses would ever converge.

Grassy Point is a rural community; but if the name suggests wide sweeping lawns, it is a misnomer. More appropriate is the appellation of the township of which it is a part, Stony Point. But, by whatever name you call it, it smells as sweet to Jim Farley.

Oh, Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee.

Tears of genuine nostalgia well up in his blue Irish eyes and trickle unnoticed down his pink Irish cheeks as he recalls the old days when he waddled along to the Grassy Point grade school and worshipfully beheld the rural mail carrier on his daily rounds.

EVEN Jim, who turned out to be some prophet in his own right, did not foresee the day when the Grassy Point mail carrier would be one of 245,000 postal employees that he himself would boss.

No, Jim Farley was just a small-town boy who little thought that he would some day be running with the big-town pack. He is still a small-town boy. In his suite at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, he regularly saves the home-town papers to read on Sunday morning. To him, in his sentimental Celtic heart, the highest title he has ever received is the one bestowed by the Rockland County Almanac:

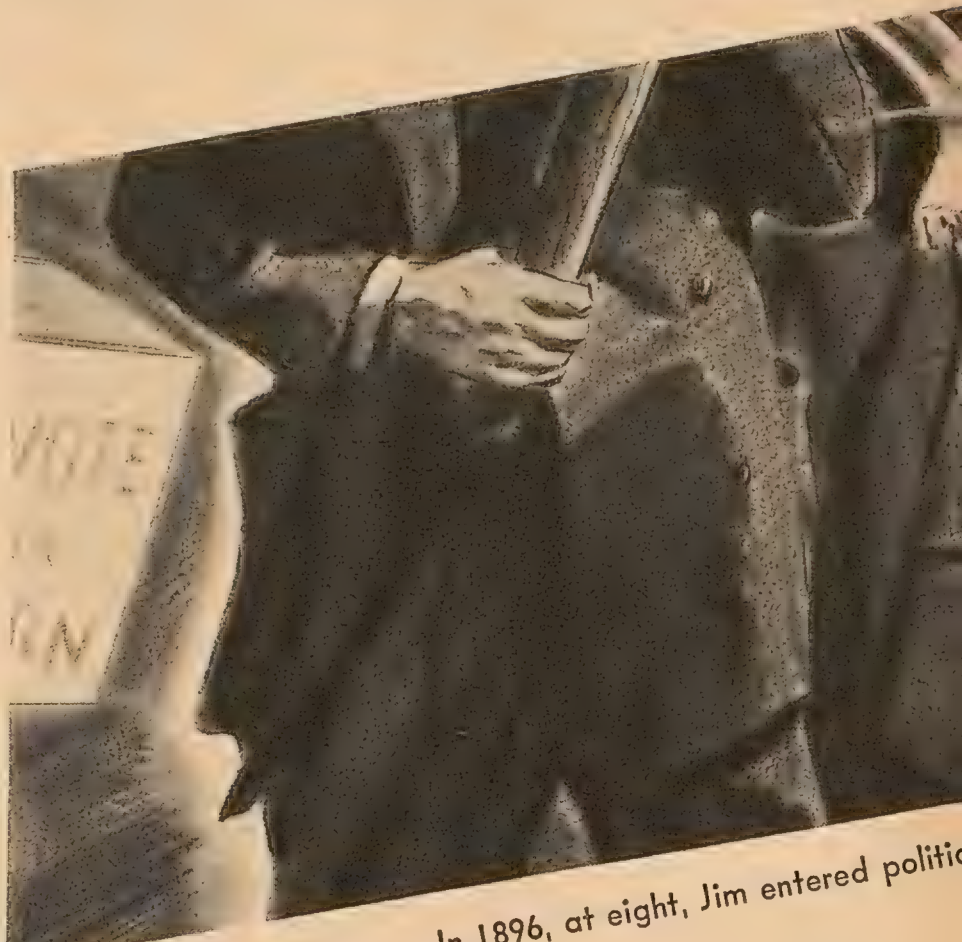
“ The man who has done most for Grassy Point.”

The Farleys are almost the only Celtic thing about the little town, except perhaps the green, green name. It is in fact essentially Dutch. Hendrik Hudson—who wasn’t Dutch but English, and whose name wasn’t Hendrik but Henry—gave the place its Dutch touch by landing at near-by Tappan Slote. That was in 1609; but inhabitants of the region still regard the item as major news. In fact, local realtors, in their quaint Dutch way, still advertise “ home sites overlooking Tappan Zee.”

Those of us who don’t go back to 1609 may recall Stony Point as the scene of a Revolutionary battle in which General “ Mad Anthony ” Wayne figured, and Tappan as the spot where Major André was hanged in 1780.

Not all the Sunday drivers who journey to Rockland County do so to view the Colonial and Revolutionary landmarks. Since 46 to 2 replaced 16 to 1 as the most memorable of Democratic ratios, a goodly portion of the Sunday pilgrims go to Rockland County—as if, indeed, it were a Mount Vernon or a Monticello—to view the birthplace of the man whom President Roosevelt has called “ that great American, Jim Farley.”

The Farleys, as you may have gathered, were not Dutch. Neither were they exactly old Colonial. They did not rank with the Munns and the Congers and the Wiles among the first families of Grassy Point. Jim the Elder—no one would have laughed at that designation more heartily than old Jim!—ran, I am told, the village inn, and ran it well. There were no complaints about Father Jim’s establishment. The Farleys, then as now, were good, clean-living, church-going, God-fearing people. But the family business was one that just didn’t make for social eminence in any place like Grassy Point.



In 1896, at eight, Jim entered politic

Whether it was an unconscious psychological reaction to the life of an inn that led young Jim to turn his broad back on alcoholic beverages, or whether it was the athletic life he led at the habit-forming period of his career, no one seems to know—least of all Jim. Anyhow, he has attained a reputation for good-fellowship second to none without tasting anything stronger than chewing gum, which also seems to take the place of cigars, cigarettes, and pipes.

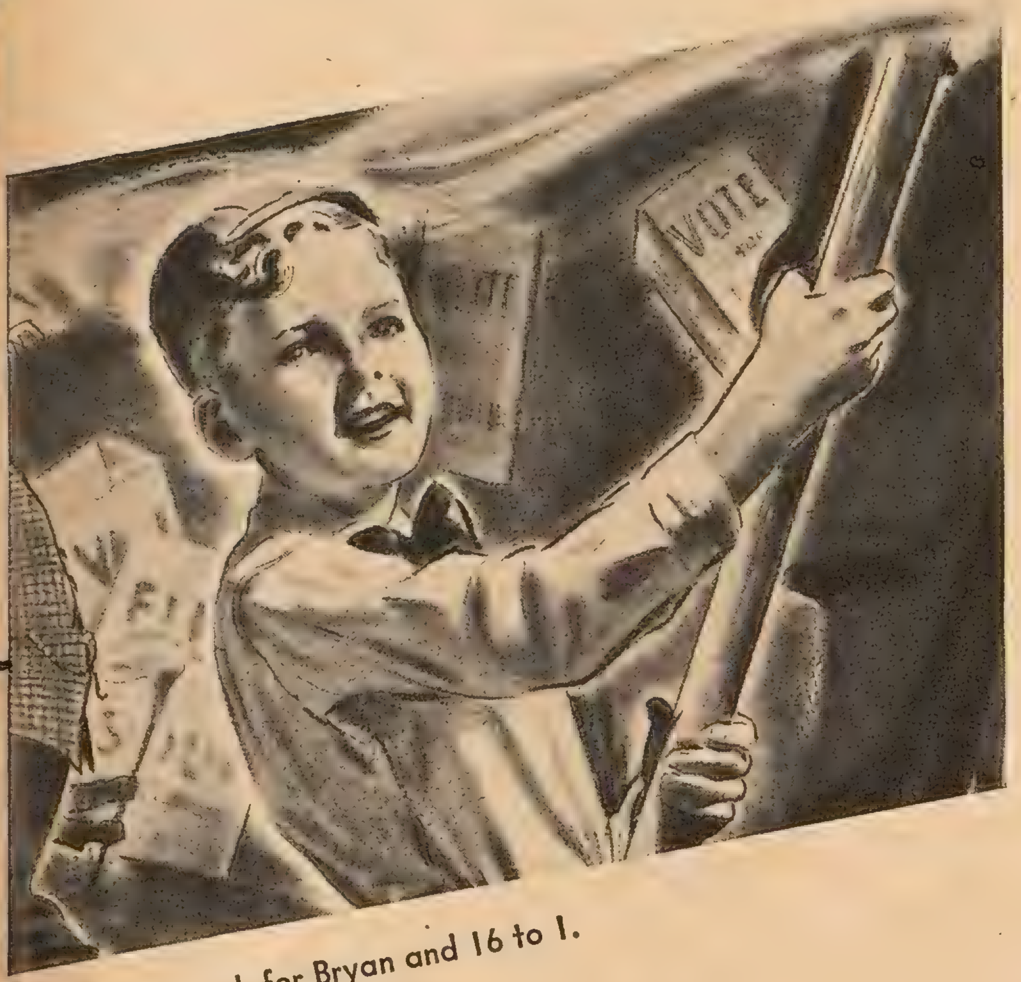
Yes, Big Jim started chewing gum back in Grassy Point at an age when most of his cronies were sneaking into family entrances for liquid libations of a more potent character, and has been chewing it ever since. Except for a tendency to demolish a whole chocolate pie at one sitting, he has probably led as abstemious a life as any man now in public office. In politics, however, as a matter of principle, he has always been a wet.

Jim the Elder has become an almost legendary figure in Stony Point and the neighboring township of Haverstraw, where Jim the Younger now votes. But it seems to be a fairly well established fact that he counted it a big day when he could saddle his big bay gelding, Killarney, and ride out over the forest trails of what is now Bear Mountain and Interstate Park to go for a swim in the silvery waters of Lake Tiorati. But one day in the last year of the old century, when young Jim was eleven, the usually gentle Killarney took fright and threw his master from the saddle. It was a nasty fall. Jim the Elder died from it.

Young Jim inherited his father's outdoor propensities; but for more than thirty years after the latter's death he refused to have anything to do with horses. Great was the surprise, therefore, when he announced recently that he had won thirty-five dollars on a 17½-to-1 shot named Jane Ellen. Asked if he were contemplating extending his activities as a prophet to picking winners on the race track, he explained:

"Ellen was my mother's name, and I love it."

Well might he love his mother's name, and his mother too; for Ellen Farley, as happens so often with mothers of successful men, was a decidedly remarkable woman.



carrying a torch for Bryan and 16 to 1.

To Jim the Elder she had borne five lusty boys: Bill, who is in the insurance business in Manhattan; Jim, second in line, but first in the hearts of his countrymen; Phil, who is in insurance with Bill; John, who describes himself as a "professional contact man" (it's an old Farley custom!); and Tom, who is sheriff of Rockland County whenever Brother Jim can take time off from his other chores to run the local campaign.

In 1899, since none of her five lads was able to contribute materially to the family support, the lot fell on the bereaved widow to find some way of keeping food in their hungry young maws. So, very sensibly, she opened a grocery store. If worse came to worst, they could eat the inventory.

It wasn't necessary to go to such extremes. Rockland County people had always liked Ellen Farley. They liked the way she was looking after her brood, feeding them, clothing them—God knows how!—and educating them, too.

Jim not only tended store and ran errands but—with his towering hulk—was invaluable on deliveries. If a Grassy Point matron needed a barrel of flour in a hurry, Jim would hoist it on to his great shoulders and trot with it gaily down the street.

The boy was already something of a figure in the town. In 1896, at the age of eight, he had entered politics, carrying a torch for Bryan and 16 to 1. There weren't many Democratic torchbearers in either of the Points. Little Jim rather stood out. But it was as Big Jim, the long and lanky first baseman of the high-school nine, that he achieved county-wide prominence.

"Stretch" Farley could go to his right for grass-skimming fair balls or to his left for sky-scraping fouls, but he excelled most of all in the ability—which he has retained throughout his career—to catch everything that was thrown at him and convert it into an "out" for his side.

Most of the boys that Jim played ball with were content to spend their time between classes and between games swimming in the Tappan Zee and roaming the wooded slopes of the Ramapos. They looked forward to helping father on the farm or in the shop as a life career, to be capped in due course by a quiet berth in appropriately named Mount Repose Cemetery.

Jim had other ideas. Tending store after school had not interfered with his physical development—he was the tallest and strongest boy in Grassy Point—but it had turned his thoughts toward the serious business of life. Graduation, to him, would mean that he would be on his own. The thing for him to do was to cash in on his athletic prowess while the cashing in was good.

Another lad would have turned to professional ball. Jim was good enough for that. But Stretch Farley turned to professional politics. He was good at that, too. He had not confined his errand running exclusively to his mother's grocery business. He had run errands also for politicians. He had studied their methods and made them his own.

JIM liked people, anyway. It wasn't hard for him to get the knack of letting them know he did. Among the youngsters he was already a king. His royal nod sent them dithering. To the oldsters he gave his most ingratiating smile, his most remembering consideration.

He knew the exact location of every rheumatic twinge in Rockland County, and never failed to ask the right voter about the right pain. His acquaintance spread like a forest fire—and his habitual greeting to all and sundry was almost as warm.

"Sunny Jim—that's what we called him," an old-timer reminisced. "He knew everybody at the Orangeburg Fair by their first names, including the cows."

At eighteen Jim was a power in Grassy Point politics. At twenty-three he was Town Clerk.

Stony Point already had a Town Clerk; had had him for years; expected always to have him, or at least until he died with his clerkly honors on him—a Republican, of course, whom no one had ever thought of opposing.

Now, Jim always had, and still has, definite ideas about Republicans. Why should one of that breed be permitted to occupy the Town Hall when he, a deserving Democrat, wanted his job?

How did he win that first victory? How has he won all of his victories? By that process which grammarians deplore but which our Jim promptly embraced with all the warmth of his robust nature—"contacting."

Sunny Jim, the greatest first baseman Stony Point High School ever knew, "contacted" every man, woman, and child from Tomkins Cove to West Haverstraw. By letter, by telephone, by whacks on the back and grips of the hand, General Farley captured completely the Republican stronghold of Stony Point. Mad Anthony himself couldn't have made a better job of it!

The name Farley—or "Ferly," as it once was spelled—means "a strange sight"; and to the good people of rock-ribbed Republican Stony Point, back in 1912, this boy just out of school—whose hair then grew on the top of his head but hardly at all on his chin—this Irishman in a Dutch town, this Catholic in a Protestant town, this wet in a dry town, this Democrat in a Republican town, starting out to get—*and getting*—the only remunerative local office within the gift of the people, must have seemed a strange sight indeed.

But the more one studies this first major political maneuver of the Farley career, its daring and its miraculous accomplishment, the more one realizes that, whereas the outside of the Farley head has grown smoother with the years, the machinery inside that massive dome was running smoothly enough back in the old home town, when Stretch Farley—kissing babies and socking home runs, beaming at births and weeping at wakes—carried every precinct in Stony Point, including Maine and Vermont.

Of course there was still a living to earn. Jim, with his appetite, would have starved on his salary as Town Clerk. As a matter of fact, he has never depended, and has never had to depend, on his salary as a public official, for the very good reason that he has proved himself quite as good a business man as he has a politician. First year out of high school, he took a course at Packard Commercial, served a brief term as a bookkeeper, and then found more congenial occupation selling gypsum, that hydrous sulphate of calcium essential to the manufacture of plaster of Paris.

Jim sold plenty gypsum. The work was easy, the pay was high. There was only one drawback: the traveling-salesman business kept him away for long intervals from his constituents in Stony Point.

A less ingenious young man would have felt that he had reached an impasse, and that the only way through was to sacrifice playing at politics to working for a living. Not so Jim. He determined to combine business with what has always been to him the pleasure of politics. After all, as he has since proved under the greatest of pressure, few Farleys die and none resign.

The method he adopted for keeping in touch with the folks back home while he was on his periodical gypsum raids into the far country was not original with him—it goes back, indeed, to St. Paul the Apostle—but it was destined to remain the cornerstone of his political success. He did what hardly any one else in the world now bothers to do: he wrote letters.

Jim Farley's were no ordinary humdrum letters. The kind Jim the Penman wrote bore reading aloud—though not too loud—when the boys gathered at the post office or the Elks' Club or the station.

A traveling man hears a lot of stories. There was that one, for instance, about the farmer's daughter. Jim kept his ears open and his ink green. And he always held back the best yarns to spin when he got home—so that Jim Farley's return from his travels came to be a joyous and hilarious event.

As for Jim's love life, the great open spaces were already beginning to appear on his domelike scalp, but the erect and well proportioned figure of the ex first baseman —he still insists that "there's hardly an ounce of fat on me"—made him a commanding personage in any social gathering. His Irish wit, his Irish smile, his Irish gallantry should also have recommended him as a swain, and doubtless did. But the truth seems to be that, until he had passed the thirty-year mark, Boss Farley was much too busy for love.

Doubtless a still more important reason why Handsome Jim had not fallen in love earlier was that he hadn't met little Bessie Finnegan.

BESSIE isn't so little now. She bears up wonderfully under the mountainous furs with which her admiring husband loves to deck her. Not that she has let herself go; she has simply grown into what is sometimes—in fact, frequently—called "a fine figure of a woman." As such, she lends not only grace and charm, but body and substance, to the domestic background of the man she has done her share to make Lucky Jim.

But seventeen years ago, to hear her Haverstraw neighbors tell, Bessie Finnegan, with her round young face and her tiptilted nose, her golden curls and her Irish blue eyes—yes, it was Bessie's eyes, so typical of the race from which she and her big husband both spring, that found the answer in Jim Farley's Irish heart.

> Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.

In the century's second decade, however, Stretch Farley was wooing only the great god Success, and wooing him as such a god must be wooed, successfully.

What with this and with that, the tall "Cedar of Stony Point" soon began to cast his shadow not only over all of Rockland County but also across the broad Hudson and on to the genteel slopes of Hyde Park, where Franklin Roosevelt, the Man of Destiny, who had returned from Groton and Europe and Harvard, was looking about to see how he might best serve state and nation.

It was inevitable that the two should meet, and that Good Neighbor Roosevelt, ever tactful, should say:

"Mr. Farley, I congratulate you on your successes in Rockland County."

Mr. Farley was impressed. He knew then, as he has since told the world, that "there is magic in the name of Roosevelt."

But Mr. Farley was not awed.

"Frank," he said, throwing his great ham of an arm around the young aristocrat's slender shoulders and giving him his widest Irish smile, "don't call me Mr. Farley. Call me Jim!"

That was twenty-five years ago this fall. Today, on the green-glass top of the desk in Washington behind which our towering baldheaded Postmaster General sits in his green leather chair—his tie, handkerchief, and socks are also green!—there stands a framed photograph of the Town Clerk of Stony Point at the age of twenty-four. Across the portrait in familiar script is scrawled:

Presented to Jim, himself, in memory of his hair.—F. D. R.

But the friendship between Damon Roosevelt and Pythias Farley did not reach its finest flower until after both had tilled for many seasons the political garden of Alfred Emanuel Smith.

UP to 1918 Jim Farley had never met Al. Smith; but who in New York State hadn't heard about Al, the East Side Tammany boy who had gone straight? The miracle hadn't happened often enough to go unnoticed.

Smith, although Jim didn't guess it, had also heard of the big jovial country boy who had "contacted" rock-ribbed Rockland into a helpless political pulp.

Tammany had few worries about New York City in those pre-LaGuardian days. Charlie Murphy, the iron boss, was giving orders from the old Hall on Fourteenth Street, from the back room at Delmonico's, from the country house at Good Ground; and getting them obeyed.

Upstate was different. The Democrat who could deliver an upstate Republican county was worth listening to, even though he was just a hulking, overgrown—and presumably hayseedy—gossoon.

Something like this was undoubtedly going through Al Smith's egg-shaped head when Sergeant O'Herlihy entered his office in City Hall—Al was serving a term of Hylanized misery as president of the Board of Aldermen —and told him that there was a "young fellow outside named Farley."

"Mr. Smith," his visitor began—

It was easy to see by the stiffness of Jim's approach that his size-eleven feet were not yet at home on the sidewalks of New York. If he had known the man with whom he was dealing, he would have taken no such formal course. But Al, at first meeting, is sometimes disconcertingly solemn. So the boy from the country said:

"Mr. Smith, I've called to tell you that sentiment upstate is that Charlie Murphy ought to nominate you for governor."

"Well, Mr. Farley," replied Al, "now that you've told me, why don't you tell Mr. Murphy?"

"I will," said Jim.

The idea was not new to Murphy. He and Tom Foley had been grooming Al for the job almost from the moment the little Smith boy shot his first aggie on the South Street pavements. But the Boss didn't tell Jim that. Conversationally, Charlie Murphy was the Tammany Coolidge.

"Glad to have met you," he said. "Call again."

"I will," said Jim. And he did!

How Governor Al appreciatively made Jim port warden of New York, and then abolished that job; how Jim at last fell in love, once and for all, and made his blue-eyed Bessie Mrs. Jim; how he "haunted" Al into running for a second term, and stanchly supported him on the wet issue; how Al "sentenced" Jim to the State Boxing Commission, and what came of the sentence politically —these are but a random handful of the Call-Me-Jim treasures in store for you in next week's installment!

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Peggy Hudson

ON a crowded bus a man made passes at a pretty girl. He had a suitcase with him. The girl said nothing, but other passengers were soon outraged to hear a cat meowing piteously inside the man's suitcase. The man heard it himself; was bewildered. People began to mutter, threatening to call the S. P. C. A. and have him arrested. At the next stop he got off, carrying his suitcase gingerly. The pretty girl rode on, unmolested. . . . She was Miss Peggy Hudson, professional ventriloquist, one of the very few women expertly skilled in the art of voice juggling. . . . It was she, herself, who had manufactured that cat's meow.

"As an occupation," she told me, "ventriloquism seemed silly at first, but audiences like it, grown-ups as well as children, and after you've worked at it a while you get to think about your ventriloquist's dummy as a real person. All ventriloquists do. We can't help it."

During recent months the revival of popular interest in ventriloquism has become so great that makers of ventriloquists' dummies are now swamped with orders. The dummies look a lot alike, cost between twenty-five and fifty dollars. Somewhat akin to stage magic, ventriloquism depends much upon illusion, upon diverting the beholder's attention. Frederick D. Walker, Peggy Hudson's theatrical agent, is also *Dunworth*, the magician. . . . If you're reasonably smart, you can learn the rudiments of ventriloquism in less than a year.

"Of course," said Peggy, "the practicing will get you into the habit of going around talking to yourself. Then people will think you're crazy. But who cares?"

● One of our best known radio stars says his prayers every night, kneeling beside his bed like a little boy. He told me why. . . . "Five years ago," he said, "I had an emergency operation. Going to sleep under the ether, I realized that my wife and family would be left destitute if I died. I prayed then, for the first time since childhood. And I recovered. . . . Since then I have never been able to go to sleep without praying."

● Which twin is the elder, the first to be delivered, or the second? Ancient Hebrew law said the first. Latin law said the second, claiming the child farther back in the womb must have been earlier conceived. Modern law gives seniority to the firstborn twin. . . . More than three hundred years ago it cost a quarter of a million dollars for the Queen of England to have a baby. One generation later an English queen had a baby without medical attendance, midwife, or any expert help whatever. . . . An early American midwife, exiled from Boston for her radical views, became one of the founders of Connecticut. . . . I quote these oddities at random from Dr. A. J. Rongy's new and fascinating book, Childbirth: Yesterday and Today. (Published by Emerson Books, Inc.)

● Three practical tips about the autumn style trends: Bottle-green gloves. . . . Straight skirts for daytime; no flare. . . . Black velvet in the evening, with old lace.

● That little item I wrote a while ago, about young men wearing old-fashioned nightshirts, has brought me a number of letters from young wives whose husbands do. Here's one from a Florida wife who asks me *please* not to tell her name:

"Yes," she says, "my husband wears old-fashioned nightshirts, and I don't mind, although his sisters declare I ought to divorce him for it. I've tried buying him pajamas, all varieties of them, but he keeps right on wearing his nightshirt, and I am the one who has to use up the pajamas. They don't fit me, either. My husband is what is known as a sporty type, but not a ladies' man. Maybe that's because none of the other girls would stand for his nightshirt habit. O. K. by me! . . ."

● Recent mail brings me etiquette questions. From Ohio, a young lady asks: "Is it correct, when boys are present, for girls to talk among themselves about how much their clothes cost?" *I should say not!* On that subject the ignorance of boys is bliss. Let them enjoy it while they can. They'll learn the facts all too soon—after marriage.

● So fond am I of tuna fish that I even like *sashimi*, the Japanese way of serving it sliced raw with grated horseradish and soy sauce. Roy Harper of the Van Camp Sea Food Company tells me he likes *sashimi* too; but I'm afraid our taste for it might not be shared by many of you.

It's Mr. Harper's business to like fish in all forms, and I'm one of those wanderers blest with an absolutely international appetite . . . For you, however, I suggest an adaptation of a famous French recipe—tuna baked with garden herbs. It is really delicious, and you can achieve it just as well with canned tuna—the white kind—as with fresh tuna. Use 2 medium-sized cans. Pour lukewarm water over the fish, then drain it thoroughly. Lightly fry 1 tablespoon chopped parsley in butter for 2 minutes along with 1 tablespoon minced scallion or chives, salt, pepper, paprika, and 1 teaspoon fresh tarragon leaves, minced, or ½ teaspoon tarragon vinegar. Spread this herb mixture over the tuna, brush with drawn butter, wrap individual portions in greased Patapar. Twist the paper together at the ends and bake 15 minutes in brisk oven. When opening Patapar, save the juice as a sauce for the fish.

Serve with green peas or a plain salad.

This makes enough for four.

Casanova's Women:

HENRIETTE

Things the great lover left out of his memoirs—Now the ladies tell! Liberty launches a blithe new series

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

[IN his old age Casanova wrote down the memories of his youth. The work was published some twenty-five years after his death. Born in Venice, he wrote in French and was published in German. There were, it seems, several original manuscripts, none complete and no two agreeing.

If he told the truth he was a genius, a rascal, and a tireless love-maker.

I think I have met him often, compounded of contradictions: essentially good, yet dangerous; sensitive and generous, yet ruthless; deeply romantic, yet resorting at times to sharp practice; at heart a scientist, yet a gambler; an egregious advertiser of his prowess with the ladies, yet hoping pathetically to deserve, to win, and to keep the love of a good woman.

A puzzling type, smiled at but liked by steadier men; held in peculiar affection, with or without smiles, by the women he never understood.]

ON his last day in Cesena, Casanova was wakened by a dispute just outside his bedroom. He got himself robed, slippered, and nightcapped, tiptoed across the dawn-gray floor, and opened the door on a crack.

No fewer than five tall fellows in uniform! Police! He closed the door again and leaned against it.

From the general din he could distinguish one voice. Those abject yet insistent tones belonged to the innkeeper. Now another voice answered, a voice farther off. Casanova failed to recognize the speaker or the language. Now the innkeeper was inquiring plaintively whether the signor spoke no Italian.

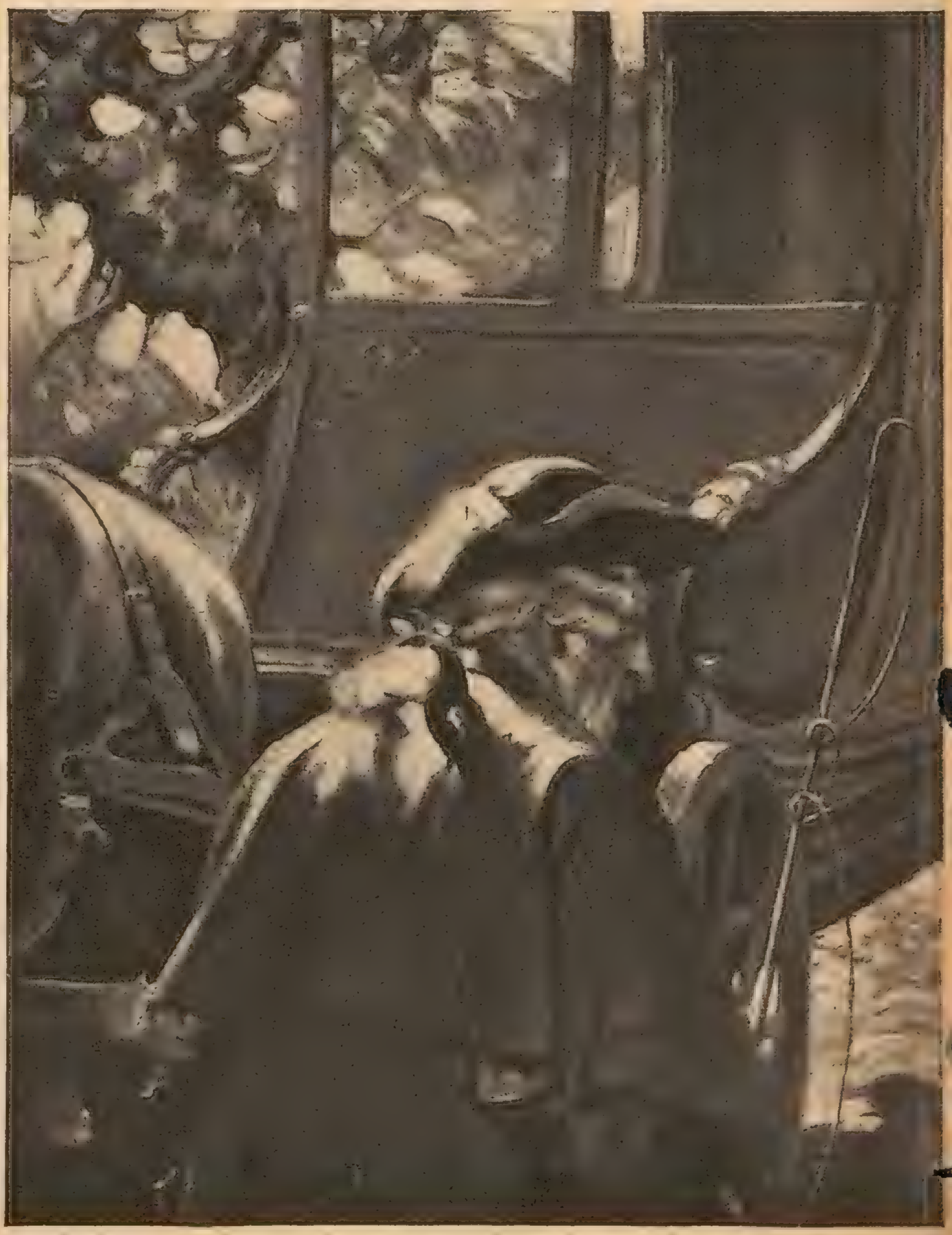
A new guest, doubtless, across the hall. Casanova flung the door wide, to enjoy the quarrel.

The innkeeper had a foot inside the stranger's threshold; the police crowded to see over his shoulder.

"Then, signor, I demand that you rise from the bed and put something on. Your companion also. I tolerate no scandal in my house."

The other voice came promptly from the invisible mattress: "*Nox ubi transierit—*"

"He's talking Latin," interrupted Casanova helpfully. "He says it's too early to get up, and I agree with him."



The police whirled about with five separate frowns; but the innkeeper sighed his gratitude.

"Signor, I rented that room to a Hungarian, to himself and another gentleman. The other did the talking for both, a delicate youth, soft of speech. He's in there now, with the sheet over his head. But the police say he's a woman in disguise, and they suspect the Hungarian isn't her husband. I ask why he doesn't display his marriage certificate. I do only what I should, signor—the Archbishop permits no immorality in hotels."

An attractive young man who might prove an adorable young woman! Casanova stepped across the hall.

Upright in bed, angry and ridiculous, an elderly man, white-haired where he wasn't bald, mustached and bristling, military fashion. Under the bedclothes beside him, a crouching figure, head down, knees drawn. Casanova hoped his Latin might be adequate.

"Can I help?" he ventured.

"Tell those rascals," shouted the military gentleman, "I shan't dress till they leave my room! Later I shall run my sword through them all, beginning with the innkeeper, who with his false key unlocked my door!"

Casanova assumed a look of horror for the innkeeper's benefit. "Surely you didn't break into the room?"

The innkeeper pressed his brow. "If he had only opened when I knocked! The Archbishop's men insisted."

"They do that," said Casanova, "and the well meaning like yourself go even further. It's technical burglary."

Though worried, the innkeeper tried to use his wits. "If the gentleman wouldn't shout at them, signor, the police might be satisfied in no time at all. With two or three gold pieces I could arrange it myself."

"Leave me to deal with the Hungarian," said Casanova. "I'll just close the door. If two of the police remained, the other three might move on."

To his surprise, the three took the hint. Less gracefully the innkeeper retreated.

Casanova drew the bolt and faced the military stranger.

"Have I the honor to address a colonel or a general?"

"A captain," said the man in the bed.

"You will pardon my curiosity," said Casanova. "I act in your interest. From what country is your companion?"

"France."

"Then you speak French?"

"Not a word."

"He knows Hungarian?"

"Neither Hungarian nor Latin. We employ the sign language. My thoughts are not subtle."

"Captain, could the sign language ask your companion whether he and you will have breakfast with me?"

The captain smiled back. "Ask him yourself."

The inquiry, repeated in French, brought from under the covers a glorious tangle of dark hair and a charming face on the point of laughter.

"Monsieur, who of us knows his destiny? Breakfast with you was what I was waiting for!"

"In your room or in mine, mademoiselle?"

"Perhaps the captain would like it here."

With a bit of Latin for the captain, Casanova was out in the hall again, drawing the door tight. The policemen were ready for news. So was the innkeeper. Casanova hastened to his room for his purse.

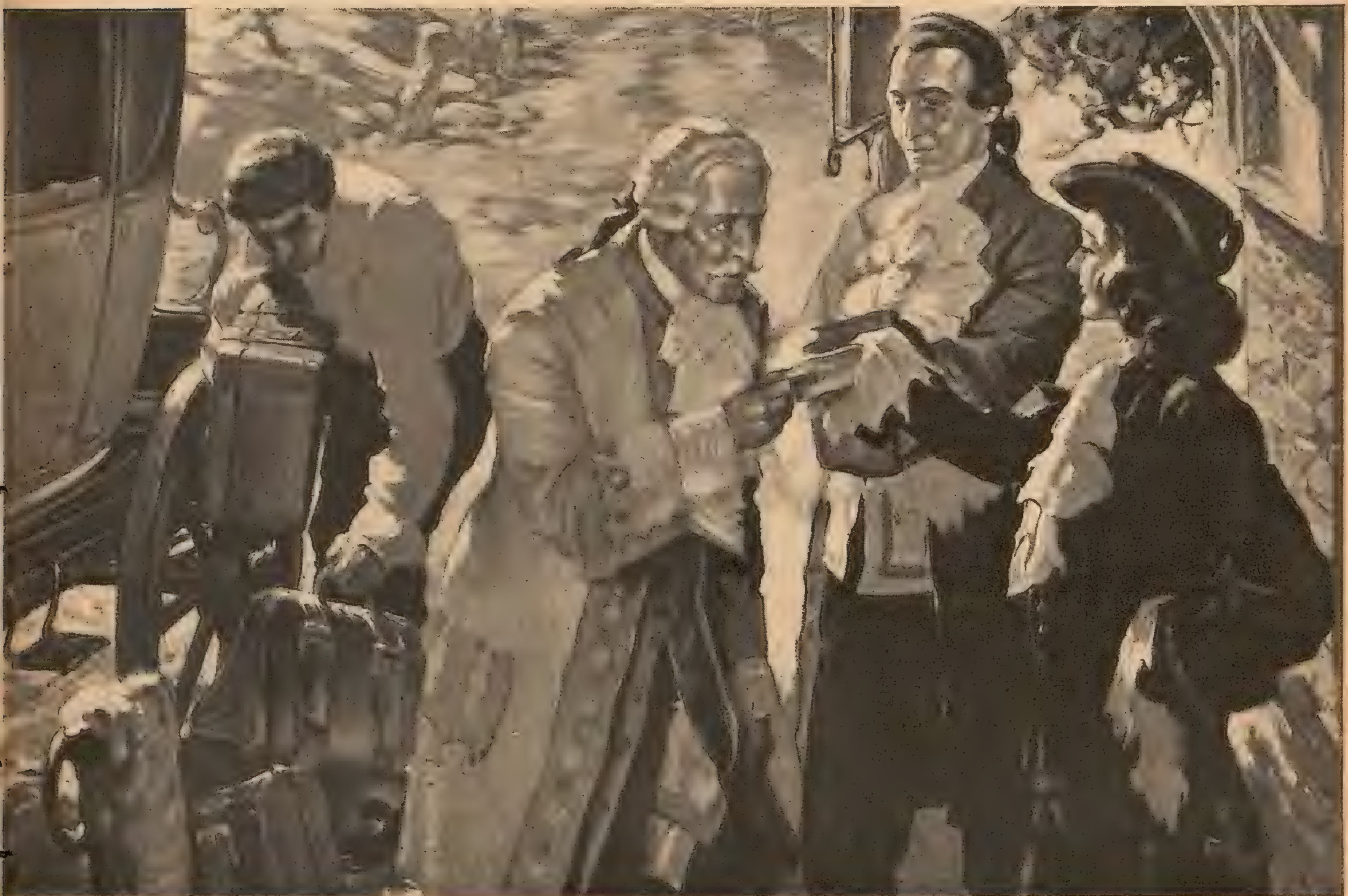
"Here's a gold piece for each of you," he said to the inspectors of hotel morality. "We shan't need you longer."

He slipped another coin to the innkeeper when the police were gone. "Breakfast for three in the captain's room. In twenty minutes. No, make it eighteen."

When he crossed the hall again, wearing his best suit, he found the captain in a simple but handsome traveling costume. The companion wore satin coat and breeches with cuffs and collar of spotless lace. It wasn't what you'd call a disguise. He tore his eyes away.

"My name, captain, is Casanova."

At the end of the day's ride, they exchanged formal good wishes outside the inn Casanova had chosen.



" Ah? A soldier, by any chance? " asked the captain.

" I served for a while, but now I give my time to literature."

" You needn't tell me who you are," said the companion. " All the world speaks of your dark skin, your penetrating eyes, your Roman nose, your humorous mouth. And then, you are extremely tall. I'd know you anywhere."

Her frankness delighted him—such enthusiasm, such immediateness, and such a well bred voice. Yet he was troubled. He would let the waiter serve the food, then he would learn who she was.

" Your husband the captain did not tell me his name."

" I don't know it myself. He isn't my husband. You may call me—what shall I say?—Henriette! "

" And the name of your family, mademoiselle? "

" I wonder why I never was Henriette before! It suits me, don't you think? "

Casanova thought her frivolousness was ill-timed. He wouldn't admit he was falling in love with her. He merely felt that a beautiful woman, even when not very discreetly dressed, should answer the serious tone in which you pay homage.

He turned to the captain. That gentleman was occupied keeping his breakfast egg out of his mustaches. On several counts Casanova was sorry for him.

Again he gave his attention to Henriette. In the brief moment when he was glancing at the captain she had been studying him with an intense gravity.

" Mademoiselle Henriette, I am curious to know something of your travels."

" We come from Rome—on the way to Parma."

" How odd! I go to Parma myself. Has the captain a carriage? "

" We travel simply, Monsieur Casanova—the captain engages transportation from town to town."

" If you would join me—my coach has excellent springs; there is room for us all."

The sharp question in her eyes made him wonder if she knew he had no coach.

" Nothing would please me more! I shall have somebody to talk to. But be on your guard, Monsieur Casanova. It will be two against one."

He might have given thought to this cryptic warning if he hadn't caught a new expression on the captain's face. It did seem that he was following the conversation closely. Casanova repeated the invitation in Latin, and was relieved on the whole by the old gentleman's manifestation of surprise.

" But this is too generous—and after your other kindnesses! You must let me pay our share of the journey."

" We'll argue that at leisure," said Casanova, rising. " Would you care to go on today? I'll tell the postilion to be ready."

In his room he emptied his purse and counted his money. Enough, he had calculated, to take him to Naples and maintain him there for three or four months. Well, why be prudent in an unpredictable world? He was going to Parma. After that, let fate take the reins.

He went out and bought a carriage and a pair of horses.

THAT afternoon, as they drove through the dust of the highway, he exercised his wit to the full, for the pleasure of watching Henriette smile. The captain meanwhile inspected the passing landscape from the carriage window, with a face like a mask; but, as far as Casanova could judge, the attention to Henriette he took as a compliment to himself.

Talk became difficult in that company in those close quarters. Henriette occupied half the main seat, the Hungarian the other half. Casanova, with his long legs folded up, sat facing them.

" Mademoiselle, I am wondering by what accident—it can have been nothing else—you joined your fortunes with those of this admirable man, who looks more like your father than your lover."

She laughed, then grew quite serious. " Ask him, Monsieur Casanova. Tell him to leave nothing out."

The Hungarian, when appealed to, glanced quickly at the girl, then began a fluent story.

He rested for a few days in Rome, he said, on his way to Parma. At the hotel where he stopped he had the good fortune to notice this young woman, accompanied by a handsome Italian officer. She could be seen abroad with him in the afternoon and evening, but each morning he went out, doubtless to attend to his duties, and she kept her room. It occurred to the Hungarian—and he apologized gracefully for such ideas at his age—that an hour or so of the girl's society might be obtained for a moderate sum of money. This proposal was couched, he assured Casanova, in the most delicate and respectable terms. She replied with equal sensitiveness of spirit that she had no need of money, but there were special reasons why she should reach Parma at the earliest moment, and if he was on his way to that city, as the chambermaid had told her, she would be delighted to accompany him.

" That is all," concluded the captain. " I have no idea who she is, nor what business calls her; but we began our journey within the hour, before her officer returned."

" It is best," said Casanova, " to understand each other. She is for the moment your sweetheart? "

The Hungarian smiled. " When you entered our room, monsieur, you must have observed the intimacy of our habits."

Casanova fell silent. It was as he had thought, yet to hear it wounded him.

" What did he say? "

" Mademoiselle, I should be embarrassed to tell you."

" Oh, you must! "

He repeated the captain's report, watching her face. Though her eyes met his steadily, he thought he detected a flush of shame.

" Quite true, all of it. Will you do me a favor, Monsieur Casanova? Explain to him that when we reach Parma I must go about my own affairs. To his other courtesies let him add this: that he leave me in peace. If we meet again I shall be a stranger."

To this ultimatum the Hungarian responded with a graceful solicitude for Henriette's future welfare.

Henriette paraded the new finery for his approval.

"I doubt if she is provided for the journey. Before we part I must fill her purse."

The girl blushed unmistakably. "Oh, no! I have plenty. I will accept nothing from him."

With all his experience, Casanova found it awkward to be the interpreter in so surprising a dialogue. For a while he too gazed fixedly out of the carriage window.

"Mademoiselle," he said at last, "at Parma must I also say farewell?"

He thought her face saddened. "If you are wise."

"Not wise at all. I love you."

"Not love. It is curiosity. You scent an adventure."

"I am in the midst of an adventure now which I do not understand, and into which I shall not pry, since it is your secret."

She thought long before she answered. "After what you have heard you could not love me."

He read into the words more query than decision. For a while all three gazed out the window.

Suddenly he addressed the Hungarian: "Since I owe to you the privilege of knowing mademoiselle, I must make clear the integrity of my motives. Your relations with her have come to an end?"

The captain bowed. "So you translated her wishes."

"In that case," said Casanova, "am I free to offer myself in your place?"

The Hungarian's self-control was perfect. "I have always consulted her wishes. You will do the same."

Henriette wished to know, of course, what had been said. When he told her, she laughed—as he thought, somewhat nervously. "So, Monsieur Casanova, you refuse to escape! Are you not yet warned?"

After that the journey became intolerable. At Forli they paused for the night, dined in silence, and lay awake in three separate rooms. At least, Casanova lay awake. He was puzzled. He knew he walked with his eyes open into a tangle not one strand of which he could explain. He had not been so foolish since he was a boy. Not since those golden days had he been so deeply in love.

IN the carriage again next morning, the Hungarian broke the silence with a dignity which won Casanova's respect:

"It is no longer delicate for us to travel together. You two have confidences which I should not enjoy hearing, even if I could understand your words. I sincerely wish your happiness, but I prefer not to watch it. At Reggio, where next we stop, I will find another conveyance. Proceed as you will to Parma."

He forced a pathetic smile. "Should we meet again, I may repay you, Signor Casanova, for your unfailing courtesy."

His point was obviously well taken. At the end of the day's ride they exchanged formal good wishes and he thoughtfully disappeared with his luggage. Casanova chose an obscure inn, ordered a room, and wrote himself down with the landlord as Signor Farussi—his mother's family name. As he remarked to Henriette, it would make no difference to the landlord.

The thoughtfulness which had kept them silent in the carriage weighed upon them still as they dined alone, and later when the dishes were removed and they had the evening to themselves. No romance he had ever dreamed of was like this. Her beauty grew more poignant as the moment approached when she would be his. If her life had been as the Hungarian said, she must have foreseen the passion they would now explore together. Yet she looked frightened. Something like terror was in her eyes.

He too was troubled. He wondered if the mere strength of his love had made him timid, or whether an instinct of the heart vibrated to a danger or grief hidden as yet from them both.

She spoke first: "Are you sorry you met me?"

"It was our fate."

"Are you sure? I may have been hoping to cross your path."

"That too would be fate. Why regret a happiness we looked for? Unless on acquaintance I disappoint you."

"You disappoint? Oh, my dear!"

Whatever reluctance had detained her vanished with that cry of surrender and adoration. Irrevocably she was his. Could he have indulged in detached reflection, he would have noted that in love a woman does all her hesitating before she decides; afterward she is at peace, she knows her choice was right. But he was lost in something more compelling than thought. The cheap Casanova fell away from him; for once, he worshiped in devotion, faithful and sincere.

Their journey in the coach next day was unforgettable. After each interval of happy silence his love would surge up in a confiding impulse.

"Had I never known you, what would have become of me! You can't imagine the man I was. When I heard the police outside my door, I thought the Inquisition had found me. In Venice they say I robbed a grave."

"Tell me nothing! What does it matter now?"

"It was a silly prank—like the magic I practiced in Cesena. The fools thought I could conjure up gold, diamonds, rubies. I was the fool to humor them."

As the coach swayed she leaned against his shoulder, and her kisses blotted out the past.

"Do you know Parma?" she asked. "Let us find a sheltered place where nothing can disturb us."

"But you have an errand there."

"I have none now. No errand but you anywhere!"

He held her hand.

"The Inquisition hates the Freemasons," he remarked suddenly. "They have spies out. They list me as an agent for the order. Don't you want to know whether I am or not?"

"Not the slightest curiosity, dear lover! I marvel at myself. Not even about the women you have loved."

To that he had nothing to say; but the topic stayed alive and insisted.

"Another world," he answered at last, "before I met you."

"Tell me," she whispered, "were there so many of them?"

"I do not remember one."

She laughed. "I was investigating my chance of being remembered."

"Darling!" he cried. "From the moment I saw you—"

She interrupted: "A bold young woman who wears breeches. A mysterious creature about whom the Archbishop inquires. A black-haired baggage who shares the blanket with a Latin-speaking Hungarian. You, being what you are, had to give her your attention."

"At the first opportunity," he said, "I will provide you with proper garments."

"You wander from the subject," she laughed.

"As I was saying," he continued, "from the moment I saw you—"

The fervor of her kiss was as nothing in comparison with the mirrorlike depth of her eyes close to his.

As they neared Parma he explained that a large inn would afford them most privacy, since a house of few guests has leisure to investigate them thoroughly. She admired his wisdom.

AND when he kept his promise and brought back to their room silk and lace, with a corps of seamstresses to make them up, and bonnet and shoes, she bowed gracefully to his wish and pleased him by her quiet delight in his selections.

But when they were alone again her manner changed. He was startled by the emotion with which she spoke.

"Why do you spend money on me? Do you imagine gifts can make me love you more? I need only you!"

"But I please myself! I have not yet seen your loveliness clad as it deserves."

He did not add that he understood why she never left her room, in whatever town they had stopped. Her reason for the mannish clothes he would not seek, but he must free her from the self-respecting shame which when she began her travels doubtless she had not foreseen.

Yet, when the finery was paraded up and down the room for his approval, she still hesitated to show herself in the theaters or restaurants of the famous city.

"I need only you," she repeated. "All else I know too well."

Because he stared vacantly, confounded at the words, she reached up with her hands and made him look at her.

"You have asked so little—I must tell you one thing. I ran away from my people."

"They live in France?"

"They would force me to return—they may be here."

Casanova breathed freely. "With the cruelest relatives I shall know how to deal. Or, if you wish, we can go elsewhere. Milan—Florence—Siena—"

She shook her head. "Even there—at any moment."

He made up his mind quickly. "Put on your bonnet. We live but once."

"If they find me," she said slowly, "you will never see me again."

He laughed at her fears. "Come!"

That evening they dined in a crowded café. He was in his gayest mood. Their entrance had turned many eyes to the queenly girl on his arm. He reveled in the spell she cast.

"Where are those enemies?" he teased, when they had found a table.

She answered gaily, with a touch of his own malice: "With those old sweethearts of yours, in another world. I have forgotten them."

He set himself at once to the ordering of a delicious meal.

Absorbed in the new page of their romance, they forgot the voices and the faces around them, forgot the flight of the hours, failed to notice at last the thinning out of the room. They were leaning toward each other, planning for the morrow, when a tall figure stood beside them. The Hungarian. Casanova rose to greet him.

"I do not interrupt?" asked the captain in his Latin. "I wish only to salute you and to kiss mademoiselle's hand."

"Will you not join us?"

"You are kind as always, Signor Casanova, but I must go. You also are leaving, are you not? We might walk out together."

At that moment the waiter brought the bill, which had not been asked for, and Casanova wreaked on the fellow the ill temper roused by the Hungarian's reappearance. That maladroit gentleman was escorting Henriette with courtly dignity across the floor.

"Nothing yet?" he whispered in excellent Italian.

"Nothing yet," she replied hurriedly. "In a day or two."

"We are impatient," he warned.

Casanova caught up with them, his gay self again. He was particularly cordial as the Hungarian delivered his ponderous Latin farewells and strode off into the shadows of the city square.

AS though to atone for this visit of a ghost, Henriette broke into a stream of joyous but somewhat disjointed chatter. She described with reckless gusto a fat man at a table beyond them whom Casanova had not seen. She thanked him pathetically for a perfect evening. She asked if he knew or ever would know how much she loved him.

But the next day she was tired. Would he forgive her if she rested? So long a journey, so much excitement—

Toward evening she told him her strength was restored. "How silly, to lose even a few hours!"

"I have tickets for the opera," he said. "Tonight it is *opéra bouffe*, with music by Buranello. You will like it."

He saw her fears returning.

"We shall have a box," he reassured her. "You can be as invisible as you choose."

For her sake, when they arrived at the theater he gave orders that the candles in the box should not be lighted. He even drew the curtain slightly.

But after the first act he noticed a thin man, middle-aged, standing in the aisle and examining the boxes one by one, until his gaze rested at last on the curtained shadow where Henriette sat.

"You seem to interest him."

"I do. His name is Antoine. My people sent him."

Late that night Casanova roused the postilion, had the horses harnessed, and bewildered the innkeeper by bundling Henriette into the coach.

"Where to, signor?"

"Genoa!"

But when they had traveled a good distance from the city he called to the postilion that Geneva was the place he meant—the Hôtel des Balances, Geneva.

At the end of their long ride, safe by the romantic lake, Henriette resumed her happiness as though she had been reprieved. She stood at the window of their room, with his arm around her, gazing at the blue waters and the majestic summits.

"I should have more courage," she said. "No happiness endures—why expect too much?"

He drew his arm closer. "How can you say no happiness endures? It is not eternal—it shouldn't be. Our span is brief. The happiness which belongs to us will last our time."

"Impossible!" she cried bitterly. "It will be broken, snapped off like a flower stem!"

"COULD we be happy," he answered, "unless we knew we were? Could we know without reflecting? Could we reflect without a moment of tranquillity, a pause in the headlong rapture? The pause is another face of happiness."

"I cannot bear an interruption," she said.

"Happiness is not interrupted."

"Death?" she suggested.

"Not even death interrupts. Death is an end."

A heavy hand knocked on the door—the innkeeper with a letter for monsieur. Casanova gave the man a coin, sent him away, broke the seal, read slowly, then looked at Henriette.

"Antoine!" he said. "Asking my permission to call on you."

She turned pale. "Tomorrow morning at eleven—since it must be."

The thin man came prompt on the hour, and Casanova walked up and down the terrace to give Henriette the freedom she desired. He walked long. The interview, as he imagined it, would be stormy, like all family quarrels. Doubtless they would go over old ground, wearing themselves out in endless argument.

But the fact was otherwise. Monsieur Antoine asked many questions, and wrote Henriette's answers with particular care in a little book. When he was ready to take his leave, she asked a question of her own:

"Will you grant me one day more?"

"The time is up!"

"If you say so, it is."

When Casanova returned to her, she had been crying; but she put away her handkerchief and smiled.

"One last evening, my dear," she said. "The happiest of all. Tomorrow I go back to them."

"Where?" he cried. "Why must you go?"

"My dear, I warned you from the first. Ask no questions. The happiness was perfect—while it endured."

Not all his protests could persuade her to tell him more. In the morning a strange carriage stopped for her. He watched from the door while she drove away.

. . . . .

Toward the close of the day she stood in a grim chamber, before the judgment table of the Inquisition. On each side of her there was a guard. At the table sat the Hungarian, with Monsieur Antoine and another man, rather scholarly in appearance.

"But you *do* know," said the Hungarian.

Henriette lifted her pale face. "I learned what I was sent to learn, but I will not tell."

"He must be fascinating," said Monsieur Antoine. "Is he worth your life?"

"I have told you before," she said wearily. "I love him. I will not betray him."

"Take her back to the cell," said the Hungarian.

. . . . .

At that moment Casanova, gazing sadly through the window, noticed a sentence scratched on the pane:

Henriette in her turn will be forgotten.

She had written that for him to read after she was gone! His grief was suddenly bitter. What did she mean by "in her turn"? Why would she be forgotten?

He recalled with a pang that at their first meeting her manner had seemed somewhat light.

THE END

Who Will Succeed Roosevelt?

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON Monday, January 20, 1941, a President of the United States will ride from the inaugural ceremony at the Capitol to the White House. That inevitable event allows, as of today, a couple of good sporting bets at attractive odds. The first bet is that the weather will be perfectly foul. The second bet is that the smiling hero of that occasion will be Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

What about the third-term tradition?

Well, what about it? What is any tradition to Roosevelt? And why should he have special reverence for this one? Grant had none. Theodore Roosevelt had none. Woodrow Wilson hoped desperately for a third term in 1920, sick as he was. Did Calvin Coolidge believe a third term out of his reach? He did not!

MURPHY

Does Franklin D. Roosevelt sternly purge himself of the thought? There was no disavowal of third-term ambitions in his Victory Day introduction to criticism of the Supreme Court. You will remember he said he had told a man named John that in 1941 he did not want to turn over to his successor a job as heartbreakingly unfinished as Buchanan surrendered to Lincoln.

If the national election of 1940 can be presented, as the last one was, as a national crisis in which the fate of popular government is tied to Champion Roosevelt's fate, then he can have the renomination if he wants it and the election if he can get it. I dare say he could get both.

Third-term tradition? There is no such thing. It is an invention of the politicians, believed in by some demure editorial writers, also by persons who believe that George Washington founded the tradition—as they do that he chopped down a cherry tree and threw a silver dollar across the Potomac. I think Coolidge would have won as handsomely over Al Smith in 1928 as Hoover did, and think Theodore Roosevelt could have beaten Wilson in 1912 if the Republicans had retired Taft.

No discussion of potential Presidential candidates can be held without giving Mr. Roosevelt primary consideration. At this stage "Presidential candidates" means Democrats. All the Republicans except Senator Vandenberg and possibly left-wingish John G. Winant are waiting to see what and whom the 1938 elections will produce before they start molding a Man of Destiny.

The President may refuse to run or to be drafted, from personal weariness or for one or all of a dozen different reasons, political expediency included. This self-removal would not be made by public utterance, but by positive declaration to party leaders, so that promotion work for the heir apparent could be started. If the President eliminates himself, he will certainly try to dictate the nomination of a chosen successor. Certainly as yet there is no New Dealer thus anointed. Some of the Washington gossips say there is, but each names a different one.

Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, is among the few mentioned more widely. He gets the cocktail-party nomination because he is one of the few Cabinet members who run their own departments, and because his name is so often in the public prints. Mr. Roosevelt has made no special fuss over Wallace; has not singled him out for political advice, campaign assistance, or extradepartmental services. The Secretary is the only member of the Cabinet who can be made to look like a Presidential heir, except Jim Farley; but he can be made to look so only to naïve eyes. Wallace has never been tested in an election; he is an ex-Republican New Dealer, not a Democrat—and, party split or none, Democrats will still have a lot of say at the next convention. Moreover, Wallace's position gives him less than no standing at all in the industrial areas.

EARLE

Postmaster General Farley is the choice of the more hard-boiled. They claim he is the most astute politician in the United States. The truth is, Mr. Roosevelt wins that title without competition. Farley is the luckiest politician in the United States. At any rate, a Presidential aspirant has to have more than political sagacity and luck. Farley's chances are better than yours or mine on an actuarial basis, but not in fact. It will be a long, long time before a New York Catholic of Irish descent can get the electoral votes of New England, the Middle West, the South. It is a shame, but it is a fact. Farley's candidacy for the Presidency is an automatic affair which Jim is content to let take its own course. Mention of Presidential availability never hurt a man's chances for any lesser but maybe more remunerative job, political or private.

McNUTT

Farley's biggest handicap is shared by Governor Murphy of Michigan—and that brings us to those who are working for the nomination. Murphy has very active plans to move into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in 1941. He did not give up $18,000 a year and a rent-free palace in Manila to a rival to become Michigan's $5,000-a-year governor for fun, out of friendship, or from a sense of duty to the automobile workers. Murphy is encouraged in his ambitions because no other Roman Catholic had ever won the office he now occupies; but aside from his religion there is another

A third term or a new President?—Here's an arresting look into the future

CLARK

hurdle he must take in the dark-horse steeplechase, and that is gubernatorial re-election.

November, 1938, is the highest jump on the course for a number of active Presidential candidates, including Murphy's successor at Manila, Paul V. McNutt, ex-governor of Indiana. McNutt wanted to be Secretary of War, but instead went to the Philippines and thereby into the headlines. He won world-wide publicity by demanding that all foreign correspondence with the Philippine Commonwealth be directed to him, and that he be toasted before President Quezon at all functions. That was luscious material for the humorists. It so happens that McNutt was right. As American Commissioner he is in charge of the Philippines' foreign affairs; as representative of the sovereign United States government he does outrank Quezon.

McNutt acted under orders in establishing his social and diplomatic prerogatives, and became the big laugh of 1937. Is it possible the orders were issued to scuttle the Indianian's Presidential possibilities?

NEXT year McNutt will thankfully quit Manila and will beat Senator Van Nuys in the Indiana Democratic primary. The senatorial nomination is his for the taking, every one agrees—except Van Nuys. This senior senator is a conservative, a Jeffersonian, an anti-New Dealer, and a truculent little fellow without much political sex appeal. Vice-Chairman Arthur M. Curtis of the Republican National Committee has suggested that McNutt be beaten by Republican votes for Van Nuys in the primary. Curtis also wants Republicans to vote for Bennett Champ Clark in the Missouri primary! The day that sees a Republican boss thus wreck his machine by converting his henchmen into Jeffersonian Democrats will be the day Mussolini gives Ethiopia back to Haile Selassie.

Murphy and McNutt are matched in ambition by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, who last year showed what a Rooseveltian sort of fellow he is by riding in the rain-soaked inaugural parade in an open car—just like Franklin D. Earle has a superlatively smart sponsor and patron in Senator Guffey; but he is a kid-glove politician burdened with inherited wealth, and a convert to Democracy; he has exhibited no great executive talents, and made a complete flop of the crises in the coal fields. Because he is Pennsylvania's first Democratic governor in forty-four years his admirers call him a miracle worker, but seasoned Democrats say he was a lucky stiff. His big problem is to keep in the public eye after his term expires on December 31, 1938. He cannot constitutionally succeed himself as governor, which is perhaps lucky for Earle at that.

There is a sagacious group of Democratic politicians who believe that by 1940 a candidate without the New Deal label will have the best chance. The worst they foresee is a breach in their own party if Roosevelt becomes dictatorial about a third term, in which case these Jeffersonians believe one of their number will get the conservative nomination and the combined votes of the Republicans, the old-fashioned Democrats (including a majority of the Southern States), and the golf players. If the President insists upon retiring but indicates his choice for an heir, they are prepared to battle the chosen one.

Who will succeed Roosevelt? Read Mr. Karig's article and watch Liberty—now completing its annual poll of the newspaper editors of the entire country. These distinctive "straw votes" have proved their worth. Last year's left no doubt about the coming Roosevelt victory; 1934's foretold with rare accuracy the results in the Congressional elections of that year. So Liberty's current poll can be relied upon to forecast, as far as is humanly possible in 1937, the candidacies and the outcome in 1940.

This fight narrows down to the rivalry between Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri and A. Harry Moore of New Jersey, senators both. It will be a pity if these two stout champions of the status quo do not fight to a finish as Champ Clark père and Woodrow Wilson did in 1912.

Here are a canny pair. Nothing much is often heard of them beyond the borders of their own states. Remember that it was Harding, not Lowden or Wood, who was nominated and elected in 1920. Clark and Moore know that the early boom gets the bird—à la Bronx.

Neither man is in any sense a reactionary for being outside the New Deal corral; but they are probably more liberal politically than inherently. I am not at all suggesting that they are against federalism because they want to nourish the state and local bosses on more political control. It just so happens that the chances of either for new office are nil without "organization" help. Clark has made peace, for example, with the notorious Pendergast machine. Once he was its implacable enemy.

The driving force which animates his efforts toward the Presidency is the fact that he is Champ Clark's son. He wants to be President because he thinks he would make a good one—and likely he wouldn't make a bad one—but also to avenge his father. And the more apparently A. Harry Moore of detested New Jersey becomes Clark's rival, the harder Clark will fight and scheme.

WHO is this Moore? Nobody west of the Alleghenies has heard much about him; but they will. He belongs to more fraternal societies than all the other candidates put together, omitting Jim Farley. He looks like a President, which is more than most of his rivals do. He is a persuasive speaker in the let's-you-and-me-talk style; he can also orate on occasion.

Of the aspirants, he comes nearest to being a log-cabin-to-White-House candidate. He has been in politics since 1908, and has run for successively higher offices seven times—with successively higher pluralities. In a Republican state he has twice been elected governor, and in New Jersey no governor may succeed himself.

Moore would be safe in the Senate until 1940; but he is going to be the Democratic candidate for governor this coming November. His election is certain. The leaders of the several bitterly divided Republican factions admit that. It will signal his real drive for the Presidential nomination. He will be the first man to be governor of New Jersey three times—no bad advertisement.

There are other and darker horses: Senator Barkley of Kentucky; RFC chairman and likely Cabinet member Jesse Jones, out of Texas by Tennessee; Senator Byrd of Virginia, Tydings of Maryland, Governor Davey of Ohio.

Murphy or Earle or McNutt, New Dealers.

Clark or Moore, Jeffersonians.

President Roosevelt willing!

That is the line-up as of today.

THE END

MOORE

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Opening day at the Stadium this year, when Joe McCarthy (circle) saw another Yank pennant raised.

Scaling the heights of baseball is no joy-ride. Let one who did it tell you his secret troubles

World Champs:

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE 'EM

BY JOE McCARTHY

Manager of the World-Champion Yankees

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHETHER he be winning or losing, the life of the major-league baseball manager never is a really happy one. The mental strain never lets up. Winning the world championship is an involved and often painful process. But keeping it is far tougher on your health and disposition. Once your club has achieved the foremost position in baseball, you figure you should be up there forever.

In my thirty years in baseball I have seen only one manager who could take the slide from a world championship to an also-ran position in stride. That marvel is Connie Mack, who at the age of seventy-four is as clear-minded and as great a leader and faultless judge of players as he ever was.

Last year, when Mickey Cochrane of the Tigers saw the hard-earned world-championship laurels his men had attained in that severe series with the Cubs in 1935 slip away from him, he suffered a breakdown.

Late in the 1929 season, when Miller Huggins saw his Yankees, with two successive world championships to their credit, being ousted by the Athletics, he worried so much he became ill, and in his weakened condition failed to rally from an attack of erysipelas.

No man in baseball ever took defeat so much to heart as did John J. McGraw. From 1921 through 1924, his Giants took four consecutive pennants and two world championships. In later years Mac saw the magic formula for victory slip from his grasp. The cumulative effect of this slide from the top undoubtedly forced his retirement in June, 1932, and had much to do with his untimely death.

That old saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," goes for baseball just as aptly as it does for kingdoms.

At the risk of getting in bad with my friends the baseball writers, I want to say that there are quite a few fictions in our game. One is the driving manager.

Once in a while I read that even I am a driver of men. That isn't true. There are no drivers among the sixteen men who manage the teams of the major leagues. There may be leaders with driving tendencies, with the will to snap the whip. But it just doesn't work out that way.

You can't drive the player of today, and you can't get results by reprimanding him for excusable mechanical errors.

I take the stand that the ballplayer of 1937 is just as eager as I am to win the pennant and the rich prize of the World Series. The driving manager today would make his players overanxious, resentful, and rather apt to flout managerial authority.

Years ago ballplayers were made of tougher material. They were reared in an atmosphere of poverty and hard work. They were flip with the tongue, and took bullyragging as a natural thing. Today's major-league ballplayer wants sympathy instead of abuse. He looks to the manager for guidance, for leadership and example.

Very often the manager must be a buffer between the player and the public. That duty, happily, has not fallen to my lot since I took over the managership of the Yankees in 1931. In fact, if there be a managers' heaven, New York is it. The fans want a strong ball club, and they expect it to hustle and give them a run for their money. But they rarely, if ever, get " on " a ballplayer, and they never adopt the attitude that the penalty for failure must be the manager's scalp.

The major-league manager needs top-flight players. He needs a competent organization of scouts and front office behind him. He needs a tolerant ownership.

But, above all, the manager requires patience, firm resolve, and a keen sense of humor.

The greatest ballplayer of all time, to my mind, is Lou Gehrig, first baseman of the Yankees. He is not only a grand player for Lou Gehrig, but he is an ideal team man. Not for one moment does Lou ever forget that he is just one of the nine men playing the game that day.

He is a more adroit fielder than generally is appreciated. As for home-run ability, general hitting, and the habit of driving in runs—well, anybody at all acquainted with baseball knows his virtues. Besides, you may rely on his being on the job every day. Recently he played his 1,900th consecutive American League game.

The relationship between the manager and the player naturally must be an intimate one. But, just so long as the player delivers, it must not be too intimate. By that I mean it is not the privilege of the manager to pry too keenly into the private affairs of his men. Of course, if a player ceases doing his best, it is part of the duty of the manager to find out why.

I do not ask my players for teetotalism. There is no place on the Yankees for those who abuse that privilege. Baseball cannot possibly tolerate players who appear in public drunk.

SOME players need a highball after a game. Most of them like a bottle of beer before they take a shower and dress. In the old days it was dangerous to admit that players could indulge in a little hard liquor or beer. Now we feel that the players will not overstep the bounds of caution and moderation.

I keep telling my men that baseball is the easiest profession; that it asks only a little more than two hours of hustling and concentrated effort in every game.

My credo is expressed in a short, simple sentence: " Never walk after a ball."

If a player cannot, or will not, hustle there is no place for him on my club. Or on any other team, for that matter.

The secret of success in leading men in baseball is embodied in only a few rules. The more rules the manager surrounds a club with, the more infractions will there be —and the laxer the discipline. All I ask of the player, on and off the field, is a fifty-fifty break.

I impress on my players the fact that while they must do the fielding, the hitting, the pitching—while they must do the hustling—I assume all the responsibility for their acts.

I tell them that I will do the guessing, and take the consequences if I am wrong. I want them to concede that I have been in the game long enough to be entitled to that guess.

In arranging a few simple rules for the conduct of a ball club, there are a couple of primary injunctions to be stressed. First of all, I do not want any backbiting. I do not want the pitcher biting at the fielder who has made an error; I don't want the fielder tossing the taunt to the luckless hurler.

In the second place, I do not permit gambling on my ball club.

I DON'T mind the boys playing hearts or bridge or a little pinochle. Some of them even go for cribbage.

But poker is barred. And so are dice games. The time was when dice was the most popular—and the most damaging—form of gambling among players. Poker for big stakes kept many of the boys broke all season. Youngsters soon got the fever and went into hock for all they could earn for the year. That's out with me. And I think it's out on most of the other clubs.

Sometimes the wives of ballplayers present a problem to the manager. I have run into nothing like that in New York. But keeping the better halves from making caustic remarks to each other during a game, and from retailing cheap gossip, sometimes is a tough job for the man running the club. Cliques thus formed quite often ruin pennant chances.

In running a club during a game, the manager must arrange his hitters in the proper spots. Shifts must be made. Perhaps they look inexplicable to the man in the stands, but the manager has a reason.

The manager must keep an eye not only on the team the opposition has in the field, but on the rival bench. It is well to keep track of the other pilot's reserves. When you order a batter passed to bring up the pitcher, you must know whom the other manager is likely to send up in place of the hurler.

Not the least important part of the manager's duties is the selection of his ball club. No matter how vast a chain of minor-league teams his parent club may have, the success of his outfit depends on his picking the proper nine from day to day.

In closing, I would like to say a few words about that much abused and misused word " aggressiveness."

I tell my boys I must have a fighting ball club. I want hustling, ambitious men, men who sleep nights, men who can think clearly. I want them to fight; I want them to ride hard. But I do not call fighting the umpires aggressiveness. Only too often the player who gets into violent dispute with an umpire merely is covering up his own lapse or shortcoming. Standing out on the field yapping at umpires, and wasting everybody's time, is not in my book under the head of Fighting Spirit.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—Who (see early photo) proved that the stegomyia mosquito conveys yellow fever, thus saving many lives? A well known hospital for disabled veterans bears the name of this famed military surgeon.

2—About how old is the Queen of England?

3—What ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church was a Presidential candidate in '28, '32, and '36?

4—Auto thieves prefer which type of cars?

5—Who wrote the highly successful mystery play, The Bat?

6—The Leviathan, which cost the United States twenty million dollars, is worth how much as scrap?

7—What is an army officer's rowel?

8—Which son of Abe Lincoln was Secretary of War and Ambassador to England?

9—The odds that lightning will kill you are about what to one?

10—How many words are in the Bible?

11—Which state produces the most potatoes?

12—Are " nephritis " and " pneumonia " derived from Greek, Latin, or Scottish Gaelic words?

13—What is the " Spanish swindle "?

14—If the life of finished steel was fifteen years in 1886, what is the average life of today's product?

15—How can the consumer easily distinguish field corn from sweet corn?

16—Is " Yoicks! " a cry used in a Shakespearean tragedy, in Gloucester fishing circles, or in fox hunting?

17—Was there ever a town named Hollywood in California?

18—What is a folk dance and a winding device?

19—If the United States has fifteen battleships, how many has Japan? Germany? Italy?

20—Who composed Samson and Delilah?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

If you're the sort of man who...

prefers DRY champagne

{ MOST AMERICANS LIKE IT DRY! }

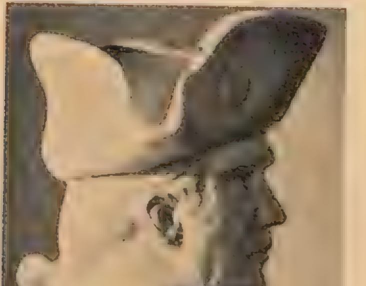
prefers DRY sherry

{ THE CHOICE OF THOSE WHO KNOW SHERRY }

prefers DRY cocktails...

{ MOST PLEASING TO DISCERNING TASTES! }

...you'll prefer Paul Jones, a DRY whiskey!



DRY—*free from sweetness.* That describes the noblest champagne, the finest sherry, the most popular cocktails . . . and it describes *Paul Jones.*

For Paul Jones, you'll find, is a truly *dry* whiskey—full-bodied and mellow, yet crisp, clean-flavored, without so much as a hint of sweetness.

This quality of dryness, always favored by men who *know* liquor, is one of the chief reasons why Paul Jones has enjoyed distinction as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" ever since 1865.

Frankfort Distilleries
Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.
ONE QUART

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper brand and Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies, 90 proof.

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

OVER a casual drink, John Merriam, prodigal, hires Bob Hamilton, a young oil man on his uppers in New York, to be his bodyguard, and takes him to his hide-out on Third Avenue. It is an apartment cluttered with Oriental art objects belonging to Charles Dutton, nicknamed "Bombi," who owns the antique shop below it.

Evidently Merriam is in fear of his life, and is in fresh disgrace with his rich uncle, Henry Pittfield, for an intrigue with Mrs. Richard Barnes and an automobile collision in which they were involved.

Hamilton, the very night he is engaged as a strong-arm man, falls in love with his employer's beautiful cousin, Beatrice Shaw, though she is already betrothed to Thomas Pittfield, another nephew of old strait-laced Henry. The connoisseur Bombi seems to be in on everything that concerns the Pittfield-Shaw ménage uptown in a fashionable residential region.

Close to midnight, little more than twenty-four hours after he had accepted the job of bodyguard, Bob Hamilton is horrified to see Merriam stagger into the apartment with his throat cut. Vainly the man tries to tell him something important—probably the name of his assassin—but he reels to a chest, on which he slumps and dies without any disclosure.

Frightened, Hamilton's first impulse is flight. Then he decides to stick it out, come what may. And in a brief space Detective Macklin and his aides appear, put him through a grilling, and summon Merriam's relatives and friends. A weird assistant of Bombi, a Hindu-Irishman named Sassan Vashtu McGuire, is quizzed about his use of lethal knives. With an odd sound, he darts away, with Macklin, automatic drawn, in pursuit of what seems to be a slippery cuss.

PART THREE—DEATH . . AND A WOMAN'S EYES

THERE followed five minutes of shouting, stamping, rushing, ten minutes more of pulling, hauling, lifting and searching; and at the end of this time Macklin with a sour face was back in the room of the dead man, saying: "Funny business. The guy fades out on us. Mr. Dutton, where could that runt have gone to?"

A 'Bombi' adventure—Don't miss the thrills in this beguiling tangle of sinister crime and shining romance

"The Hindus believe in levitation, you know," said Bombi, smiling faintly.

"What's that?" snapped Macklin.

"Transportation of the body by an act of spirit and will," was Bombi's response.

A voice from down the stairs sang out: "Mr. Henry Pittfield and Miss Beatrice Shaw coming up."

"That's Merriam's uncle," translated Macklin; "but who's the female?"

"Henry Pittfield's ward. *Very* high society. Tops," answered Bombi.

Hamilton got up from his chair with high-tension electricity running from his breastbone into his throat.

They came through the doorway, Beatrice with the faint smile and the high head of the American girl when danger is ahead, and beside her a tall, red-faced, white-headed man of seventy, still looking spare and fit.

The girl saw the body, with the welter of coagulating blood about the throat, before Pittfield had a glimpse of it. She looked up at the old man and said, "Ah . . ." as though she were about to speak. Then she spilled sidewise. Hamilton got to her, with both arms. Macklin barked: "Get away from her! Leave her be! Back up, there!"

"She'd better have air, hadn't she?" suggested the smooth, deep-flowing voice of Bombi.

"Yeah, air," said Macklin. "Take her out of here."

"This way," said Bombi, and led Hamilton into the next room.

"Don't let the next two come up together!" shouted Macklin.

He had fastened his eyes on old Henry Pittfield, who had started to follow.

"She's got four hands to wait on her already," said the detective. "What's this Merriam mean to her? Sit down, will you?"

Henry Pittfield disdained a chair.

"Beatrice Shaw and my nephew, here, were very much together since childhood," he said.

"Yeah. In love, maybe?" asked Macklin.

"She is betrothed to my other nephew, Thomas Pittfield," said the old man.

Macklin dismissed the pleasant possibility of suspicion with a snap of the fingers.

"When you last see Merriam?" he asked.

"A matter of a month," said Pittfield.

"A month, eh? And what were you doing here tonight?"

"I received a telephone call from my nephew."

"From this one?"

"Yes. At ten thirty. An urgent call to come here to see him. I came. There was no answer to my ring. I did not wait."

"If he wanted to see you, why didn't he go to your house?" asked Macklin.

"I suggested that. He declared it would be too dangerous. That he would be a dead man before he finished ringing my doorbell. He was highly imaginative when he was drinking."

"Was he drinking this evening?" asked Macklin.

"He was always drinking."

"Did he say what it was he wanted to see you about?" went on Macklin.

"He did not. He implied that it was a matter of life and death."

"You didn't get along with him very well?" suggested Macklin.

"I did not get along with him well," echoed Pittfield.

"Trouble lately? Anything about a woman, and kind of late at night, and an automobile smash-up?"

"It was a small matter," said the tight lips of Pittfield. "In a life such as his, one more disgrace to his blood and name was of little importance."

Some one ran up the stairs and called in: "Two people by name of Barnes . . . . gal a wow!"

"Bring in the wow," said Macklin. "Mr. Pittfield, I'll have to talk to you a little more later on. Just step into the next room, will you?" He added, as the old man disappeared: "Disgrace to his blood and name, huh?"

"Mrs. Richard Barnes," said a detective at the door. "Detective Macklin."

She touched at one stroke all the upper notes of the detective's fancy. She seemed to him to have a body by Ziegfeld. Her hair was purest platinum verging toward gold, and Nature herself had created that masterpiece without the aid of art. Her eyes might have been green or they might have been blue under the shade of the long, perfect lashes. Something in her eyes said "no" to the baby innocence of her mouth, and her chin, Macklin decided, could shed a punch or two. Styled in Paris, 1937.

She came right into the room and gave him her hand and her smile. Then the sight of the dead man struck her hard.

"Steady everything," said Macklin, gripping her at the elbow and studying her face. Her eyes were closed. She breathed: "I won't faint. I'll be all right. I won't be a fool."

She reached out a hand toward Merriam, murmuring: "Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny—poor darling!"

"Fond of him, eh?" asked Macklin.

She held a handkerchief at her mouth, not her eyes.

"Poor, poor darling," she said.

"Why did you come here this evening?" Macklin asked.

"Here?" she asked, surprised. "Oh, you mean earlier. Why, Johnny rang up and asked me over for a drink."

"When?"

"About eleven . . . no, it was twenty to, I suppose."

"And you came alone?"

"Oh, no, not alone. Dick was with me. My husband. But, when we rang, Johnny didn't answer. . . . *Now* I understand, of course!"

She clasped her hands at her breast and shuddered.

"Now, everything's going to be all right," said Macklin, patting her arm. "I'll just speak to your husband, and then you can both go. You just go into the next room and wait a moment, will you?"

She thanked Macklin with the loveliest smile he ever had seen. She gave one quick glance toward the dead man, and went.

To Macklin, Mr. Richard Barnes looked about right. That is to say, he looked ex-football and all that. He was almost as blond as the girl. He had a grim fighting look in his handsome face.

"You were over here earlier this evening?" asked Macklin.

Barnes glowered at the dead body. "Yes. Earlier."

"Why?" asked the detective.

"I don't know . . . oh, to have a drink with Merriam."

"So you came over alone?" asked Macklin.

"Yes." Macklin pricked up his ears. "Yes, yes. Alone. Alone," said Barnes, and turned his frown from the dead body to the detective.

"And then you saw Merriam?"

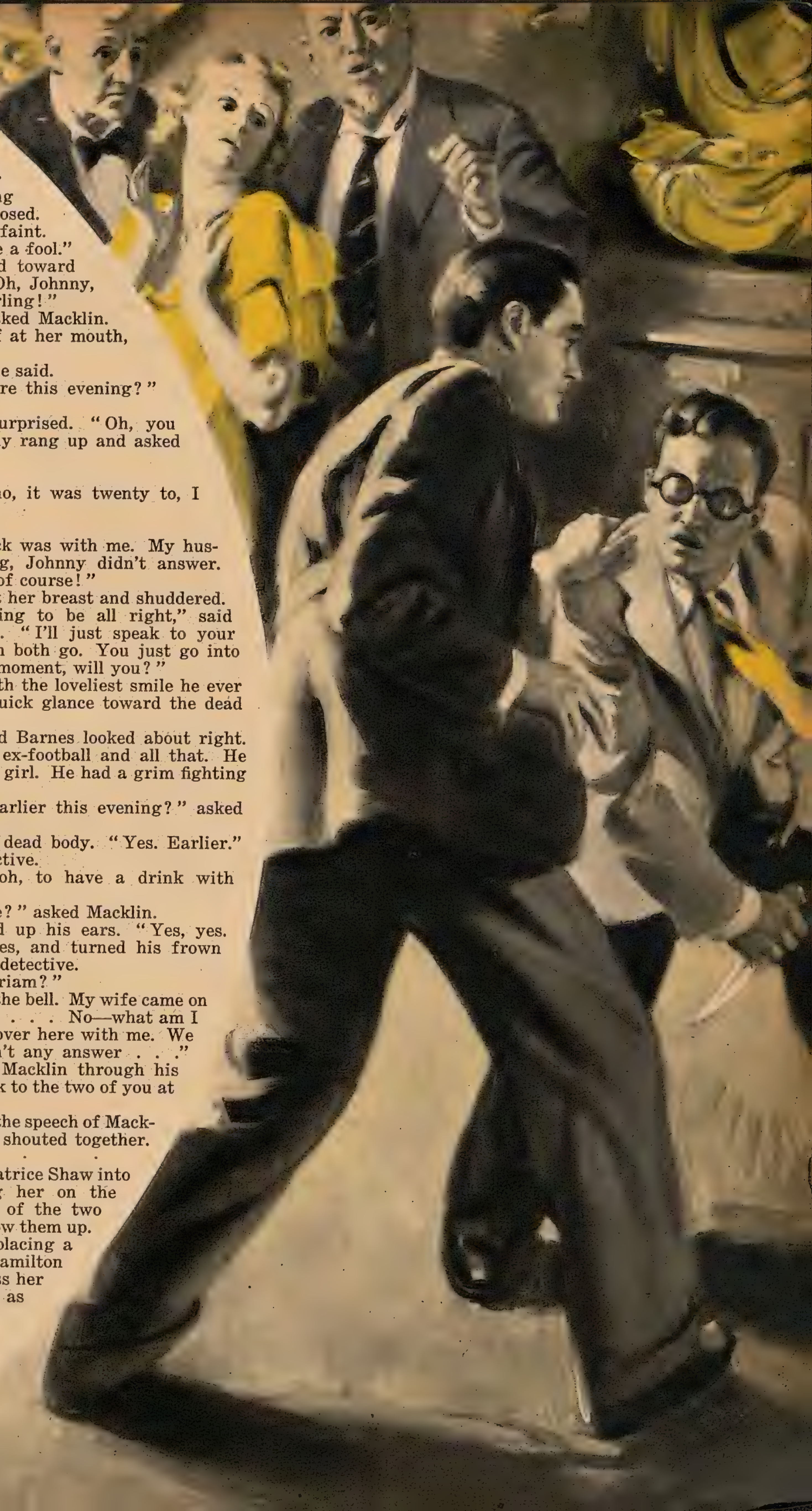
"No. I didn't even ring the bell. My wife came on the run and took me away. . . . No—what am I talking about? She came over here with me. We rang the bell. There wasn't any answer . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Macklin through his teeth. "I just think I'll talk to the two of you at once and . . ."

A scream sliced through the speech of Macklin; and then many voices shouted together.

. . . . .

Hamilton had carried Beatrice Shaw into the bedroom, and placing her on the farther bed, in the angle of the two windows, he jumped to throw them up. He turned to find Bombi placing a pillow under her knees. Hamilton laid an anxious finger across her wrist. The tendons seemed as



Hamilton reached for him, shrank from the flash of a knife.

soft and flexible as silk strings. He was frightened.

"There's no pulse!" he said.

"Steady, steady!" murmured Bombi. "See, her eyelashes already begin to stir. You feel your own jumping nerves, not her pulse, of course. . . . Now, if you had the world in your left hand and this girl in the other, you would throw the world away, wouldn't you?"

Hamilton looked up into that swarthy smiling face and then glanced hurriedly away over his shoulder; for he seemed to be watched from behind. It was from a great corner niche that he was beheld by the passive visage of a golden Buddha larger than the one in the entrance hall.

He looked back to the girl, and saw clearly, now, the color of the returning life. Then Henry Pittfield came in, exclaiming in that ugly rattle of a voice: "Bombi! How is she, man?"

Hamilton watched the tremor of the dress in the cross-current. He was leaning to draw a cover over her when her eyes opened, and then her hands went up to him.

A slight shadow fell over Hamilton. Bombi had shifted so that his body intervened between the girl and Henry Pittfield, saying at the same time: "Will you tell Mr. Pittfield that you're all right, Beatrice?"

She sat up, suddenly, and held out a hand to the old man.

"I don't know what's happened to me," she said. "But I thought . . ."

Here realization came over her quickly and she started up from the bed.

Dutton caught her hands and said in a quick harsh voice: "It's true that he's gone, Beatrice. But there was no place for him. His mind was dying. It was better for his body to be dead. You can't be sorry for him, if you think twice."

"But poor Johnny! Poor Johnny!"

"Beatrice!" called a voice from the door. "And Bombi! Is every one in the world in this terrible place tonight?"

Beatrice Shaw got past Pittfield and went straight to the other girl. She said: "You made a fool of Johnny, but you never guessed that *that* was in the air, did you?"

"Are you asking me if I'm a murderess?" said the blonde calmly. "Johnny threw his weight around a little too much. You knew that. I suppose there are a hundred people who won't be sorry about him. But what do you mean by speaking to me like this?"

"Ah, well . . ." said Beatrice. "I won't speak to you again."

She turned back toward the window. Bombi was saying: "Grace, this is Robert Hamilton . . . Mrs. Richard Barnes."

She nodded to Hamilton, still keeping a stone-cut smile of disdain for a world that dared to accuse her of unpleasantnesses.

OLD Henry Pittfield said bluntly: "You are the woman who was with him when the car crashed the other morning?"

Grace Barnes looked at him and then replied: "My God, how rude an old man can be! Johnny *did* have a splash of your blood in him, after all."

The old fellow eyed her with the keenest distaste. "I doubt it," he said. "I profoundly doubt it, Mrs. Barnes."

Every one in the room was motionless for a moment. Then Hamilton heard distinctly the sound of a long-drawn breath behind him. He turned and saw the placid face of the gilded Buddha.

"What was that?" asked Henry Pittfield.

"Simply a trick of the wind in the hangings," said Bombi—a little too eagerly, Hamilton thought.

"There's something in here," insisted Hamilton, and put out his hand toward the statue.

The whole side of the Buddha opened like a door and out of the interior sprang little Sassan Vashtu McGuire. Hamilton reached for him, shrank from the flash of a knife, and then tackled the dodging figure from behind. Vashtu McGuire went down with a scream that went on and on like a steam calliope while Hamilton turned him over and took out of his numb fingers a knife with a short, curved, wide blade.

"I guess that washes it up," said First Grade Detective Macklin, when he had the irons on McGuire. "Take him away, boys. And take the Barnes people too."

"Take *me?*" cried Grace Barnes.

"Yeah. Now don't you worry," said Macklin. "Your dumb cluck of a husband spilled a few beans, that's all. It's going to be all right for you. Mr. Pittfield, sorry to get you out of bed. Miss Shaw, very sorry. Everything all right now. Good night."

As they passed down the stairs he said: "Tucker, show me where you spotted the blood. . . . Mr. Dutton, take charge here for a minute, will you?"

Hamilton and Bombi were left alone in the death room.

"Go over it again, quickly," said Bombi, softening his voice to a booming murmur. "He came in through this door . . . staggered when he struck that chair . . . went toward you as though he were trying to speak. . . . Go on from that point."

Hamilton stood in the center of the room, unpleasantly near the dead man, and in the mirror saw the image of a lampshade, floating like a golden bowl deeply immersed in clear water.

"Then he turned toward the chest of drawers and leaned his elbows on the top of it."

"On each side of this little jewel cabinet?" said Bombi. He was opening the drawers now. "Here's the expense book for the kitchen." He turned the book in his hands. "Ah, but it's not all kitchen accounting. Not at all. . . . Here's another handwriting at the back of the book. What do you make of this, Hamilton?"

HE handed the old exercise book to Hamilton, opening it at the back, and Hamilton read in a feminine handwriting:

"November 18th. . . . I find loneliness cleansing. As though there were vapors in my soul and a sharp wind were blowing them away. Sometimes the world seems empty and I am afraid; but that is proof that I lack a real culture. Isn't that what culture means? Such a plowing of the mind and soul and such a sowing of seeds that in every solitary moment the eye may look inward and feel a sense of growth and change and blossoming, from time to time. Also, perhaps if he were here every day I should care less for him. I don't think I am made to love with my full strength, every day, always. I have been spoiled because I have learned to use my hands like a man. I must learn, when I am with him, not to be preoccupied with my thoughts.

"November 19 . . ." went on Hamilton, reading aloud.

"That's enough for the moment," said Bombi. "I'll borrow that little book, since the police don't want it, and read it over at my leisure. And the rest of the stuff in the drawer . . . rather odd that any one should fetch this out of his pocket." He held up the hard-caked piece of clay. "Look!" He held it out on the vast fleshy palm of his hand, and Hamilton saw the distinct impression of a house key molded in the clay.

"Very odd indeed," said Bombi. "Merriam may have kept a lady in some lonely place, but why should he wish to carry home and hide an impression of her house key? . . . The cleanings of a pocket? A broken bit of a feather; a thorn twig; an unraveled thread; and the clay used for a key mold. . . . Merriam stood just here before he dropped. He could not speak. His own blood was choking him. But he wanted to tell you something . . . even poor Macklin guessed that. So he was reaching for this drawer, to make the stuff in it speak for him. Does that make sense?"

"I think it does," said Hamilton. "And good sense, too."

"So good that some one may sit in the electric chair on account of it!" said Bombi.

. . . . . .

The medical examiner arrived. And Macklin, returning from his examination of the door which led from the lower hall into the shop, turned a thunder-black face on Hamilton.

"How was the door into the shop from the hall mostly locked?" asked Macklin.

"From the hall side," said Bombi.

“And the key?” asked Macklin.

“Left in the lock,” said Bombi. “The keyhole doesn't run through to the shop side of the door. That gives privacy to the apartment.”

“That means McGuire had to go out of the shop, enter the apartment door. Did he have a key to it?”

“No,” said Dutton. “He had no part in the murder, Macklin.”

“Maybe he didn't,” agreed the detective. “And maybe I'll be looking you up, one of these days, Hamilton. Don't be leaving town without giving me a call.”

“Happy to,” said Hamilton, and he went down to the street with Dutton.

“There's my car,” said the fat man. “Can I take you anywhere?”

“Nowhere in particular,” said Hamilton.

“Look here,” said Dutton. “You're broke; on your uppers; friendless in this town; and suspected of murder. That means Macklin will more than keep an eye on you. Why not come home with me?”

“Very kind; but no,” said Hamilton.

“We'll argue on the way,” said Bombi, and took Hamilton by the shoulder with a hand as resistless as the paw of a bear.

They went up to an East Side apartment overlooking the river, a place with three big rooms that were kitchen, dining-living room, and bedroom. The oversize furniture looked fit to accommodate a race of giants. Staring white paint covered walls and ceiling and woodwork, even chairs. A sort of hospital glare filled the place. Bombi opened a closet and commenced throwing things at the living-room couch.

“There's your bed,” he said. “There's pajamas, slippers, bathrobe, clean towels. Turn in and get some sleep.”

After that he disappeared into the bedroom and his snoring soon was making the place tremble. But Hamilton lay remembering a dead man, and the lifting hands and smiling eyes of Beatrice. Then suddenly an enormous voice flooded the room: “Breakfast in ten minutes! Then come and get it!”

HAMILTON dived for the bathroom and came out in ten minutes shaved, bathed, and half dressed; he found a table laid for him in the kitchen, with only a single place.

“Only one place?” he asked.

Bombi was stripping handfuls of red grapes from an enormous bunch while he spoke, and pouring them down his throat. There was always room for both food and speech in his enormity.

“I eat once a day,” said Bombi, finishing the grapes and picking up a vast red apple, “and yet the flesh adheres to me and clots and clogs and raises the devil generally. . . . Hamilton, would you be a friend and work with me? Sit down and start on these eggs!”

He placed before Hamilton a thick little crockery bowl filled with eggs,

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE SHERIFF KNEW THE LAWS OF PIPE PLEASURE, ALL RIGHT!
DADDY, THIS LAST ROLL OF SNAPS WE TOOK CAME OUT SWELL
PRINCE ALBERT
YES---HERE'S THE PICTURE YOU TOOK OF ME WITH THAT MONTANA SHERIFF WHO SMOKED PRINCE ALBERT FOR 30 YEARS. THINK I'LL SEND IT HOME TO SHERIFF BROWN
BACK HOME
WELL, WELL— LOOK AT THIS PICTURE FROM ROB SHOWING HIM WITH A WESTERN SHERIFF. GUESS HE'S IN GOOD HANDS
Dear Sam - Here I am way out west with a sheriff who beats your record on smoking Prince Albert. He's been enjoying it for 30 years. Rob
WELL, IF THAT SHERIFF USES THE SAME GOOD JUDGEMENT IN PICKING HIS DEPUTIES THAT HE DOES IN CHOOSING TOBACCO, I GUESS FOLKS IN HIS COUNTY ARE SAFE
YES, SIR — IT SHOWS A MAN'S GOT GOOD SENSE WHEN HE CHOOSES A TOBACCO THAT HAS THE BITE REMOVED

FIRST CHOICE FOR ALL 3 KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS

BEGINNERS!
PRINCE ALBERT NO-BITE TOBACCO CERTAINLY SMOOTHED MY START AT PIPE-SMOKING!
OCCASIONAL PIPE-SMOKERS!
NO DUST ON MY PIPE NOW THAT I'VE DISCOVERED P.A.! THAT CRIMP CUT ASSURES COOL, EASY DRAWING
REGULARS!
I'M A REGULAR PIPE-SMOKER WHO SWITCHED TO PRINCE ALBERT FOR ITS RICH TASTE AND FULL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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GENEROUS MONEY-BACK OFFER

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD

crumpled bacon crisp, and fragments of buttered toast.

"I'll be as much of a friend as you'll permit," said Hamilton. "And . . . I never tasted anything so good."

"Of course you never did," said Bombi, pouring coffee. ". . . But, when I speak of work, I mean helping me to do my duty to myself. A man was murdered under my roof, Bob. And that means the knife is still sticking in my own flesh. Will you help me to pull it out and burn the killer in the electric chair?"

Hamilton stood up and held out his hand.

"He was killed when I was there to guard him," he said. "It's more my fight than yours. Besides, Macklin means to have my hide for it." . . .

The call of the telephone took Bombi away. After a moment he re-entered the doorway saying: ". . . And now we'll prove that we can work together. That was Tom Pittfield on the phone, the man you're to hate most in the world."

"Why?" asked Hamilton.

"Because he's to marry Beatrice Shaw in spite of you."

"In spite of me?" echoed Hamilton. "Man, I've known her two days."

"Ah, but what days!" said Bombi. "It takes only one long step to enter heaven . . . and I watched her eyes as she came to, last night, and saw you leaning over her. But still I fear that you'll never have her—not with Tom Pittfield and his uncle opposed."

"Tell me," said Hamilton, putting down his coffeecup.

"This girl and her money and all, you understand," explained Bombi, "is so pledged to do with her life what Henry Pittfield wishes her to do that she won't take an extra deep breath without permission from him. And his permission is only for Tom, of course. . . . They'll be married this winter."

Hamilton lighted a cigarette.

"Ah, that pushes the iron through your soul, I know," nodded Bombi.

"Why does the old man own her?" asked Hamilton.

"Charity, Bob. He took the management of her and her millions when she was only a child. She forgets that he had her millions to play with, and loves him like the father and mother she lost. Now that love has come knocking, I'm curious as to how she'll treat it, and how much she'll talk through the door. The lightning has struck and she's all in a tremble with it, but she'll burn before she shows you that she's on fire, I think. . . . That was Tom Pittfield on the phone, to ask me what he could do to keep the mind of Beatrice from poor Johnny."

"Was she fond of Merriam?" asked Hamilton.

"Nobody could be fond of Johnny—he was such a rat," said Bombi. "But Beatrice made herself fond of every one she was supposed to like, and since she and Johnny were playmates, of course she made herself love him. . . . Pittfield wanted to know if the sidewalk picture show of the Greenwich Village painters would be worth seeing, and I told him it might be. I said that the two of us would meet them there in half an hour. Shall we go?"

THEY were on Fifth Avenue below Twenty-third Street when Hamilton said: "There's a gray car half a block back of us, just squeezing in and out of the same traffic lights with us."

"That's good old Macklin," said Bombi. "He's interested in you, Bob. He wants you for the chair . . . and that complicates everything."

"Have you the slightest idea in the world who killed Merriam?" asked Hamilton. "Have you the slightest suspicion worth following up?"

"Tom Pittfield is the one who gets Merriam's fortune," answered Bombi readily. "And Tom hated Johnny enough to murder him, also. But that's mere blind theory, on my part. Outside of the theory I haven't an idea in the world. It might have been Henry Pittfield. He has the temper of a tiger, a strong hand still, and a feeling that Johnny was contaminating the whole family by his damned carryings-on. It might be Dick Barnes. He has nerve enough for most things. And he's as jealous as the devil of his pretty wife. It might be that sweet Grace Barnes herself. If she thought Merriam might do her damage in the world, I think she'd slip a knife into him without winking. That's the preliminary survey. You heard Sassan Vashtu McGuire say that there was another woman at the door last night—one he didn't recognize. Johnny was so deep in the mire that God alone knows whom he had trod on."

They passed under Washington Arch and across the Square before they parked the car. On the bystreets was the exhibition—on the steps of vacant houses and on easels standing along the pavement. Bombi and Hamilton had not gone half a block before Tom Pittfield hailed them from behind, and came up, bringing Beatrice. He had made, he declared, a real discovery. He hurried them around the corner to the easels which were the property of an elderly Russian with a severe brow, a white head, and a short black beard. A group of sand bathers on a beach startled the eye with the flash and brilliance of sea and sand and sun-burning flesh. Bombi stood before the picture with an unreadable, pleasant smile.

"I," said Beatrice, "like the work of this girl on the left. I like it quite a lot."

"Too young," said Tom Pittfield eagerly. "Much too young to do good work."

THE girl turned toward Bombi, and in doing so her eye trailed over Hamilton. She had barely greeted him when they had been introduced, and now, when her glance touched him, it flashed uneasily away.

The painter Beatrice had admired was a very pretty girl not far from thirty, done up in a workmanlike studio apron, with her hair pulled well back from her face by a pair of combs.

"That's good," said Bombi, pointing to a projecting edge of a painting.

It showed only half a tree, to Hamilton; but that seemed to be enough for Bombi. The artist picked it out obediently.

"It's your last thing, isn't it?" asked Bombi.

"Yes," she said. "It isn't finished, you see."

"I wonder if it isn't, though?" asked Bombi.

"If *you* say so, Mr. Dutton," said the girl.

"Cecilly Hampton," spelled Hamilton from the signature in the corner of the painting. The lettering disappeared among the dripping roots of the trees along the bank of the stream in the landscape.

"Will you tell me the price?" asked Beatrice, coming closer to the artist.

"Am I about to make a sale?" murmured Cecilly Hampton, smiling at her own excitement in a charming way.

"Is it your first sale?" asked Beatrice.

"No. There were picture post cards," said Cecilly Hampton. "And I used to do the scrawny girls in the Porozone underwear ads."

The two girls began to laugh together.

"Is two hundred and fifty too much?" asked Cecilly Hampton.

"It's not enough, is it?" said Beatrice to Dutton.

"A thousand dollars would do you more credit, Beatrice," he answered. "It might set a precedent, too." And he smiled on the crowd that had begun to pool around them.

"A thousand dollars!" cried Cecilly Hampton. "That's bread and beer for a thousand days!"

The Russian was a good fellow. He said, with a grin: "I bring the fish and you catch them, mademoiselle. . . . Monsieur Bombi, if you do not like my pictures, I also can do a Cossack song and dance."

"They want some rather sketchy murals in the children's playgrounds of the city," said Bombi. "You see Morris Steiner and tell him that I sent you."

"God bless you, monsieur," said the Russian.

"Uncle Henry's particular about what hangs in the house," Tom Pittfield was cautioning the girl. "You'd better ask his opinion before you buy this."

But she shook her head and made out the check. Cecilly Hampton let the wind flutter the little blue slip of paper and kept laughing with a childish joy. "Do you do portraits? Of course you do," said Beatrice. "Why don't you come and paint Henry Pittfield for me? He's promised to sit when I pick out the artist."

"*The* Henry Pittfield?" said Cecilly Hampton. "No, that's too serious. I'm not up to that—am I, Mr. Dutton?"

"You are so charming and you make me feel so important," said Bombi, "that I shall recommend you to hang in the Metropolitan."

"Until I am dead?" asked the girl.

"Tomorrow. Come tomorrow at five, won't you?" asked Beatrice.

Cecilly Hampton was delighted.

"Any more landscapes?" asked Bombi.

"Here's one," she said, and drew a canvas from among her reserves. But before she had lifted it from the pavement to the easel a movement in the crowd threw Tom Pittfield off balance. He tried to save himself, but even so his sudden step back put his foot squarely through the painting. There was dismay over this, with Cecilly Hampton saying anxiously: "It wasn't really good. I don't care a bit. . . . Something had to go wrong on a *perfect* day. . . . Don't give it a thought."

I'M going to pay for that," said Pittfield grimly. "I'm going to make amends. If you have a studio, let Bombi and me go see the rest of your things; it's up to me to buy." He said to Beatrice: "Take my car back home, with your picture . . ."

"Why did you suddenly get rid of your old chauffeur, Tom?" she asked.

"He was a doddering old fool," said Pittfield. "This fellow Robertson knows his business."

"You and Bombi take your car," she insisted. "I hope you'll fill the whole trunk with pictures. I'll take a cab, and maybe Mr. Hamilton will go along."

"There's Macklin," said the murmur of Bombi at Hamilton's ear. "Steady yourself."

Hamilton turned and found the big detective just behind him. Macklin's battered eyes, in which fatigue was an endless agony, held Hamilton as a fish spear holds the fish.

Macklin said: "Sassan Vashtu McGuire didn't kill Merriam."

"That's interesting," answered Hamilton.

Macklin looked down at Hamilton's hands as though he were fitting irons to the wrists.

"Mr. Hamilton," called Beatrice from the cab. "Are you coming?"

"Coming," said Hamilton.

"I'll be seeing you," commented Macklin, and his eyes followed Hamilton like two grasping hands.

If not involved in the murder, why did the Hindu-Irishman try to escape? Does the jewel cabinet hold any clue to the crime? Whither Bombi? And is Hamilton to be the scapegoat? More strange and subtle twists are ahead for you in next week's Liberty. It's a "must"!

I WAS A FOOL TO PINCH PENNIES!
GIVE ME A PACKAGE OF SALT, PLEASE.
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED MORTON'S? ITS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T CAKE IN THIS RAINY WEATHER!
OH, ONE SALT IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER TO ME. JUST GIVE ME THE CHEAPEST YOU HAVE!
VERY WELL MA'AM—HERE YOU ARE!
SALT
THAT AFTERNOON
IMAGINE SPOILING A NICE LUNCHEON PARTY BY USING A SALT THAT CLOGS SALTCELLARS!
SOMEONE OUGHT TO PUT HER WISE TO MORTON'S.
? ?
LATER
THAT CHEAP SALT JUST ABOUT RUINED MY PARTY. I WAS A FOOL TO BUY IT!
IT'S FALSE ECONOMY NOT TO USE MORTON'S BECAUSE IT COSTS A FAMILY ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!
HER NEXT LUNCHEON
WHAT A LOVELY LUNCHEON, MY DEAR. EVERYTHING WAS SIMPLY PERFECT!
TO HERSELF— YES, THANKS TO MORTON'S SALT!

Cheapest in the end because

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

When you ask for Morton's Salt you can be sure of two things. First, that its amazingly uniform *cube-shaped* crystals won't stick together on wet days and choke up saltcellars like the irregular grains of cheap, unknown brands. And, second, that its easy-to-handle *round* package has a spout that can't possibly tear out. Thus you'll find Morton's to be cheapest in the end, especially as it costs a family only 2c a week to enjoy!

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

MORTON'S
IODIZED
SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

The big fellow helps

HERE you see one of the most modern freight locomotives used by American railroads.

It develops 6,500 horsepower. It can haul freight 70 miles an hour. It can highball a string of loaded box cars more than a mile long.

That the railroads are using such mighty engines is a good thing for everyone.

Take shippers, for instance. Costs, and therefore rates, are directly affected by the number of cars which modern locomotives can pull. If trains were as short as they were thirty-six years ago it would add more than three quarters of a billion dollars to the annual freight cost, based on 1936 traffic.

Or take wages. The railroads' ability to meet present-day pay rolls depends on low cost operation—and the length of the modern freight trains largely determines such costs.

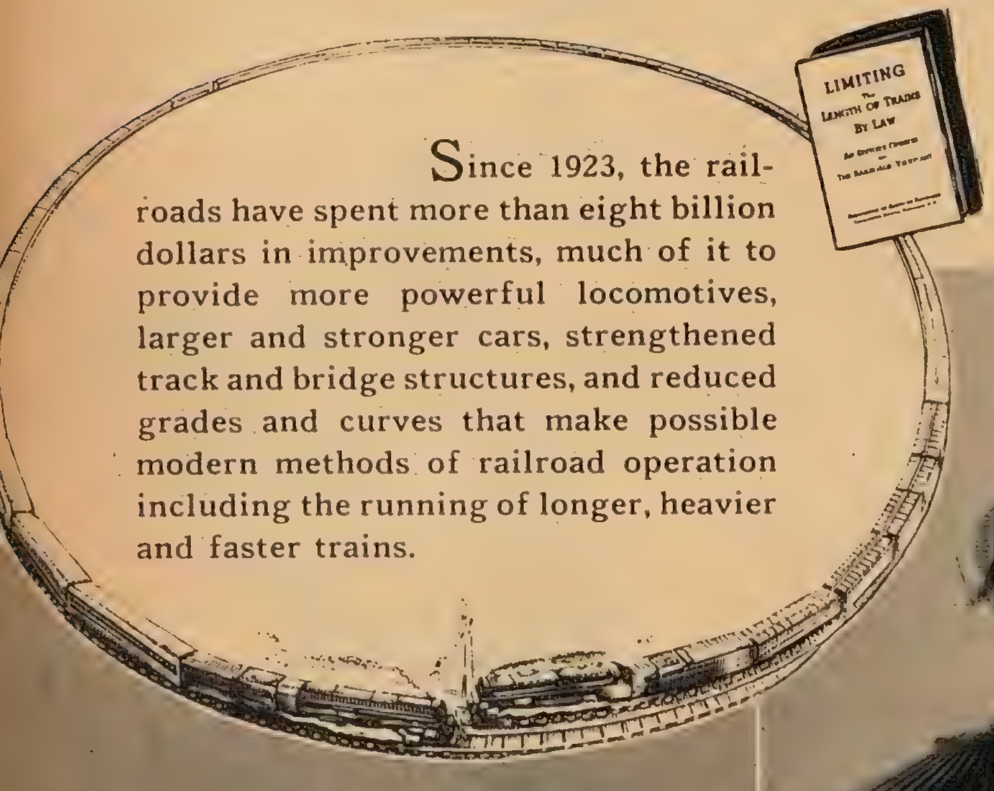
Or take safety. Longer trains reduce the chance of grade crossing accidents and collisions, because the more trains you have on a track, the more chance of accidents. As a federal court recently said, "The frequency of train and train-service accidents is directly related to the number of train units operated."

Everyone knows the great safety record of the railroads today. And during the period from 1923 to 1936, when the length and speed of trains showed a striking increase, the frequency of train accidents of all sorts decreased 58.5 per cent, and head-on and rear-end collisions decreased 64 per cent.

Here in plain terms is the great story of how the railroads keep abreast of the times.

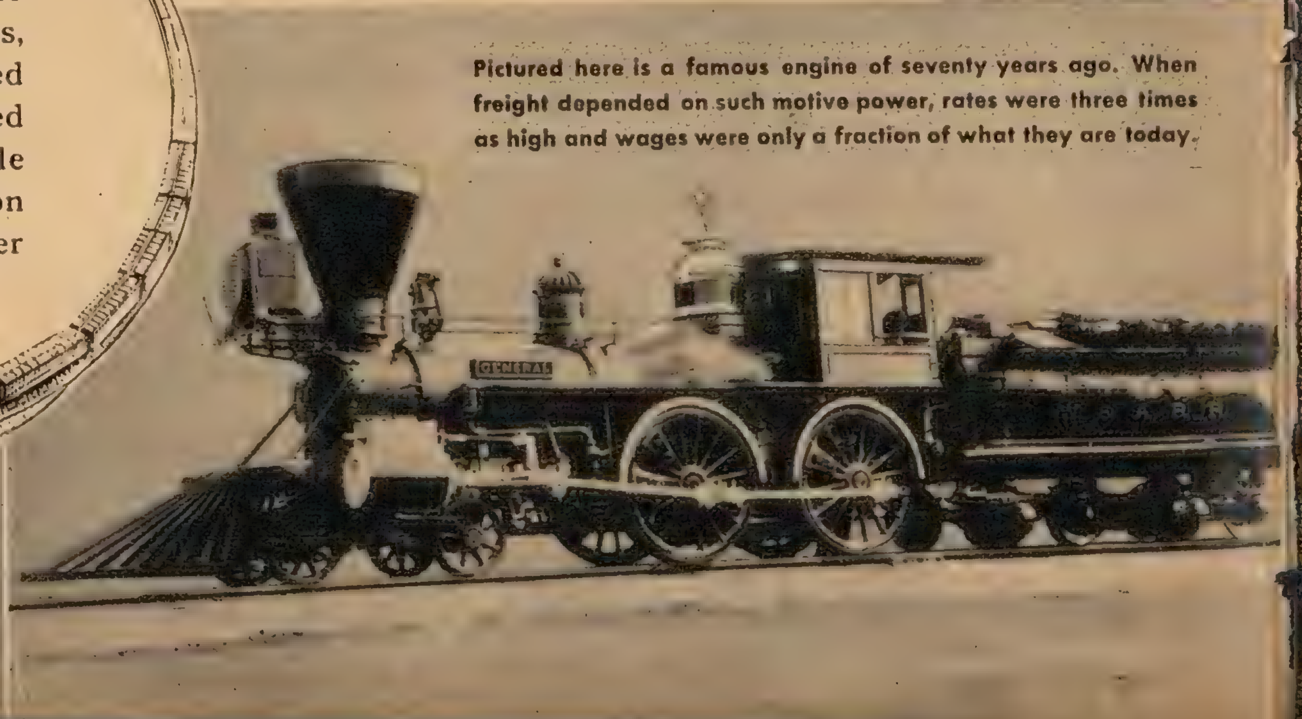
American railroad rates are the lowest in the world; American railroad wages the highest.

For that, give a good part of the credit to the "big fellow" and the long modern trains he pulls.



Since 1923, the railroads have spent more than eight billion dollars in improvements, much of it to provide more powerful locomotives, larger and stronger cars, strengthened track and bridge structures, and reduced grades and curves that make possible modern methods of railroad operation including the running of longer, heavier and faster trains.

Here's a book that tells a story of interest to agriculture, industry, commerce and the average American. For your copy, write Association of American Railroads, Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.



Pictured here is a famous engine of seventy years ago. When freight depended on such motive power, rates were three times as high and wages were only a fraction of what they are today.

us all
SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

DO YOU KNOW

—that freight trains now operate on practically the schedules of passenger trains only a few years ago—at average speeds between terminals as high as 43 miles an hour, including time occupied in intermediate terminals and switching?

—that during the past fifteen years the average revenue received by the railroads for hauling a ton of freight a mile has steadily declined until it is now less than one cent —a decrease of 23%?

—that since 1922 the payments by the railroads made necessary by loss or damage to freight have been reduced to less than half as much per loaded car moved?

—that railroads now make overnight delivery of freight between most large cities even 400 or 500 miles apart and that the speeding up of freight service saves business and industry, in storage facilities and the costs of maintaining inventories, millions of dollars every year?

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"GET ME FOR SOCIAL SECURITY"

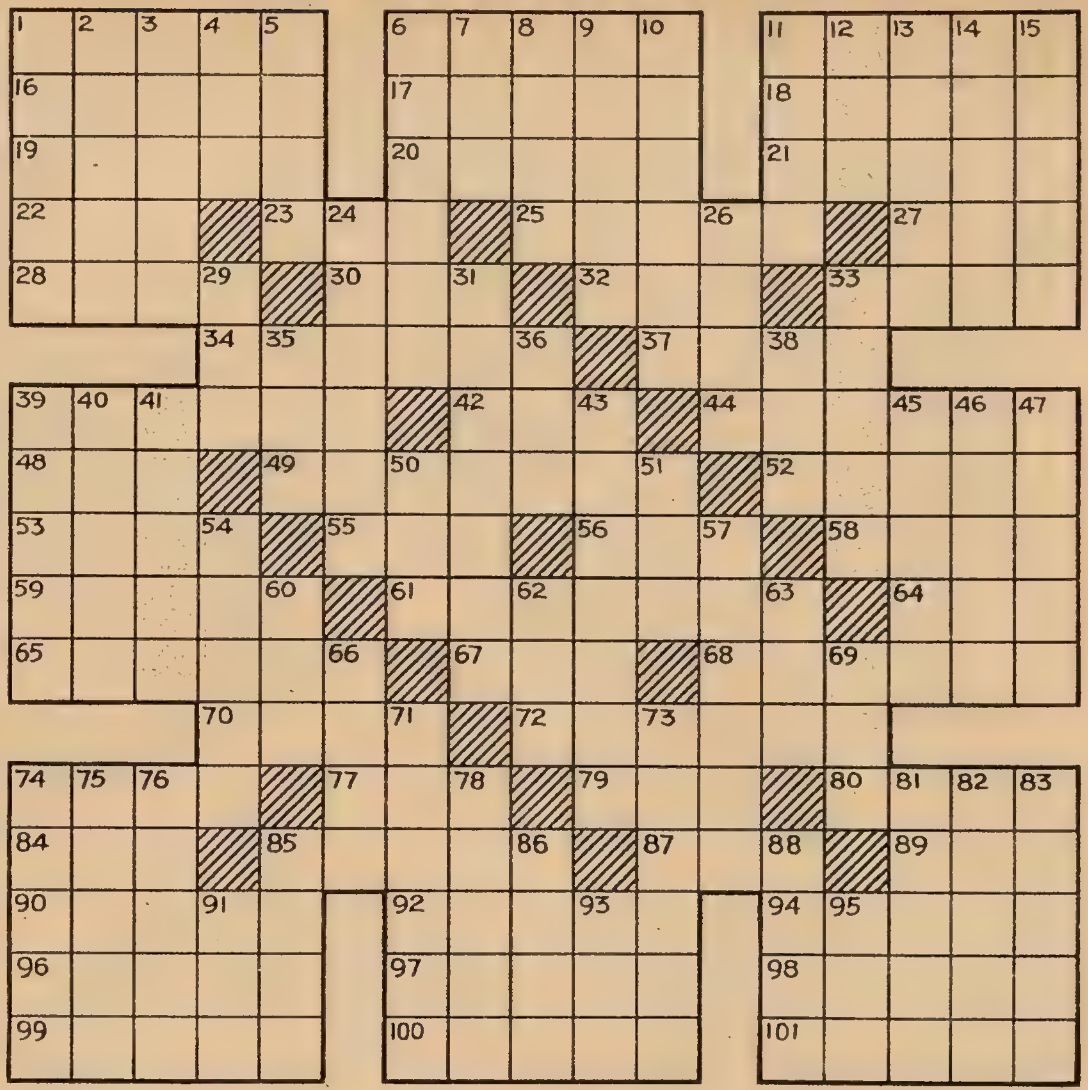
Treet
4 FOR 10¢

Keep your face clean and presentable the whole day—keep supplied with Treet Blades! Their super-keen edges say good riddance to fast-growing beards and skin irritations! Why not invest a dime?

Treet Safety Razor Corporation
Newark, New Jersey

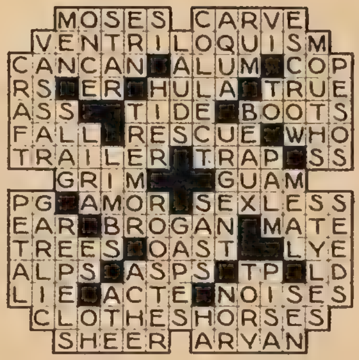
Treet
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BLADES
FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 An animal
6 Unfit
11 To frighten
16 Over
17 Fresher
18 Skinned
19 Stirs up
20 A cubic measure
21 Living
22 Feminine name
23 Article
25 Forgive
27 Luminous body
28 Man's nickname
30 Skill
32 Turf
33 Charge (pl.)
34 Dispossession
37 City in Italy
39 Rumor
42 To bring suit
44 Most recent
48 Eggs
49 Seiners
52 More dreadful
53 Charts
55 Born
56 Middle
58 A kind of bird
59 Skilled
61 Emptied
64 Bishop's domain
65 Sea nymph
67 A primitive Greek letter
68 A kind of headdress (pl.)
70 Trim sail
72 One of the Gorgons
74 Close violently
77 Measures of area
79 Weight of India
80 Autocrat



MOSES CARVE
VENTRILOQUISM
CANCAN■ALUM■COP
RS■ER■HULA■TRUE
ASS■■TIDE■BOOTS
FALL■RESCUE■WHO
TRAILER■TRAP■SS
GRIM■■■GUAM
PG■AMOR■SEXLESS
EAR■BROGAN■MATE
TREES■OAST■■LYE
ALPS■ASPS■TP■LD
LIE■ACTE■NOISES
CLOTHESHORSES
SHEER ARYAN

Answer to last week's puzzle

84 Label
85 Put in position
87 Beverage
89 Make haste
90 Astonish
92 Woman's name
94 Portion
96 Riotous festivity
97 Silkworms
98 Jabbed
99 Minister to
100 Exhausted
101 Ovules

VERTICAL

1 One of a Central American tribe
2 Stay
3 A grinding tooth
4 Mother of mankind
5 For fear that
6 Introduce into
7 Seine
8 A large jug
9 Fathers (French)
10 Quivering
11 Gaiter
12 One of the states (abbr.)
13 Ascend
14 Musical comedy
15 Paradises
24 Hurry
26 Object of worship
29 Also
31 Canopy over a bed (pl.)
33 Having an offensive smell
35 Jar
36 Regret
38 Rabid
39 A style of type
40 Avoid by artifice
41 Document
43 Fur-bearing animals
45 Worn away
46 Separate
47 Perennial plants
50 To spread for drying
51 Err
54 Whale-oil product
57 Of sober mien
60 A bond
62 Old Dutch measure
63 Roman god
66 Distribute
69 A coarse cloth
71 Shapes
73 Hate
74 Initiate
75 More crippled
76 Genus of plants
78 Steep descent
81 Shiver
82 Ventilated
83 Bamboolike grasses
85 Skin of a beast
86 American Indian
88 Vipers
91 Genus of grasses
93 A form of John
95 Garden implement

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Blackrock Landing

BY RAYMOND C. KRANK

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

DANNY PISA, wayward son and errant husband, came home to his mother and his wife on a broiling day in July, 1937. Joseph Bongiorno & Sons conducted the funeral. Great weeping, in the Latin tradition, accompanied Danny to the grave, and many stories were told of his boyhood. But the story of his dying was told in different fashion.

. . . . . .

THE DRY DOCK AT BLACKROCK LANDING: I was the scene, as long years past I was the battlefield where ignorant savages clashed because of Dutch men and English. Accustomed to blood and massacre, yet the Indians were never so vicious as when the interloper came.

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER: I went down to the yards and looked around. There was a strike, all right. Langhorn's boys had got in their dirty work, and the union was organized before Bill Tate's local was ready for the fight. Two weeks after the walkout, the riot came.

A UNION CARD: I lay in Danny Pisa's thin wallet, and after the first few days he never took me out. If it were not for me, he might have been alive today.

TED KAJENSKI (under arrest, for questioning): Pisa didn't belong to the old union at all. He joined up with us. Laughed about what we'd do to the bosses and Bill Tate. Then the rat doubled on us . . .

BUD WILLIAMS (another striker): I wouldn't say Danny was a rat. He came out with us at first. He took his turn on the picket line. He was like a big kid—everything was fun to him. He took the job because he needed it, but more than that, I guess he thought it would be fun to work on a millionaire's yacht. Then he got a big kick out of joining the union, and he had the time of his life when he started to picket.

A STILLSON WRENCH: I was the weapon of destiny. Swinging heavily, describing a lethal arc, I came like a bolt of lightning to deliver the message of wrath.

THE FOREDECK OF THE YACHT ZEPHYR: Here, on these costly boards, the cheap leather and rubber of the men's sweat-soaked shoes bruised me suddenly in the quick and passionate rush of the dreadful struggle.

A BOARD ON THE DECK: I have tasted spilled wine, but today I have drunk the lifeblood of Danny Pisa as it spurted and gushed from the wreck of his skull.

AN OFFICIAL OF THE CARSON DRY-DOCK & REPAIR CO.: We were under contract to finish the overhaul job by August 1. That's why we put on extra help, at part-time pay. Pisa wasn't a regular; and he'd never worked on a ship before. He was taken on at the recommendation of his brother-in-law. And that's all I know.

ANOTHER OFFICIAL: The men went on strike because they wanted us to recognize this new union. After the first week, however, most of them came back to work. The others—the minority who wanted to advance their own selfish interests—used terroristic methods to frighten the decent fellows. Eventually there was sabotage.

A COMMUNIST ORATOR (at Columbus Circle): Yesterday, my friends, the striking shipyard workers tried to parade peaceably at Blackrock Landing, out in Queens. But the hired thugs of the Carson Repair Corporation wouldn't let the appointed representatives of the workers into the yards! What happened? Well . . .

A MAN IN THE CROWD: I'll tell you what happened. I was there. Those damned wreckers who had no business in the yards knocked down a couple of those poor guys you call "hired thugs" and rushed on to the docks. Four days ago they'd set fire to those same docks and . . .

THE ORATOR: Pardon me, my friend—I have the floor! My friends, you mustn't mind this misinformed gentleman. He was there, he says, but if he was he must have poor eyesight! Ha-ha! What actually happened was that the men who were being done out of their bread and butter by dirty rotten scabs pushed their way into the yards and demanded a hearing. And then the company police went to work on them with clubs and rubber hoses!

THE MAN IN THE CROWD: And who killed Danny Pisa, a nice harmless kid who was doing his job as he had a right to do? He had a wife and two kids, and the rent was overdue . . .

THE VOICE OF THE CROWD: Shut up, you punk! . . . Why don't you mind your own business? . . . Better watch your step, buddy! . . . Lousy liar! . . .

AN EDITORIAL COLUMN: And so it is one union against the other again, both supposedly fighting for the same purpose. But what shall the end be like? If the crime of Blackrock Landing proves a signpost to the future, then America is doomed to become a frightful battleground where brother shall slay brother until an exhausted nation surrenders freedom beneath some strong-willed tyrant who will promise deliverance from anarchy.

DANNY PISA'S MOTHER (in mournful Italian syllables): I do not understand. Danny was a good boy, except maybe sometimes when he was naughty. He would not do what anybody told him to do. Like all little boys. You know? But my Danny would not hurt anybody. So why did they kill him?

HIS WIFE: After Tom talked Danny into going back to work, he never came home. I thought that he was fooling around with some other woman, and so I got sore at him. And then one night, at four o'clock in the morning, three men came around asking for him. I said I didn't know where he was, and they told me, "Never mind. We know he's gone back to work—and we'll get him." Then Danny's brother phoned and told me that Danny was staying on the ship; that he didn't dare leave. Eleven others were with him.

A CURBSTONE, OUTSIDE THE YARDS: Corduroy, denim, and worn wool were pressed against me as the men sat, talking and smoking. Whenever they recognized a worker in a car passing, the men would leap up and drag the victim into the street and beat him savagely. But the men they beat also wore corduroy, denim, and worn wool.

A CIGARETTE BUTT: Thrown down, half crushed, and kicked aside, I lay on the deck unnoticed while the man whose lips had held me met the same dark fate as I. He had been enjoying the relaxation that I gave him, on the deck of a millionaire's yacht.

A RAILING ON THE DECK: His right hand clutched me as with the left he flung down his cigarette. Beneath the dark tan of his face a pallid shadow crept, and I felt him tremble. A swirl of men swept along the dock. Rocks and short lengths of lead pipe were thrown. Danny drew his hand away from me and took two steps backward as the men raced up the gangway and surged along the deck.

A STRIKER: I saw Danny Pisa trying to grin. The poor kid was scared. I felt sorry for him.

O'LEARY, A YARD WATCHMAN: Pisa backed against the rail and turned around, as though he was going to jump over the side. Then that feller swung the wrench.

FROM THE PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION: ". . . form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity . . ."

THE END

THE TALKING HORSE

BY WALTER BROOKS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

TAKE this Wilbur Pope I think his name was. He was kind of a small quiet man in the advertising business. Not the kind of man as you know perfectly well to imagine things like this even if he did have a few extra highballs. He says it is all true and I would rather believe him than a lot of malicious gossip.

So this Mr. Pope lived in Mount Kisco and he had a wife that was part Spanish and part bad temper. Most of the neighbors were in love with her because she was beautiful all right and as seductive as all get-out. But when she was in high spirits she didn't pay any attention to her husband and when she was low and cranky she didn't pay attention to any one else.

But Mr. Pope was in love with his wife whose name was Carlotta because of that Spanish strain I suppose.

Well as an advertising account executive in charge of a couple of drug and cosmetic accounts Mr. Pope had done a lot of what advertising men call research in the course of which he had spent several months reading about old folk remedies and magical prescriptions in the hope of turning up some new product. Mr. Pope got interested particularly in the more miraculous herbs because being an advertising man he had immense powers of belief. And one thing that cropped up in so many old folk tales was the leaf of a certain tree which you ate and could then understand the speech of all animals. He liked this idea because when he was a boy he had had a dog named Horace who could almost talk. But Horace had died without saying a word.

Mrs. Pope wouldn't let Mr. Pope have a dog but she thought it would be nice if he had a horse so he bought a horse named Ed. It was just a horse. But Mr. Pope enjoyed jogging around on him Sunday mornings and talking to him and Ed seemed to understand. And after Mr. Pope read about the magic leaf he used to stop whenever he saw a tree he didn't know and eat a leaf or two hopefully.

Introducing Ed. You'll like him!—A joyous tale of a worm that turned and a beast that wasn't so dumb

Well one Sunday Mr. Pope got back from his ride to find a noisy crowd guzzling cocktails on the porch. There were the Lawtons and Annabelle Stanton and Fitch Parmenter and a tall stranger named Douglas Hendry. Hi Wilbur said Annabelle been for your morning gallop? Poor old Ed said Mr. Pope if he galloped a hundred yards he'd have to lie down. Do you hunt Mr. Pope? asked Mr. Hendry and before Mr. Pope could answer Mrs. Pope laughed merrily and said Can't you just see Wilb careering over the landscape in a pink coat? She called him Wilb because it was about the only thing that really irritated him. And everybody looked at Mr. Pope and laughed loud and heartily including Mr. Hendry. Only Ed didn't laugh.

Well then Mr. Hendry told about his own exploits in the hunting field and also his prowess in other athletic fields. But he was very kind to Mr. Pope and he said I really think you would have a quite passable seat if you'd shorten your stirrups a bit and keep your hands down and your elbows in and not slump so much in the saddle. Thank you said Mr. Pope but frankly my present seat is quite adequate and I am afraid it would only puzzle Ed if I had it altered. You see he said I only ride for amusement and a little exercise. And then he asked Mr. Hendry if he took regular exercise.

Well everybody looked shocked but Mr. Hendry took it very well. Exercise? he said. Ha ha do you think I need it? And he flexed a lot of muscles so that his coat stretched and looked too small on him and Mrs. Pope said Wilb! What a stupid question! But Mr. Pope just looked innocent and said he guessed he'd put his incorrect seat down on a chair and have a drink. There's no time now said Mrs. Pope we're all going to the Lawtons' to lunch. Come on everybody. And they all trooped out to the car.

So Mr. Pope got up and started to troop after them and then he stopped and said Sorry I'm afraid I can't join you for Ed and I have a date. But nobody listened and Mrs. Pope looked up at Mr. Hendry and said Ride with me Doug? and Mr. Hendry put his arm around her and said Betcha! And Mr. Pope finished up what was in the shaker and then he had two or three straight to counteract the cocktails and then he seated himself incorrectly on Ed and trotted off in the other direction.

Well by and by they came out on a hilltop and Mr. Pope started to sing. Ed looked around at him a couple times but Mr. Pope just smiled and patted his neck and said You're a good scout Ed and if you die I promise I'll have you stuffed and stuck up whole over the mantelpiece whatever Carlotta says. And he went on singing. And then Ed turned around again and said O for Pete's sake Wilb shut up!

Well Mr. Pope's seat almost failed him and he grabbed at Ed's mane and held on and said in a shaky voice Ed why I must have found that magic leaf and eaten it without knowing it! O can that magic stuff said Ed and don't be such a sap! Judas you'd believe anything! Ed said Look we might as well have this thing out but for gosh sakes get down and come around and sit on the grass where I can look at you without getting a crick in my neck.

So Mr. Pope got down and they had a long talk and the main thing Ed told him was that animals can talk only they almost never let humans know it because they'd just get a lot of extra work shoved on them. And anyway what does talk get you? said Ed. Just trouble that's all. Then I don't see why you spoke to me said Mr. Pope and Ed said Because I couldn't stand any more of that singing for one thing. And for another he said you're a nice guy and we get along fine but you make me sick the way you let your wife boot you around. O Carlotta's all right she don't mean anything said Mr. Pope. Believe me said Ed if she was my wife I'd beat her teeth in. And that Hendry guy—you ought to smacked him on the nose.

Well it's a cinch you learned your talk in a stable Ed said Mr. Pope and then he tried to explain that you had to be civilized with people and if they were rude it was no excuse for you doing the same thing but Ed said Nuts! You used to be a pretty good boxer he said and if I'm any judge that guy's muscles are only for show and you could gentle him easy with a couple good smacks in the puss. Mr. Pope grinned and said Yes it would be fun. Listen said Ed I'm going to fix you up. And then he and Mr. Pope had a long talk and then they went back down to the Lawtons'.

Everybody was sitting around the swimming pool in bathing suits. Mr. Hendry had on a pair of trunks would about cover your hand to show off his muscles and he was sitting on the edge of the pool with an arm around Mrs. Pope telling a long story about pigsticking in India. Mr. Pope rode up and dismounted behind them but nobody paid any attention. Go ahead tell the guy to take his arm away muttered Ed. O hell Ed, whispered Mr. Pope let's call it off. Boy you're going through with it now said Ed and then he let out a regular horse laugh. Pigsticking! he yelled Haw haw! back of your father's barn probably.

Mr. Hendry jumped up and stuck out his jaw and strutted up to Mr. Pope and said Hey what's the idea? Well Mr. Pope couldn't say that the horse had made the remark and it struck him funny anyway so he grinned and said Sorry old man it slipped out. Go on with your story. Mr. Hendry said Well don't let it happen again. And then he looked at Ed and laughed sort of nasty and turned to go back. But as soon as Mr. Hendry's back was to him Ed lifted his nose suddenly and it caught Mr. Hendry between the shoulder blades and shot him forward in a staggering run that ended with a splash in the pool.

Fitch Parmenter laughed right out but the rest looked horrified and Mrs. Pope said Wilb have you gone crazy? Go home if you can't behave yourself. Then Mr. Hendry climbed out of the pool and rushed up to Ed and grabbed his bridle and started to slap him on the nose.

And then Mr. Pope got mad. He shoved Mr. Hendry away. That's enough of that he said. O is that so? said Mr. Hendry and Mr. Pope said Yes it is and for all your bragging I don't think you know much about horses or you wouldn't get mad at one just for nudging you. Yeah? said Mr. Hendry sneering. Why do you call that a horse? If he belonged to me I'd send him to the boneyard. I guess you would said Mr. Pope because I don't believe you can ride. I don't believe you even know how to steer. And he winked at Ed and Ed winked back because that was what they had been working up to.

Well Mr. Hendry gave a sort of growl and then he put a hand on Ed's neck and vaulted into the saddle. At least he started to but Ed sort of squinted down and Mr. Hendry flew right over him. He landed semirecumbent and Fitch Parmenter lay right down and rolled on the ground and all the others laughed a little too. But Mrs. Pope ran to Mr. Hendry and said O Doug did it hurt you? No no it was nothing said Mr. Hendry bravely and he got up and put an arm around her and said Now just let me get my breath and then you watch.

Mr. Pope was standing with his hand on Ed's bridle and Ed whispered to him. He said Are you going to stand for this? Because he said if you don't sock him I will. And he began to sidle around into position where he could smack a couple of iron horseshoe-prints on Mr. Hendry's stomach. But Mr. Pope slapped him on the neck and said Lay off Ed I'll handle this. We don't want to kill the guy. And he said quietly Hendry take your hands off my wife. And all at once everybody was very quiet and subdued and they all looked at Mr. Pope as if they had never seen him before. And Mr. Hendry's arm dropped away from Mrs. Pope and he said Well do you want me to ride your old hack or not? Sure said Mr. Pope go to it.

Well Ed stood still while Mr. Hendry got into the saddle and then he trotted in his usual slow weary trot around the pool and Mr. Hendry who really was a fair rider pretended to be terrified and then he laughed and laughed and blew a kiss to Mrs. Pope and as he passed Mr. Pope he said Is this enough? because I don't want him to drop dead under me. O K Ed said Mr. Pope. Let him have it.

So then Ed suddenly pranced and reared and bucked but not too hard. Mr. Hendry lost his stirrups and threw his arms around Ed's neck and finally Mr. Pope said I guess that's enough Ed. But Ed had his own ideas. He stopped long enough for Mr. Hendry to find his stirrups and then he threw up his head and I don't suppose you'll believe me but he gave a loud laugh. And then he bolted across the lawn jumped the hedge and with Mr. Hendry disappeared.

Well everybody looked aghast and they glanced respectfully at Mr. Pope who smiled and said Well they won't be back for a long time so let's sit down shall we? But Mrs. Pope came over to him and said Wilb this is outrageous! Go after him at once. Shut up Carlotta said Mr. Pope quietly and sit down. And after a minute she did.

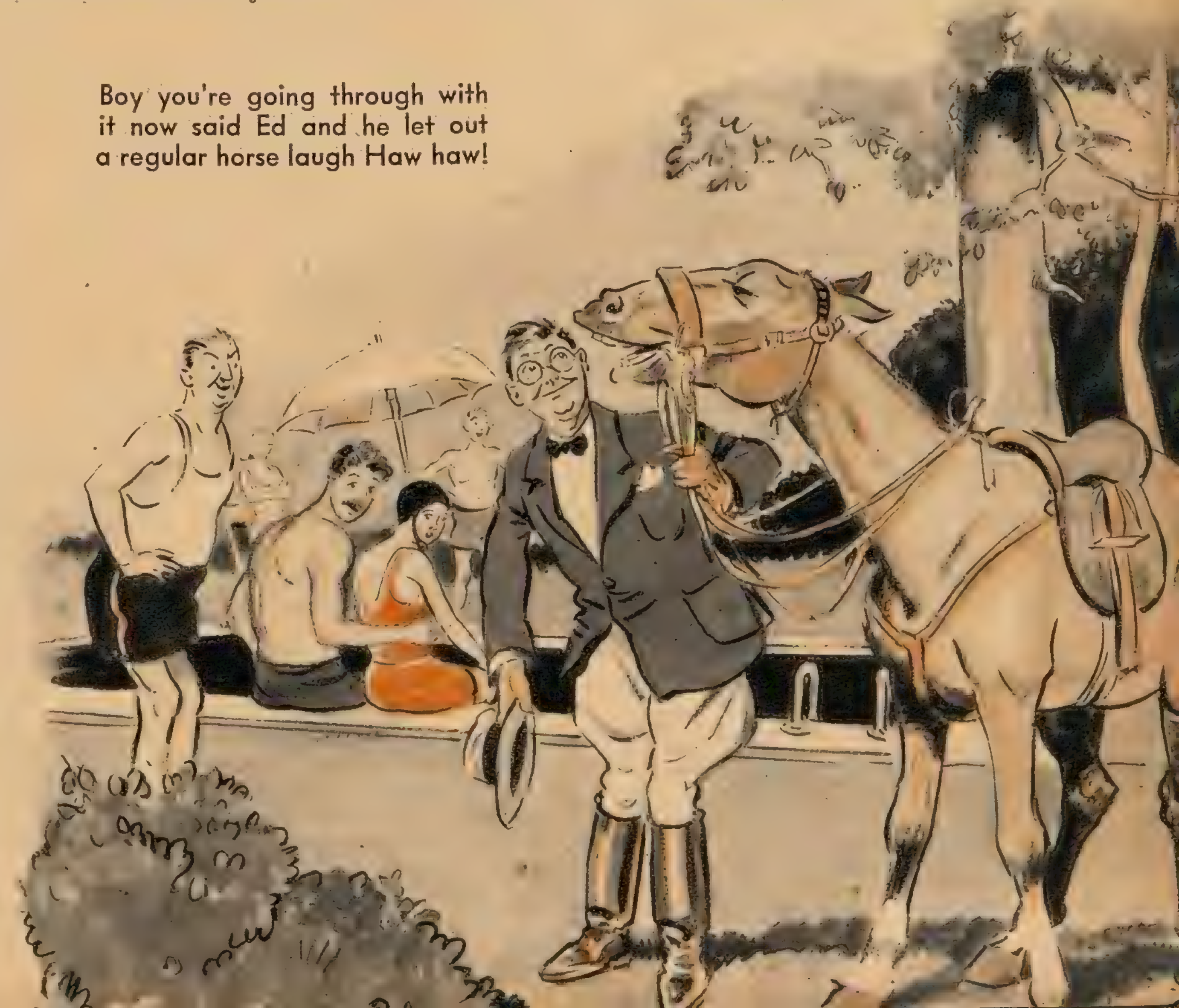
Well they sat there talking until they heard a thump and Ed sailed over the hedge and came trotting toward them. He had Mr. Hendry's little swimming pants in his teeth and he laid them down beside Mr. Pope and then went off and nibbled at the Lawtons' perennials.

Mr. Pope picked up the pants and looked at the rips and tears in them. Mr. Hendry's seat will never be the same again I gather he said and then he looked at Mrs. Pope and said Well Carlotta I think you'd better drive home now. Mrs. Pope just sniffed and Mr. Pope shrugged and got up. Ed caught his eye. He dropped the larkspur he was chewing and formed the word Sap! with his lips. And Mr. Pope turned and grabbed Mrs. Pope by the hair and said Go get your car. And Mrs. Pope said Yes Wilbur and burst into tears and went.

On the way home every now and then Ed would have to stop because he got laughing so. And late that night Mrs. Pope said Wilbur! and Mr. Pope said What? and Mrs. Pope said I thought I heard some one laughing down in the stables and Mr. Pope said Well I bet it isn't the first time that that Hendry has made a horse laugh. And Mrs. Pope said O Wilbur I think you're wonderful! Yeah said Mr. Pope I am and don't you ever forget it again. And the funny part of it was that she didn't.

Next day Mr. Pope brought home a ten pound box of candy for Ed. But he didn't bring anything for Mrs. Pope.

THE END



Boy you're going through with it now said Ed and he let out a regular horse laugh Haw haw!

A Doctor Changes His Life

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A remarkable human document—the stirring story, anonymous but TRUE, of a famous physician's awakening

I AM considered an outstanding physician in the community. I specialize in a branch of surgery which is far away from female troubles and from the psychological interpretation of disease practiced by psychiatrists and psychoanalysts. But I do know human beings, and I have come to certain conclusions regarding males and females which have greatly influenced my career (for the better) during the past ten years.

I am going to start my story by making one emphatic statement. Just as women go through a physical change of life (the climacteric) around the age of fifty, so do a number of men go through a mental change of life between the forty-five- and fifty-year limit. Either such men will change for the better and lead a much happier and more useful life when their minds have come out of the fog, or else they will go to pieces and never be worth anything as long as they live.

I happen to be one of the fortunate ones whose life has been much happier (and worth more to his patients and those around him) since I went through my mental change of life.

Up to the year 1926 I had been most successful—financially. I had made more money than any doctor had a right to make. After the war, in which I was at the front, attached to the British army, I had returned to take up practice again from scratch, and I had increased it until I was working from fourteen to eighteen hours a day. I was not content with the usual routine work but was constantly writing medical papers, and wrote one textbook on my specialty which was well received. Of course the money came rolling in. I was discouraged if I didn't have an average income of at least ten thousand dollars a month. I wasn't money-mad, but with the accumulation of so many dollars I had visions of becoming a millionaire and, silly as it may seem, to ruin such an opportunity I spent almost all I made in ridiculously extravagant living.

No man can stand as fast a pace as that. But, like many human dynamos, I began to think that I could do ten times the work of an ordinary man and not break down. My friends warned me, but I laughed at them. Hadn't I been going like an overboiling steam engine for seven or eight years and wasn't I still able to hold my own on the golf course or in a game of auction bridge?

Of course the time had to come when I couldn't think straight any longer. I was never tired, but my nerves tingled. Six hours in bed, sleep or no sleep, and I was up working again. I was irritable and snappish and often told a patient that if he didn't like the way I did things he could go to another doctor. And many of them did. I began to insist upon exorbitant fees and refused to operate upon people of moderate means until they could raise enough money to pay me. I couldn't sit still for five minutes at a time.

That my brain didn't crack wide open is beyond understanding. My physical deterioration was the result of continual mental and emotional upsets. And nothing can ruin one's physical resistance more than becoming emotionally unstable.

The crash came just about the time the Wall Street crash occurred, in October, 1929. At last I had to realize that I was licked financially, physically, mentally, and emotionally. I had gone through a mental change of life over a period of four years, and the question was whether I could ever emerge as a real worth-while human being again. I had not lost money in Wall Street, but I lost it by wrong thinking. I had not impaired my body by drink or other bad habits. I had ruined it by depressing myself emotionally until I had no resistance. Finally I became physically ill enough to be sent to a hospital with some baffling rectal ailment which all my doctor friends suspected was a cancer. At the same time, a severe pyorrhea had developed, so that I ran a temperature which could be relieved only by taking out all my teeth.

So here I was—in 1929. Weak physically, mentally in a fog, and wishing that any old automobile on the street would run over me and end it all. Fortunately, I had enough mentality left still to continue with my practice without giving myself away entirely.

I had spent money so foolishly that I had to depend upon a day-by-day practice to make two ends meet. I had been safeguarded by insurance policies amounting to over a quarter of a million dollars; but I had to borrow on them heavily and was unable to meet premium payments, so that only a few thousand dollars in insurance was left.

Moreover, I was obligated by signing my name to papers until I could have been sued for three quarters of a million dollars. All this mess was chiefly the result of wrong thinking. My mind had been full of mental pus.

There didn't seem to be a chance in a million for me to be anything more than a hopeless medical failure or to pass out of the picture entirely. It was useless for me to try to think of other men who, perhaps, had passed through a similar hopeless phase in life. Their problems didn't seem to be anything like mine, because no problem could be anything like mine as long as I kept thinking of myself and my misery all the time.

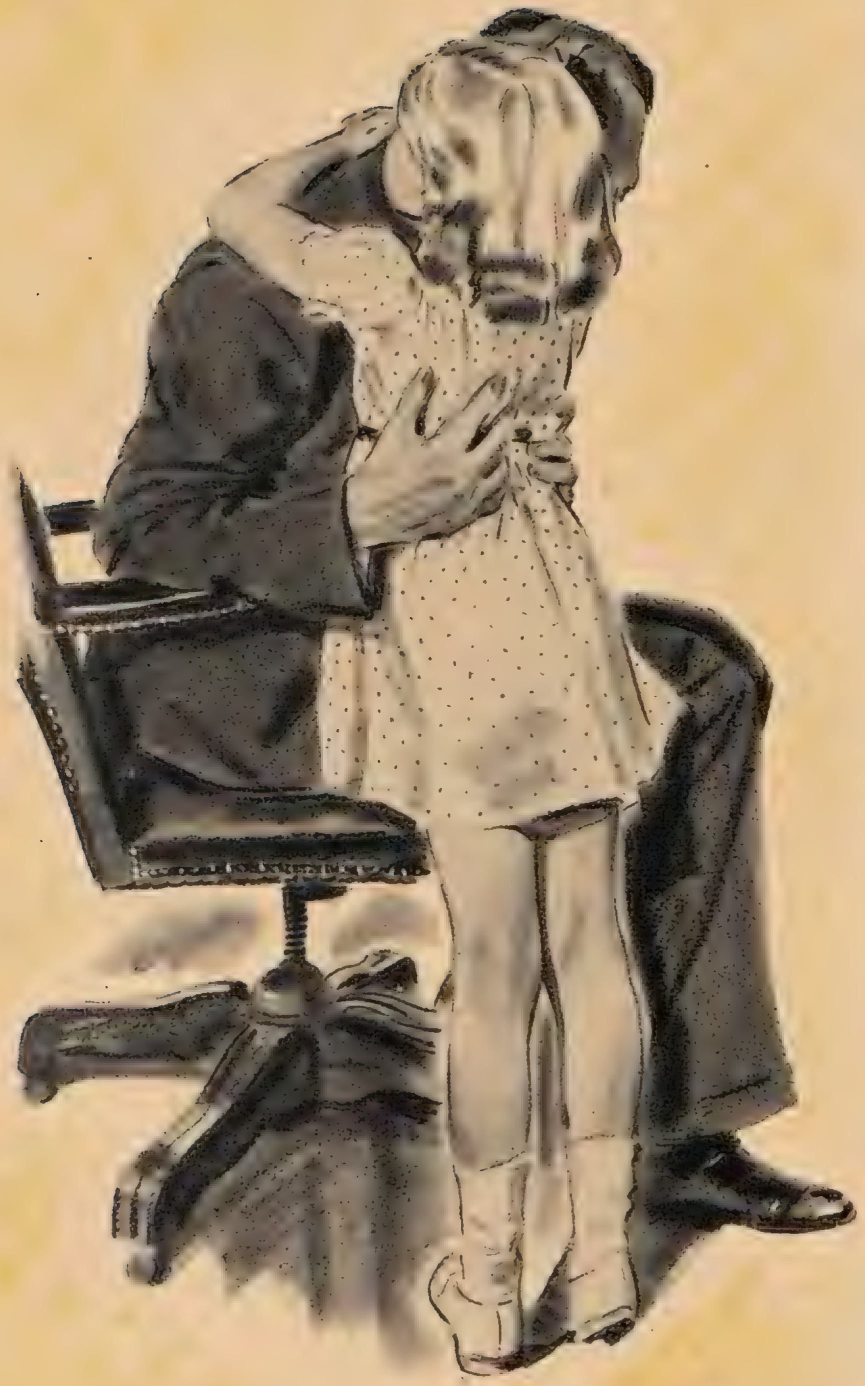
But just when things seemed darkest, the thickened clouds began to roll away and a ray of sunshine began to emerge. My mental change of life was being influenced somehow by various hormones, internal secretions, and the elimination of the numerous toxins in my system. I began to feel better physically.

I began to analyze myself. I realized that I had gone through a severe mental and physical purging. Then I asked myself a lot of questions:

"If you are alive after all you have suffered, isn't it possible that you are here to live for some good purpose? Don't you think that it is about time that you got down on your knees every night and prayed to Almighty God to give you guidance? Don't you think that you should consider it your duty to serve humanity from now on, do good unto others without thinking of sordid money, and get your joy and happiness out of life by the good deeds you have the opportunity to perform?" Thus I became a transformed human being, and I thank God that I went through my mental change of life and profited from it.

My philosophy of living and my method of practicing medicine since 1929 have been so revolutionary and certainly satisfactory that they are worth while considering by any conscientious doctor who loves his practice. It has made me happier than I ever was before, and today, although I have far less income, I am better off financially.

As soon as I found myself thinking straight, I resolved never again to practice medicine with money-making as the primary object. I determined never again to charge a patient more than he honestly could afford to pay; to take pleasure in treating poor people who could pay me nothing, even financing their hospital bills if necessary. I also made one absolute rule: that I never in the future would send a bill for any operative procedure of any kind.



My little patient threw her arms around my neck.

Here is an avowal too utterly frank to carry its author's well known name. As he says, he has occupied an eminent place in the medical profession of New York City. As he says, he has been a huge success, enviable, rich; but he now sees and, as if in a confessional, acknowledges that in those days his real master motive was money for himself rather than health for his patients. Unsparingly, irritably, he overworked for money, driving himself on and on . . . until a change came over him, a change that for a time seemed to him calamitous! That is the extraordinarily helpful and uplifting story he tells here—a story with deep meaning for us all.

FRANKLY, I wondered whether a plan of this kind would work so that I could make a living, or whether people would take advantage of me and would consider me an easy mark. Of course, the most important thing in the handling of patients in this way was to develop a method of approach which would make them appreciate my sincerity. It wasn't long before I adopted a certain technique in arranging for fees for operations. Taking the patient into my inner sanctum, I would say something like this:

"You have to have an operation performed, and I want to do it for you for a sum that you can afford to pay. You will have to stay in the hospital for a few days. I will tell you how much that will cost, and I want you to consider this expenditure before you decide what you wish to pay me. I don't send people bills, and so I shall have to ask you to do me the favor of paying me whatever you can at the time of operation, even if it isn't the total amount we agree upon. If you can't make any payment at the time of the operation, I shall consider your indebtedness a moral obligation. If I have done a good job on you, and if you are ever in a position to pay me, I am sure you will do so."

I have had hundreds of operations arranged in this way, and greatly to my surprise, a large majority of the patients who owed me money as a moral obligation have paid me in installments from time to time, until I have been more than satisfied that they have done their part.

I can best illustrate what this plan has meant to me by telling you the story of little Marie. About five years ago I was called to the Bronx to see a child who was suffering from an acute condition which necessitated an immediate operation. The father was a self-respecting Italian who owned his own home, but he had been out of work for six months and had been unable to pay his taxes or mortgage interest. After convincing the parents that an operation was essential, I asked them whether they could raise enough money to put the child in a hospital for ten days.

"How much will you charge me for the operation?" the father asked.

"Nothing," I said. "If you ever are in a position to pay me something, I shall be glad to accept your money, but I have no intention of sending a bill."

The child was taken to the hospital that same afternoon and successfully operated upon. Whenever the father brought his youngster to me for after treatments in the office, he insisted upon knowing how much he owed me. After many such appeals, I said:

"I don't want you to borrow any money to pay me. If you ever have any money, just think that you owe me three hundred dollars; but remember, I am only telling you this because you insist upon it."

And so, believe it or not, these people paid me money from time to time, although no bill was ever sent to them. At the end of six months they had paid up over two hundred dollars and I entirely forgot the matter.

A few years went by. The Friday before last Easter, my secretary announced that this Italian father was outside with his child and wished to see me for a moment. He came smiling into my office, and my little patient threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. The father presented me with a box of cookies that his wife had made for me and handed me a fifty-dollar bill, saying,

TWO SIDES OF A GIRL'S LIFE!

ANOTHER DAY SPOILED by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most all of us, but read...

HOW A NEW IDEA MADE LIFE SO DIFFERENT

It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

1 **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already over-burdened digestion.

2 **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

3 **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 19, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

"Doctor, we never will forget you. We have almost paid up. Sometime you are going to have all your money."

Don't you think that any doctor would get a thrill out of a thing like that? Well, I have had similar thrills many a time when people have shown their appreciation for what I have done for them.

Let me tell another experience. A poor kindly woman with a brood of children came to my office a few years ago. In order to get her to come regularly and often, I said, "Mrs. O'Reilly, I don't want you to worry about how much this is going to cost you. I'll keep track of your visits, but I am never going to send you a bill. You have troubles enough. Sometime, when you have some money, you can come in and pay me."

After she had finished with her treatments, my books indicated that she owed about ninety dollars. Two years went by before I heard from her. Just before Christmas in 1935, I received a nice letter from her with a check for twenty-six dollars in part payment. It was a Christmas-fund check. She had saved fifty cents a week for a year to pay me something on account! I didn't have the heart to accept it. So I wrote and thanked her, stating that I was endorsing the check back to her and requesting that she buy Christmas presents for the children with the money. I told her I was sure that if she ever were in funds she would pay me.

ANOTHER two years went by. Then one day she came to the office with ninety dollars, saying that her husband had obtained a good position and that she was delighted to be able to pay me in full.

I wish I had time to tell more stories of this kind. I never turn poor people away. They want me and I want to care for them. Sometimes they haven't enough money to pay for the service in a private hospital. I solved that by starting a charity fund in my office—a revolving fund of two hundred dollars—which I keep up by soliciting contributions from my wealthy patients and which I can use at any time. Sometimes these poor people are able to pay back a dollar or so a week into this fund, so that there is always plenty there.

You may ask how I can afford to take care of so many poor people. Do I have other patients who will pay good-sized fees when they know they can arrange their own prices? Don't people try to take advantage?

A few do—most do not. Some of my experiences have been very amusing and very gratifying.

At one time I was to perform a certain operation upon a rather militant Irish gentleman who insisted upon knowing in advance how much it was going to cost him. I told him that I was far more interested in getting him well than in obtaining money, and that my fee for such an operation was five hundred dollars down to nothing. I also informed him that I sent no bills, and that whatever he decided he wanted to pay me would have to be paid in cash or on a moral-obligation basis.

"But I haven't any idea what such an operation is worth, doctor," he objected.

"Well, under those circumstances," I spoke up, "if you would like me to suggest what I think you ought to pay, I shall be glad to do so. There is a gentleman sitting outside on whom I performed a similar operation last week. He paid me two hundred dollars."

HE did?" my Irish friend exploded. "Well, I think he had a confounded nerve to ask you to come down in your price to that extent!"

"Not at all," I told him. "I was more than satisfied, and so was he."

"I'd like to pay you three hundred and fifty dollars for this operation. Will it be satisfactory?"

"I think that is very generous of you," I agreed. "It just shows me that there are some decent people in this world who want to do the right thing if they can."

As if his first offer were not enough, before he left the office he got me alone again and told me that he had hastily thought the matter over and felt that I ought to receive five hundred dollars.

"No," I said. "I won't take advantage of your offer. I shall accept three hundred and fifty dollars and no more."

Needless to say, this man and I have become very good friends. He has had the opportunity to refer many cases to me, many patients in very moderate circumstances. And I have always met them more than halfway and have satisfied them and him that I have wanted to be fair.

One more interesting case which has shown me that I have a right to be satisfied: A year or so ago I operated upon a very prominent, influential, and wealthy man. He understood that no bill was to be sent to him and, knowing him to be fair, I did not take up the matter of a fee with him. However, he knew the principles on which I practiced medicine. He also knew that two hundred and fifty dollars would have been a good fee for an operation like his. Imagine how grateful I was to him when I received a check for a thousand dollars together with a most appreciative letter!

So you see that my mental change of life has meant a great deal to me. Regardless of whatever idealism I might have had in my practice of medicine, I had gone through a mental, emotional, and physical deterioration which would have satisfactorily ended in death as far as I was concerned. Instead of dying, I emerged from this abnormal condition freed from the poisonous influences which had almost ruined me, and began to realize that there was something in life that was worth while—serving mankind to my best ability and with a wholeheartedness which no one could doubt.

THE END

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

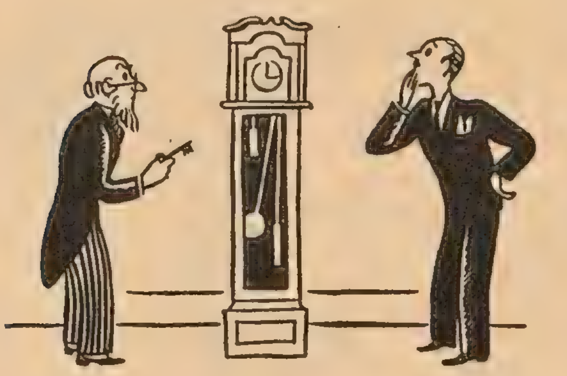
BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

"See that old bird going out the door, Harry?" asked Frederic Wilton, head of the watch- and clock-repairing department of New York's largest jewelers.

"Yes. I noticed him talking to you."



"Queer old codger. One of the Westchester Hamiltons. They're all a bit eccentric."

"What's *his* particular form of madness?"

"Well, he told me that his old grandfather clock which had been in the family for generations had finally stopped, and he wanted to be sure that the person entrusted with its repair really understood grandfather clocks. I assured him that we did—that we have repaired many of the famous clocks in the country.

"'Have you?' he snapped. 'Well, let's see what you know about them. This clock of mine will run one complete day for every turn of the key, up to eight turns, and the pendulum swings from one side to the other in one and a half seconds. The clock is now run down, but if I turn the key seven times and swing the pendulum from its center position to the right, how many swings will the pendulum make before it stops again?'

"I got out my pencil and began figuring. When I finished, I looked up, but the old boy had gone. I finally spotted him talking to the manager and went over.

"'So you finally got it, eh?' he barked. 'Well, let me see that paper.'

"I showed it to him. He took one look, went up in the air, and stalked out."

"Well, how many times *does* the pendulum swing?" Harry demanded.

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

(The solution will appear on page 50)

WINE AND WATER

By F. Gregory Hartswick

The following little puzzle, if properly attacked, is simple. But here is the problem:

A man has two bottles, one of which contains a pint of wine and the other a pint of water. He fills a glass from the bottle of wine and pours it into the bottle of water. Then he fills the same glass with the mixture in the water bottle and pours it into the wine bottle.

Now the question is—did he take more wine from the wine bottle than water from the water bottle? Or was it the other way around? Or was it—well, *what* was it?

(The solution will appear on page 50)

IT HAPPENED IN—

Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

TREVISO, ITALY—Jacopo Bastianetto, charged with drunkenness, pleaded with carabinières to take him to jail instead of getting him fined, so that he might avoid facing an angry wife.

The carabinières complied. They took him to the city jail and locked him in a large cell. The cell contained the wife, Maria, herself charged with intoxication.

SOFIA, BULGARIA—A teacher asked a pupil in her geography class to name the largest river in the United States of America. After some thought the child replied, "Mississimpson."

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

★★★★ **THE ANOINTED** by Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar & Rinehart.

Don't miss it. The most original, unusual, and enjoyable book we've read in years.

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

CHOP SUEY is not a typical Chinese dish. As a certain dish it is generally unknown in China. The words mean, in Chinese, a mixture. The dish apparently originated in New York.

PAUL REVERE did not ride to Concord on his "midnight ride." Despite the famous poetic description of this ride, Revere was stopped by the British about halfway between Lexington and Concord.

MAD DOGS do not always foam at the mouth—in fact they usually do not. The flow of saliva does not greatly increase with this disease, although it does become viscid and clings to the teeth and other parts of the mouth.

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

Patrick Mc - - - - was an Irishman bold.
With Michael he'd - - - - o'er the heather
Upon an - - - - of land, so I'm told,
And he hadn't a - - - - for the weather.

(The solution will appear on page 50)

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

Old-Age Pensions

Most folks is in favor of Old Age, but my wife Mable don't want any. Old Age is a fine bizness if you can get it to do. I think we need a plan to get older quicker.

Bigger Standing Army

I think we better have a bigger army, even when it is settin down.—Ezra Dill.

Design for Dying

BY MARGARET FRY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN

A tender, searching story of despair and

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A FAINT smile curving her lips, Charlotte watched her nurse's frowning absorption. There would never, she thought, be any wrinkle in any bed made by Miss Sensenich.

"Be sure to remind Dr. Aldrich to leave the order for your sleeping pill. Unless it's charted, and even if it is, there's no telling *when* those student floor nurses . . ." Miss Sensenich left her sentence hanging. Those nurses were definitely not to be classed with her own competent self.

"I won't forget," Charlotte assured her. She said good night pleasantly, thinking, Oh, no; I'll not forget the sleeping pill! Her heart beat a little faster as she settled deeper into the pillows. Her bandaged leg throbbed with the movement, but she didn't notice, listening to the extra bustle of sound that spread through the hospital each night at seven as the day staff went off duty and the night staff came on.

In the two months that she had lain in this spacious corner room she had learned to listen for and to identify sounds: the low whine of the elevator; the subdued clatter of graniteware that came from the sterilizing room; rubber tires sucking at the composition floor as a cart rolled by. And regularly, every four hours, raucous bawling as the car full of hungry new babies came down the corridor, stopping at every door. Stopping at every door except her own.

Charlotte's fingers contracted spasmodically and her body stiffened to meet the hurt that particular sound brought with it. If the baby had lived. If . . . *If* . . .

But the baby was dead. Nothing was changed. Frederick was more than ever kind and considerate. But he loved Eleanor Wright.

Through long sleepless nights she had tried to think, to decide what she must do. But each time she moved restlessly Miss Sensenich was there. Adjusting the pillows. Giving her a drink. Administering that little white pill. And then, fight against it as she might, drowsiness would conquer her. Another morning would come, and with it no decision.

Now, at her own insistence, she was to be alone nights. Another month she would be in the hospital, they said. That would give her thirty of the little white pills, if she saved them all. And she meant to save them—not having Miss Sensenich to see that she took them. Thirty pills. And thirty nights to decide if they were the answer—

There was a knock at the door and Frederick came in. Big, broad-shouldered, handsome, wearing the anxious look that men put on in hospitals. Charlotte's throat constricted as her eyes enveloped the dearness of him, as she raised her lips to receive his light, impersonal kiss.

"You're looking lovely," he said. "Feeling better?"

"Of course, darling. Every day now."

"Any pain in your leg?"

"Hardly any. I don't mind. Wouldn't you like to smoke, Frederick?"

She saw his relief as he fumbled in his tweed pocket.

"You're safe." She smiled tremulously. "*She's* gone."

He grinned, tamping down the tobacco.

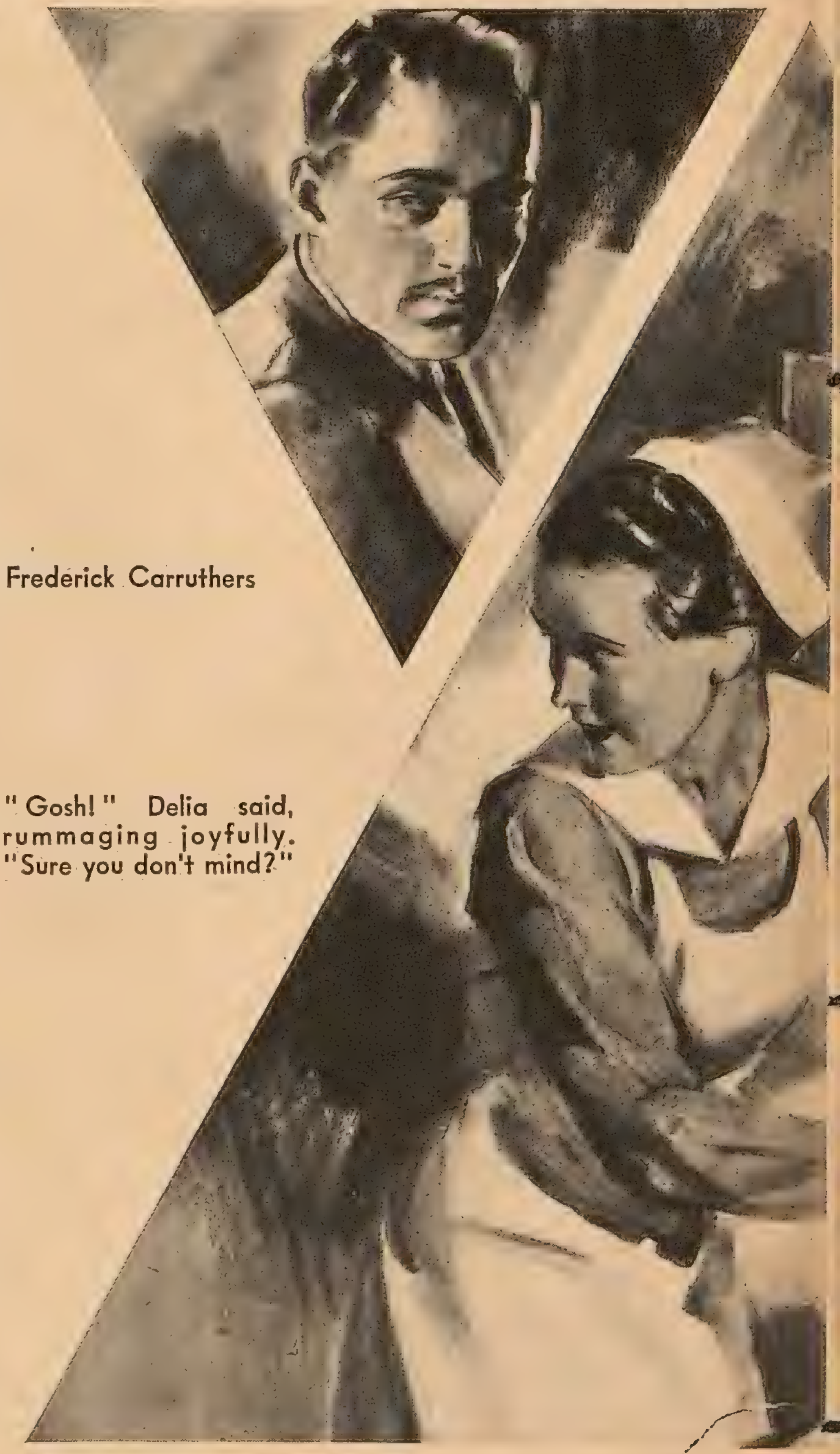
"That woman!" he said. "Whisking the ash trays out from under me."

They smiled knowingly over Miss Sensenich's perfection. Briefly; for he sobered immediately to say: "I don't exactly like your being alone at night."

"Alone!" She made her suddenly stiff lips laugh. "In a hospital? Frederick, you've no idea—" She stopped short, thinking: Oh my darling! For a year I've been alone! Ever since I lost you—

He was looking at her strangely, and she hunted frantically for a safe subject, asking about the book.

"Another chapter today? Is it still going so well?"



Frederick Carruthers

"Gosh!" Delia said, rummaging joyfully. "Sure you don't mind?"

sacrifice and courage—and a woman who thought she could not live without love

He relaxed then, telling her with enthusiasm of the book. He told her gossip of the faculty, bits about the English Department of which he was head. It looked like a large registration for summer school.

"Eleanor is staying?" she asked brightly, hoping her voice didn't sound false. "She's been such a help to you."

Frederick made a serious business of cleaning out his pipe, avoiding her eyes.

"Eleanor?" he said vaguely. "Oh, yes. I'm giving her one of Corcoran's classes. For the summer at least. She can handle it. A mind like a whip, that girl."

Charlotte watched, saw him using three matches to light his pipe again. She thought despairingly: Oh, yes, darling. A mind like a whip. And tangled, untidy golden hair. And a body like a young goddess. Teaching a class in a room directly across from your office.

Dr. Aldrich came in, impeccable, bland, tailed by two spotless internes.

"Well, professor! The patient's making progress, eh? Going on her own, nights. That's the first step."

All four men smiled at her admiringly, fatuously.

"Any pain in the leg? No? You always say that, Mrs. Carruthers. Feel like sleeping tonight? Rest is important, you know. Can't have you threshing around shaking up that blood clot. I'll order a sedative, just in case."

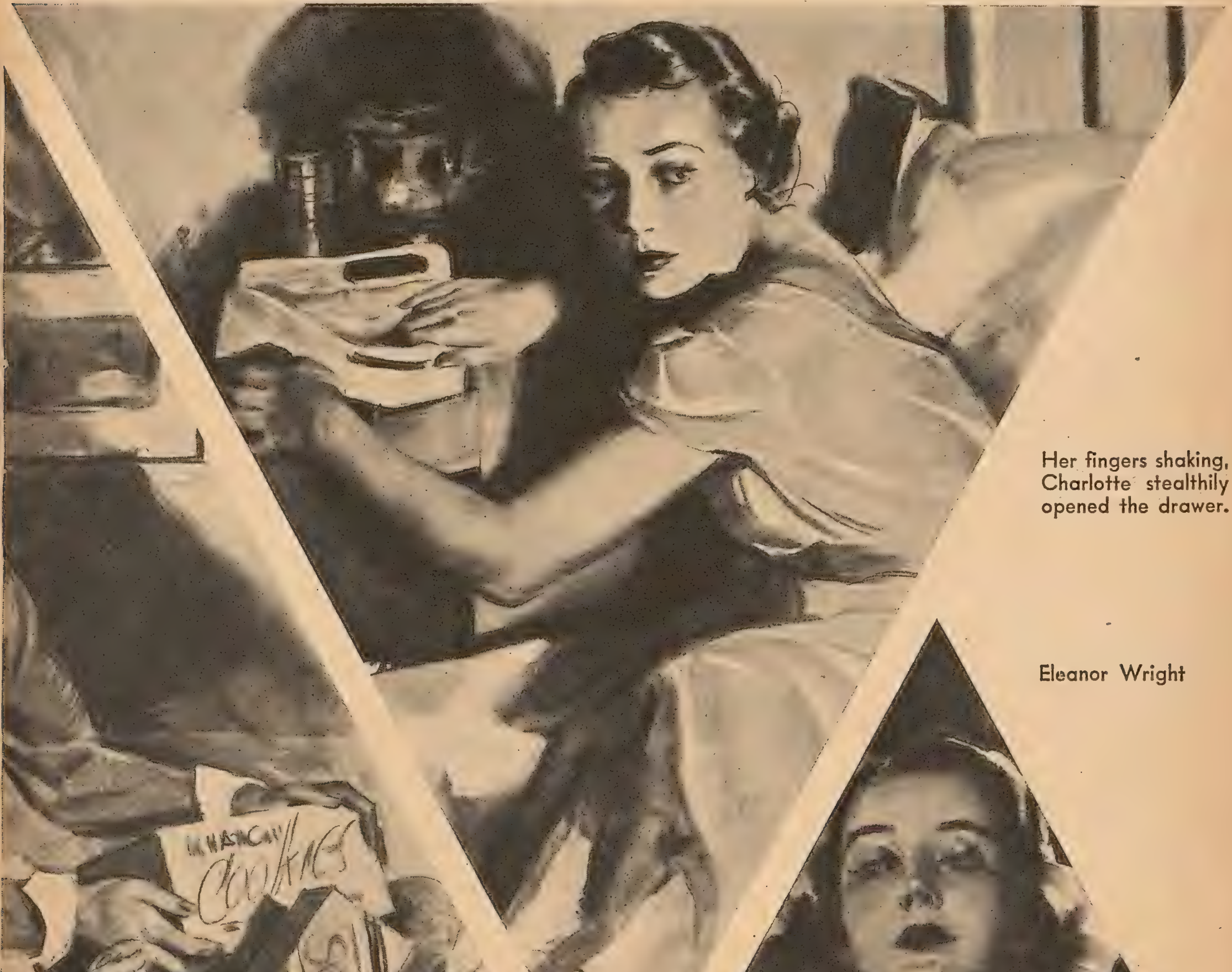
He was gone, with his two satellites, and she dried moist palms on her handkerchief. She wouldn't have to ask for the morphine, then. Morphine or whatever it was. They wanted her to have it.

Frederick left at nine, and she steeled herself to breathless stillness as he kissed her good night.

"Anything you want, my dear? Anything you need?"

"No, Frederick. No, thank you, darling. Good night." (I have everything I want, darling. Everything I need, Frederick. *Everything but you.*)

Tears spilled from her eyes and she wiped them away furiously. She had got over weeping, hadn't she? At thirty-five she refused to cry like a child. Even when the relentless agony of labor had gripped her prematurely, she had waited, dry-eyed, for it to come to an end. And when, no end in sight, they had decided to operate—a Cæsarean—she had agreed mutely. No, she hadn't cried



Her fingers shaking, Charlotte stealthily opened the drawer.

Eleanor Wright

then. Or when she knew, dimly, that the baby had died. Or when Dr. Aldrich and his hastily summoned associates had hovered over her in anxious consultation, saying dread words: "Phlebitis. Self-infected. Absolutely quiet. Three months at least." Even as her temperature soared and her mind grew fuzzy and her leg swelled and grew purple under the torturing wet dressing and heating pad. . . . She had borne all that. Any kind of pain she could stand, except the anguish of losing Frederick. Hers for ten years.

Marrying him had been like coming alive. Frederick had broken through her cool, fastidious remoteness, had quickened her flesh to fire, had stung her dormant mind to activity. Her possessions, the lovely old house that had been her father's, the ease of her existence, padded on all sides by the fortune he had left her, even her own beauty—all took on meaning as an environment for Frederick and his work. Only . . . what had happened? *Where had she failed him?*

MARGARET FRY

daughter of an Ohio minister, has written for radio and been a newspaperwoman. This is one of her first short stories. She likes gardening, admits to being a pretty "swell" cook, and considers her husband and two daughters her real career, and her writing an absorbing hobby.

HER door burst open unceremoniously, and she looked, startled and annoyed, into the friendly blue eyes of a freckle-faced, red-haired student nurse.

"Bedtime, Mrs. Carruthers." Already she was whisking out the door with two vases of flowers, and back again for more. "Gosh! You look like a florist show in here!"

From down the hall came the wailing of babies impatient for ten-o'clock feeding.

"Do I know you?"

"Delia Sullivan. Floor duty. Only you didn't see me 'cause you had a special." Grinning, she was out of the room and back again. "Not that I'm not sociable. Too busy galloping around with bedpans."

"I'll try not to bother you." Stiffly, a rebuke.

"Don't worry about that. Got to get my exercise, don't I?"

"I—I wanted to be alone nights." A warning, fending off friendliness.

"Sure." Delia pulled her homely young face into prim mimicry of Miss Sensenich. Then she grinned. "There's such a thing as too much of a good thing, if you ask me. Which you didn't. But that's me. Always butting in where I don't belong. Old Buck Teeth is forever giving me the rough side of her tongue—"

"Old *Buck Teeth?*"

Delia looked down the corridor cautiously.

"Night supe," she whispered sibilantly. "Miss Buckingham. That's what we call her. Just like we call Sensenich Sour Puss and you the Duchess."

Charlotte looked her stunned amazement.

"The—the *Duchess?*"

"Aw, gee, Mrs. Carruthers! I didn't mean—I'm sorry, honest. It's my fault. I started it. Giving the patients names, I mean, instead of numbers. It—it kind of livens things up." Delia was genuinely flustered.

Charlotte smiled, liking this girl suddenly, inexplicably, against her will.

"But why Duchess? Tell me."

"Well, because you—I mean, all the time you've been here I've only caught a look or two at you, and you always seemed so—so far away from everybody. So shut in by yourself. Like a princess in a tower."

Charlotte found herself laughing delightedly.

"Delia! You're too old for fairy stories!"

"Sure. I know. I'll quit."

"How old, Delia?"

"Nineteen."

Impulsively Charlotte reached out to clutch the starched apron.

"No, Delia. Don't quit. I think it's fine to be able to— You will please keep on calling me Duchess."

"Here's your pill," Delia said, embarrassed. "Want some water?"

Charlotte withdrew into herself sharply, remembering.

"Leave it, please. I'll take it after while. And I'd like my door shut."

Then Delia was gone, turning off the top light, shutting the door with one swift movement. Charlotte switched off the lamp by her bed, seeing last the white pill in its paper cup. "A princess in a tower . . . shut away from everybody . . ." All her life she had been shut away. As an unhealthy, imaginative child she had lived in a world of fantasy. Her mother dead, her father engrossed in his own affairs and unaccountably nervous in her presence, surrounded by servants and nurses and governesses—even then she had begun building the shell that surrounded her.

Only when she came back from Europe that last time she had met Frederick. He alone had broken through the shell, seeing not the shell but the tremulous lonely spirit behind it. Seeing her a frightened girl in spite of her twenty-four years, thinking her lovely. Then her father had died, and she had turned to Frederick as naturally as to the sun. In a year they were married.

There had been gossip, she knew. She's beautiful, said the faculty wives, but such an icicle! While he's so—*so* . . . (Doubtless they stopped there, Charlotte thought, having a false delicacy that kept them from saying Frederick was physically passionate.) Brilliant future, of course. But without her money—on an instructor's salary—rather penniless present! It won't last, they said smugly.

Restless she turned, groping for the light switch. Three o'clock. Fear stabbed her suddenly, and she clutched desperately at the small white pill, lest it vanish. With shaking fingers she opened the table drawer, drew out her purse, and, fumbling, dropped the tiny pellet into her cardcase. Her strength drained from her, and it was with difficulty that she replaced the purse, closed the drawer. She lay back in the pillows, perspiring and exhausted.

"Still awake?" It was Delia, whispering at the door. Charlotte started violently.

"I—I just took the pill," she said—thinking, How unconvincing!

The nurse came in.

"Tried to stick it out, huh? Well, you did pretty good. I saw your light under the door. You look kind of peaked. Want some cocoa?"

"Why, thank you. I'm not—"

"I'm *starving!*" said Delia. "I'm always starving. Be back in two shakes."

AND back she was, with two cups.

"Course I just had dinner awhile back," Delia said, drinking with gusto. "Macaroni again. Honest to gosh! Third time this week!"

"Delia! You're not really hungry?"

"Think I'm not?"

"But, my dear child— There's caviar in that basket. And olives, I think. Several kinds of crackers." She was being overkind, of course, to cover her guilt. Had Delia noticed? But no; Delia was rummaging joyfully, opening cans and packages.

"Gee!" she said. "Gosh! Sure you don't mind? You'll have some too, wont you? No? Well, I hope you don't mind if I make a pig of myself. How they expect us girls to keep up our strength and dispositions on the lousy table they set for the staff—" She stopped, chewing.

"I can't imagine your disposition failing." Charlotte tried to drink her cocoa. "In spite of your red hair. You're Irish, aren't you?"

"Sure. I guess so."

"But, my dear, with that name—"

"Orphan." Delia's shoulders shrugged off any importance the word might have. "You know. Doorstep. Wrapped in a blanket. They were working on the S's in the telephone book when they found me. And I *looked* like a mick," she added carelessly.

Charlotte stared at her.

"Oh! *I'm sorry.*"

Delia grinned. "I'm used to it."

"But then— How did you happen to take up nursing?"

Once more Delia shrugged vaguely. "Oh . . . I wanted to. Miss Hilton—she's in charge of the nurses' school, y'know—she didn't think she could ever make a nurse out of me. But I put up a good argument. Account of I'd had my fill of housework. Except I stuck it out till I got through high school. They farm us out, y'know, when we get big enough to push a broom. That's our future, see? Unless we can wangle our way through business college." She grinned impishly, popping two olives into her mouth. "I'm not the office type."

Charlotte creased pleats in her bedspread, listening.

"Always something doing in nursing. And not all of it nice, I'm telling you. It's O. K., though. I like it. Except that old Buck Teeth is still tryin' to make a lady out of me. Can't be done, I guess."

Charlotte repressed a smile.

"Are you usually busy at night?"

"Mostly. Two patients in the delivery room right now." And at Charlotte's quick look of concern: "They won't be out for hours. Moved 'em down there 'cause they were making such a racket they kept the whole ward awake. They're not havin' a hard time specially. If you want a baby you got to expect to work some for it—" She broke off in confused guilt. "Oh, Mrs. Carruthers! I'm *sorry*—"

Charlotte clenched trembling hands and smiled.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm used to it. And I thought you were calling me Duchess." At that she saw Delia's very real distress turn to relief.

"O. K., Duchess. Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it." She was busy now tidying the bureau top and basket. "Better take this fish can out or you'll have an awful smell."

"Take the olives too. And the crackers."

"Thanks a lot! If you honestly don't want 'em."

She hugged the packages and bottles in one arm, balanced the heavy hospital china on the other hand. Expertly she hooked her toe around the door to open it, took a quick look down the corridor.

"See you later," she whispered. "Old Faithful wants the bedpan again." She was gone.

Toward dawn Charlotte dozed, to be awaked at seven by Miss Sensenich tiptoeing cautiously into the room.

SHE had numerous callers that day. Miss Hall, dean of women. And Vida, her perfect cook, who was running the house in her absence. Vida brought a sheaf of early roses from the garden. Compliments of Joe the gardener. Clara, the downstairs maid, had a toothache. Rose, the upstairs girl, had a new beau. Should they go ahead and store the furs and blankets like always in June? The professor was no longer eating breakfast in the sun room upstairs. "He says there's no use carrying food up for one person when he has to come down any-

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way." And, "Everything goes along fine, except we all miss you, ma'am."

She searched Frederick's face that night, hunting for a sign that he was missing her—finding none. He was preoccupied, thoughtful.

"Vida says you're taking breakfast downstairs?"

"Oh?" Visibly he came back from far away. "Oh, yes. Less bother."

"But, Frederick, the servants don't mind."

"I'd rather."

Simply that, she thought. Not: "I'd rather eat downstairs because I'm lonely. Because I can't stand those rooms with you not there."

"Is Eleanor terribly busy?" she asked faintly. "Why doesn't she come to see me?"

Frederick's eyes were carefully blank.

"She *is* busy. It's my fault, though. I thought you weren't anxious to see people. I'll tell her to come."

So Eleanor came the next afternoon, looking lovely and young and vital in a hopelessly wrinkled blue linen dress. For a moment Charlotte hated her passionately, feeling old and defeated and shorn of all strength. Then Eleanor was brushing her cheek with soft, cool lips, extending a crumpled, pathetic bunch of pansies.

"The best I could do." She laughed ruefully. "I knew you had loads of flowers. Only he was such a sweet old man, with his basket, standing outside the hospital. I couldn't throw them away right in front of him, could I?"

Then she was perched on the arm of a chair, smoking one cigarette after another under Miss Sensenich's obviously disapproving nose. She chatted gaily of humorous unimportant campus things: The senior mustache race. The dull-as-dishwater tea the Morrisons had given Sunday. The president's dinner tonight.

"Frederick says you're staying for summer school?"

OH, yes. It's wonderful of him to give me the chance."

That was all.

"I'll be late for dinner again," said Eleanor. "I must fly."

And she had flown.

Miss Sensenich brought in the dinner tray. Miss Sensenich left, reminding her that the professor wouldn't be coming tonight because of the president's dinner—offering to stay.

"Thank you, Miss Sensenich. That's kind of you. I'll be all right."

So she lay, remembering June, a year ago, when she had known at last that Frederick and Eleanor were in love. Had known because both of them, once so carelessly free, had become suddenly meticulous in avoiding the touch of a hand or a brushing shoulder. Had known because Frederick no longer spoke constantly, enthusiastically of Eleanor's brilliance; because Eleanor no longer laughed with her over Frederick's male idiosyncrasies. Her body grew rigid remembering the terror that had haunted her, the desperation with which she had hunted ways to bring Frederick back to her. She was cold with loathing for herself, and hot with shame, remembering the nights she had strained him close, feigning passion. Passion which might have been real were it not born of stark terror. She had been debased with awful humiliation when Frederick had left her afterward, taking the bedroom off the upstairs study. Using the book for an excuse.

"From now on I'll be working at all hours," he had said casually. "No need to disturb your rest, Charlotte."

So she had wept alone in bitter hopelessness until she knew about the child. Then she found a new composure, having at last something to bind Frederick to her irrevocably. Composure she had had, but not peace, knowing that she had betrayed not only Frederick but herself.

HER mistake had been, she thought, not to have had children sooner. Only she hadn't wanted them particularly, wanting only her husband. Eleanor and Frederick would have babies, she thought with dreadful revulsion. Lots of them. And then, crying out to herself fiercely: But I don't have to give him up to her. He's *mine!* But then, as always, her innate honesty reminded her with chilling lucidity: He's yours no longer. Because of his integrity he'll not leave you. You can keep him. Do you want it that way? And the answer, always the same evasion: But how can I live without him? *What is there left for me?*

"My *gosh!*" said Delia, bursting through the door. "I began to think you'd *never* get your pill. What a night!"

"What's happened?" Charlotte wiped cold perspiration from her forehead.

"What *hasn't?* Three deliveries in the last two hours, an' the doctors going plum *nuts!* A breach birth first, an' ten pounds, if you can imagine *that!* An' the next one's heart failed under the anesthetic, but they pulled her through. An' *then* a placenta previa with hemorrhages! Course I'm not s'posed to be telling you all this, only it's the first one I've ever seen. An' if *that* wasn't enough for one night, there's three thirty-one with a temperature of a hundred and four in the shade. Th' darned fool was four months pregnant an' she went to some *quack*—"

"Delia! Will she die?"

"Probably. Heck of it is, *now* she wants to live."

"Delia. You're such a child . . . to know so much about life."

"Heck!" said Delia. "I'm no ostrich. You got to look facts in the face."

"Oh . . ." Charlotte withdrew sharply, coldly. "Good night."

She lay rigid, thinking of three thirty-one who would die, but who wanted to live. Of herself, wanting to die, but living. *Unless* . . . . It was with steadier hands that she put this night's sleeping pellet safely away with the others.

Time passed. The days went in drowsy succession, for it was then that she dozed under Miss Sensenich's competent ministrations, making up for the wide-eyed nights. Frederick came every evening; but his visits were less and less torture, took on more and more the quality of a dream. It was as if, by special dispensation from eternity, she was given these extra moments to memorize what she knew already too well: his face, the crisp brown hair growing up from the broad brow, the line of his shoulders, the bony structure of his strong hands.

Only three things were real: Her own slowly hardening resolution. The abrupt, disturbing visits of Delia, who, like a friendly puppy, was not to be discouraged. Dawn, when she counted miserlike her sleeping pills.

They were the answer, she had definitely decided. Loving Frederick always, she had given him everything. Loving him still, she would give him Eleanor. What matter if, having nothing left in life, she chose to die? Her design was clever, she thought, pleased. For she was perfectly certain that Frederick and Eleanor had walked with care. Frederick's career need not be retarded by a divorce. Only ten more nights. . . .

At three o'clock Delia tiptoed in noisily with tea.

"Gosh, Duchess! Are *you* the night owl! I always know I can count on you to keep me company. Has Snuff Box kept you awake?"

"Snuff Box?"

"Three thirty. Two doors down. She's got hay fever. If you can *imagine* having hay fever *and* a baby! Every time she sneezes she thinks she's busted her stitches!"

Charlotte choked on her tea.

"How—how awful! There's a new baby, isn't there?"

"Sure."

"Come, Delia. I expect you to keep me informed. Boy or girl?"

"Girl. Seven pounds. Born at eight ten." Delia hesitated, her gamin face suddenly somber. "Not married. Hasn't stopped bawling once since she got here."

"*My dear!* How old is she?"

"Nineteen. Old enough to know better."

"Oh, Delia! Were you never in love?"

"Sure." Delia's face was a mottled red. "I—I got a terrible biological urge for Dr. Campbell."

"Why, Delia! He's the handsome interne. That's wonder—"

"Nope," said Delia matter-of-factly. "No hope. Too high-hat to even look at me. I got no background."

Brooding, Charlotte watched the sick misery of the young eyes, saw the shoulders gallantly squared.

"Can't stay to gas," said Delia. "Got to keep an eye on *her*. Broke her drinking glass this afternoon and tried to cut her wrist."

SHE left briskly. Charlotte lay thinking of the two young things, nurse and patient, both of them at nineteen knowing too well the brutality of life.

"It isn't as if she wasn't a nice girl," Delia said earnestly, the next night. "That's why she takes it so hard. I have to admire her, though. She won't tell 'em who the father is. Though she *did* tell *me* he's one of the college fellows. That's why she won't tell, see? He'd get kicked out. I guess she still loves 'im."

"Poor child!"

"She won't look at the baby, though. An' if *she* won't take it, the kid'll have to go to the home. And, my gosh!" said Delia passionately, "I'd like to tell her a thing or two about orphans' homes!"

"Does she . . . still want to die?"

"I'm talkin' her out of it," said Delia superbly. "Say, listen. I could sneak the baby out of the nursery—if you want to see her—"

"No! Oh, no!" Charlotte's heart drummed in panic.

"Homely little mutt," admitted Delia. "But I can't help loving her. Believe me, if I was fixed so I could, I'd take her myself!" Adding sheepishly, "She's got carrot-colored hair. Like me."

"Delia! What on earth would you do with a baby?"

"I'd love her!" said Delia defiantly. "Maybe she

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wouldn't have money or anything. But anyways she'd never be *alone!*"

Suddenly Charlotte was very weary.

"I'm tired, Delia," she whispered huskily. And Delia left, her shoulders sagging.

Thirty hazy June days gone, and thirty nights etched in brilliant clarity. Now, July 1, at two thirty in the morning, she was ready. The cardcase now bulged a little with its precious contents. Only, *why didn't Delia come?* It wasn't possible to do this thing until Delia had been in—until she could tell Delia casually: "I feel like sleeping, Delia. No more visits tonight, you chatterbox!" Then Delia would grin good-naturedly, going away. Then she, too, could go away. Forever.

She was not afraid. It was only excitement that made her pulse throb achingly in her throat. It's nothing, she told herself. And her mouth was cotton and her fingers ice.

She had said good-by to Frederick—Frederick not knowing it was good-by. She had said good-by to Eleanor—Eleanor not suspecting. She had had them both together tonight, making sure for good and all. She had scanned the future one last time, finding nothing that cried out to her to stay, finding no one that needed her. All the pieces of this, her design, were in place. So why should her heart drum suffocatingly?

Delia came suddenly, sobbing hoarsely in abandoned grief.

"Duchess! Oh, Duchess!"

Charlotte stiffened, seeing the baby in Delia's arms.

"Delia!" Her voice broke harshly. "*I told you not to*—"

"She did it!" Delia sobbed, snuffling unashamed. "She asked for aspirin. I went to get it. She—*she jumped out the window!*"

"*Delia!* She— She's *dead?*"

"B-broken neck."

"But they won't blame you!"

"There's hell to pay! But I don't care! That's not why I'm bawling!"

"You liked her, Delia. You were kind to her. But if she wanted to die, she's better off—"

"S-so *what?*" cried Delia angrily. "I don't *care* what happened to *her!* The—the *coward!*"

"Oh." With icy fingers Charlotte clutched at the heaving shoulders. "Delia! We can't all be brave!"

"Boloney!" said Delia in superb scorn, fiercely. "When you got some one to be brave for, you can! Here." She shoved the squirming bundle into Charlotte's arms. "I got to blow my nose." She blew loudly, wiping tears with the back of her reddened hand. "I'll probably get it from the supe—when she finds out I took the baby out of the nursery. Only, when *they* got through with me, when I *knew* she was dead, I—I *had* to get my hands on the little mutt. I had to love her just a little. I—I was going to give her some water."

Charlotte flinched as the seeking mouth found the silk drawn smooth over her breast. But her arms tightened.

"Let me," she said huskily. And she took the bottle from Delia.

They watched the small mouth seize avidly on the nipple, smiled at each other dimly.

A horrid sound broke the enchanted moment.

"My gosh!" said Delia. "Three twenty-nine. Vomiting!" She ran.

The water was gone from the bottle now, after a long time. Charlotte pulled it away gently.

Wonderingly she stroked the petal-soft cheek, felt the tiny perfect hand seize aimlessly upon her own finger, felt it clinging, clinging . . . Now, for the first time, she knew what she had been denied, acknowledged her real, her greatest loss. Tears came in a sudden drenching flood. And finally, at long last, tenderness, cauterizing her wounds.

Weeping more quietly now, she reached over the baby, got her purse from the table drawer, and extracted the cardcase. One by one she dropped the thirty pills into a glass of water, watching them slowly dissolve. Then she poured the water carefully on to the floor. That way some fool wouldn't get hold of it. It made quite a puddle, she saw. She threw the empty nursing bottle, hard, into the middle of it. The bottle broke.

Then she lay back, perspiring.

"Good shot, Duchess!" she said debonairly, half aloud. She cuddled the baby closer. She would take her home, of course. Her daughter. When she grew stronger they could both go away. After a while, Paris . . . and the divorce. It would cause hardly a ripple by that time. . . .

"Gosh, Duchess! If that mutt has wet all over you—" Thus Delia, panting and harassed, an hour later.

There was no answer.

Duchess and baby were sleeping soundly, cheek to cheek. The Duchess was smiling.

THE END

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 43

WINE AND WATER ANSWER

The question was, did the man take more wine from the wine bottle than water from the water bottle, or the other way around, or—That "or—" was the key to the business. As a matter of fact the same quantity of wine was transferred from the wine bottle as water from the water bottle.

Let's say that the glass held a quarter of a pint. There was a pint of wine and a pint of water. Now, after the first manipulation, the wine bottle contained three quarters of a pint of wine, and the water bottle one pint of water mixed with a quarter of a pint of wine—five quarters of a pint of liquid. Now, the second manipulation consisted of taking away one fifth of the contents of the water bottle—that is, one fifth of a pint of water mixed with one fifth of a quarter of a pint of wine. We thus leave behind in the water bottle four fifths of a quarter of a pint of wine—that is to say, one fifth of a pint—and transfer the same amount of water to the wine bottle.

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

The pendulum swings just ONCE before stopping! It must STOP at the end of EACH swing to change direction!

PUZZLE POEM SOLUTION

CREA—RACE—ACRE—CARE

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES

Horror Outside the Wall: A Chinese Mystery

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

Author of Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YUNG YU-LUNG was his Chinese name, and he told us boys at Headquarters that it meant "meeting with prosperity," or part of it did; but we just called him One Lung and let it go at that.

He was never part of the force, but we used him as a sort of undercover and over-suey man whenever we were having a little trouble with the Mott Street boys down in New York's Chinatown.

A white guy, One Lung, if he *was* born with a yellow skin. So, when he told us he was going back to Peiping to become the J. Edgar Hoover of China, we all clubbed together and gave him a pound of tea.

As for me, if it hadn't been for another chance to see his scrubby little face, the missus would never have gotten me to China—not me, that gets seasick going to Staten Island on the ferry.

Anyhow, I was mighty glad to see him sitting up there the first day I walked into the Wang Fu Ta Chieh police station near the Legation Quarter of Peiping. And I'm slipping if he wasn't just as glad to see me.

"Old-Timer, I am working on a sex murder case that needs all the cunning of the Orient and the skill of the Occident and the New York Homicide Squad besides," explained my friend, who went to Harvard before he went to Mott Street, and speaks English as good as me.

Whereupon he put on his funny hat and took me over to the old wall that runs through Peiping and separates the Chinese city from the Tartar city.

Along the north side of this Tartar Wall runs an ill-paved, sidewalkless road—or *hutung*, as the Chinks call it—which leads from the famous Hatamen Tower down to the German Cemetery at the lower end. It is one of the loneliest and bleakest thoroughfares in the whole city, more like a tunnel than a street, with the great wall rising forty feet on one side and the prisonlike elevation of a Chinese schoolhouse rising on the other.

In a sort of gutter dump on one side of this reputedly ghost-haunted *hutung*, on the bitter cold morning of January 8 last, a group of passing Chinese found the mutilated body of a young girl—not Chinese but white.

MOST of her clothes had been stripped from her slender form. Only shoes, stockings, brassière remained. Her bashed-in head bore the marks of a heavy cleaving instrument, probably an ax. Her neck, shoulders, entire torso were brutally slashed. On her left wrist was a watch, stopped but undamaged. Beneath her body lay a crumpled chemise.

A crowd gathered quickly. Then the police came.

Unnoticed by the peering group, a tall, rangy, blue-eyed, and white-haired Englishman strode into the lonely *hutung*, to shoulder his way through the small men of the East until his eyes fell upon the body.

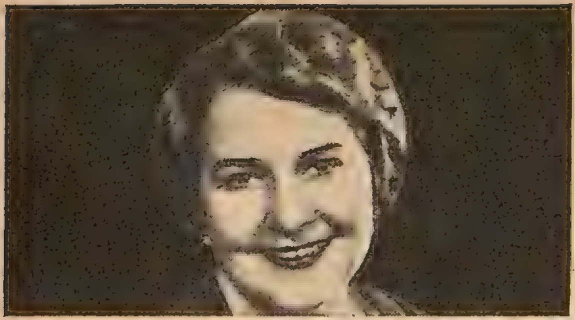
He said no word, uttered no sound as he staggered back. The thing on the ground was his daughter.

Edward T. C. Werner had been fifty-two years in China, thirty years as a British consul. At seventy-three he was an internationally famous authority on Chinese history and sociology, the first foreigner to be admitted to the ancient Association of Chinese Historiographers, an overseas member of the exclusive Athenaeum Club of London—in short, one of the most distinguished and most picturesque white men in the Orient.

Pamela Werner had been a slim, gray-eyed chit of a

Was he a white man or a yellow man?

From Peiping—the detective story of the murdered girl and the missing heart



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LASALLE EXTENSION

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girl, a little over five feet tall, with a wealth of yellow-brown hair combed well back from a broad forehead, in a wavy mass behind unusually small ears. She was nearly twenty but looked fifteen, and was the shy, reserved, gentle type.

Her mother—or, rather, her foster mother, for Pamela was the adopted daughter of the Werners—had died when she was five, and she had grown up alone with her father and two Chinese servants in a house about half a mile from the Legation Quarter.

As a child she had studied at the White Franciscan Convent in Peiping, and she had only just completed a five-year stay at the Grammar School in Tientsin, where she had lived in the family of an English missionary.

Before going to Tientsin she had mixed very little in the social life of the East City. Since her return, however, just before the Christmas holidays, she had gotten about more socially. Her father had been glad to note signs of the lonely little girl's increasing popularity.

Only two days before her mangled body was found in the shadow of the Tartar Wall, she had joined a skating club maintained chiefly by the personnel of the French Embassy. Here she met a school friend, a Miss Gurevich, and promised to have tea with her, before skating time next day, at her house, which was near the rink. That evening she told her father of the plan.

At three o'clock the following afternoon, as old Mr. Werner started for his daily walk, he saw his daughter writing a letter. She called good-by to him and said she would be home for dinner at seven thirty. Subsequently she told the cook the same thing. Then she threw her skates over her shoulder, mounted her bike, and started for her friend's house.

About seven thirty, after teaing and skating, she said she must hurry home, as her father would be expecting her. It was already dark; and Miss Gurevich asked her if she wasn't afraid to ride home alone.

"Oh, I've been alone all my life," Pamela laughed. "Besides, Peiping is the safest city in the world."

WHEREUPON the laughing girl went out into the "safest city" to her ghastly fate.

Werner's story was that he had waited up for her until fairly late, and had finally concluded that she must be staying with her friend, whose name he didn't remember. He sent his number one boy to the skating rink to see if he could find out who the friend was and where she lived; but in vain. He did not become seriously alarmed, however, until morning. He then reported her absence to Mr. W. P. Thomas, secretary of the Legation Quarter Commission, in charge of police work.

It was from Mr. Thomas' office that he was returning when he found all that was left of his daughter.

Doctors at the PUMC, a Rockefeller institution and the finest in the Orient, made a thorough examination of the body. Although the results of the autopsy are not given out in China, I can say, without getting One Lung into trouble, that little Pamela had been violated before the murder, that traces of recently eaten food were found in her stomach, that some of the disfigurement of her face and head might have been due to the scavenger dogs and rats that infested the neighborhood, and that at least one of the mutilations of her body showed a considerable knowledge of human anatomy: *her heart had been cut out and removed.*

HER heart? What would any one want with a heart?

"Well," said One Lung, "there is that story Boccaccio told about the husband who killed his wife's lover, cut out his heart, and took it home to the wife. 'I've killed a boar,' he said. So she cooked the 'boar's heart' for supper—and then he told her whose it was."

"And what did the wife say to that?"

"She said, 'After tasting so sweet a morsel, I could never eat again!'—and killed herself. But Pamela Werner was not that kind of girl. Though not a wallflower, she was believed to be not especially popular with the boys, and was quite the last person to be thought of in connection with an unfortunate sex entanglement."

I reflected that it was sometimes the mousiest of women who roused the fiercest passions in the most conservative of men—but I didn't take that up with One Lung, who was concentrating on three criminal types:

The escaped lunatic—the sort of crazy man who is capable of anything. He might even be capable of sexual assault and murder and deliberate mutilation in below-zero weather on a wind-swept street. But there had been no escapes from asylums at the time or near the place of the Tartar Wall crime, and no record of any lunatic depredations.

The secret sadist. This monster, who inflicts pain for pain's sake, exists in every community. His methods are deliberate, devious. Such a one might well have tortured the little Werner girl and then murdered her for his own protection. There had been, however, no complaints to the authorities in regard to any previous outrages committed by this type of criminal.

The sex ritualist. There were known to be present in Peiping foreigners suspected of being of this type. One of them was believed to have left hurriedly some time before the Werner tragedy, following complaints about an "exposure party" in the West City, to which young girls had been lured. It was possible that his associates were still carrying on their revels; but there was absolutely no evidence to that effect.

Personally, I gave little weight to these routine lines of inquiry. One Lung was quite right in overlooking none of the usual possibilities; but this was no usual murder. And it was committed, I would stake my entire reputation as a detective, by no usual murderer. Usual murderers do not bother to carve out the hearts of their victims and carry them away.

"You questioned the old man, of course?" I said.

"Yes," One Lung assured me; "we went at once to the Werner house, which is in a compound about half a mile from the Legation Quarter proper. The road along the wall is a short cut between the two points. That's why Werner was taking it so early that morning."

"What kind of life was lived in that house?"

"Apparently a peaceful one. Mr. Werner had had a good deal of his furniture removed preparatory to sailing back to England—"

"To die, I suppose?"

"Well, Edward Werner isn't the kind to put it that way. He had told friends he was going back to 'live another hundred years.' He had been waiting, it seems, until Pamela completed her education, so that they could make the trip together. The girl's room was next to her father's, a small chamber that had been fitted up temporarily with a cot, a bureau, and a desk. There was nothing in this room that indicated anything outside the ordinary life of a young girl—a few school trinkets, no letters, no clues to men friends. It was a sad little room now, but there was nothing sinister about it."

"And the father?" I inquired.

HE was most co-operative. He immediately offered a reward of five thousand dollars for information leading to the arrest of the murderer."

"He had no theory as to who the murderer might be?"

"None."

"And the mother? How long has she been dead?"

"Fifteen years."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Her pictures say so, yes—but why?"

"Well, One Lung, I may be an old romantic," I said, "but I have a hunch there's an unrequited lover somewhere in this Chinese woodpile. If it can't, as you say, be a suitor for the girl, it might be an old suitor of her mother—"

"But that was a long time ago."

"A long time ago? You Orientals, of all people, should know that love lasts a long time—and so does hate—and so does jealousy. This man may have lived to hate Pamela's mother, and taken that hate out on the child who bore the name of another man."

One Lung thought long and earnestly.

"You had me on the ropes for a moment," he said at last, "but it couldn't be so in this case. Mr. Werner married on a furlough in England, and brought his wife out here when she was hardly out of school. She had strained her heart in

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

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I have the J.B.L. Cascade now for nearly seven months and I am very much pleased with it. I would not be without it for one hundred times the price I paid for it. I use it only once a week and I feel fine.
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athletics back in her home town in Essex, and was an invalid all the time she was out here—specialists and all that sort of thing—until she died in 1922. They were a tremendously devoted couple. Old Werner hasn't looked at a woman since."

"All right; but that wouldn't prevent a woman from looking at him," I said, "or prevent her husband from looking at him, either."

One Lung dropped me at my hotel. I am sure he thought I was quite mad. But I stuck to my idea: the missing heart of the corpse in the shadow of the Tartar Wall was the symbol of a woman's heartlessness.

Still, I gave the known facts in the case the most hard-boiled analysis of which I was capable. That very night, while the missus was reading up on her Mings, I tried thoroughly to reconstruct what had happened to little Pamela Werner after she left the skating rink. I certainly wished that my old chief, John Lyons, or some of the Homicide boys from the Twentieth Street office were along, but I did what I could.

The robbery motive I dismissed at once. True, Pamela's bicycle and skates had disappeared; but her watch, which was of considerable value, was found on her wrist. It was unlikely, too, that this was an ordinary criminal-assault case. I couldn't conceive of the most sex-crazed individual doing such a deed in such a place on such a night.

In fact, it seemed most improbable that the crime, whatever its motive, had been committed where the body had been found—or anywhere else outdoors in the bitter cold of a Peiping winter night.

It seemed much likelier that Pamela was murdered elsewhere, indoors, and later thrown into a refuse heap on this lonely road. But where? And by whom? And why was this particular *hutung* chosen as dumping ground?

Answering the last of these questions first, it was probable that the murderer—even though he started out to mutilate the body beyond recognition—finally realized that a young white girl's corpse found *anywhere* in Peiping would mean but one thing to the police: Pamela Werner—since Pamela would be missing. Why not plant the body, therefore, in a spot where she might naturally have been, and thus divert attention from himself and the real place of the murder?

ASSUMING that this theory was correct, I was confirmed in my belief that he was no chance prowler of the streets, but some one who knew who the girl was, where she lived, and what were the habits of her household. Obviously, too, if he had persuaded her to accompany him to some house, he must have been a person in whom she had faith—most likely a family "friend."

This theory was supported by the fact that the manner in which the girl's heart had been removed indicated a person of education, with far more than the average knowledge of human anatomy.

The fact that Pamela had eaten a meal after leaving the rink also pointed strongly to the "friend" solution. It was hardly likely that a girl of her unadventurous type would have sat down and eaten a meal with a stranger.

Assuming, then, that the murderer was a scholarly "friend," was he a white man or a yellow man?

Mr. Werner had a wide acquaintance among Chinese intellectuals. He was a master of many Chinese dialects. Pamela also spoke Chinese fluently; she knew and was known to many of her father's native friends.

BOY SCOUTS, Y. M. C. A., AND CRIME

Anthony Abbot
Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

From Will Ehlers, a Brooklyn, New York, scoutmaster, comes the following: "The late Judge Cropsey once said he had yet to meet a boy who committed a crime and said in the same breath that he was a Scout. What is your opinion of the Scout movement?"

And from L. Thurmond Krueger of Corpus Christi comes the following: "We are organizing a Y. M. C. A. in Corpus Christi. We need more data such as Judge Johnson used in writing Boys for Sale. We need it for our drive to impress upon the minds of the parents here in Corpus Christi the necessity for caring for our youngsters before too late. Will you assist us in obtaining additional information? For the sake of the youngsters of Corpus Christi, I know that you will."

More data went to Mr. Krueger by return mail.

As for the Boy Scout movement, we believe in it one hundred per cent. The greatest danger to American youth, as we have often pointed out, is our lack of character education in home and school. The Boy Scout movement is a noble work and does much to combat this national danger. It teaches boys to be strong and brave, physically, mentally, and spiritually. But what of the boys who have no chance to become Boy Scouts? How can we help them?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio

One Lung is of the opinion that none of these natives could have committed this crime. Even the ricksha boys, he says—although they earn the barest living—are scrupulously honest and are trusted implicitly by their women patrons.

Which is to laugh—because, when I was in Nanking, the new capital, I heard about a ricksha boy who had taken a young miss down a lonely road and strangled her to death to get her roll of five hundred bucks!

But I was forced to agree, from my own experience as a flatfoot patrolling a Pell Street beat, that the murder of Pamela Werner was not a Chinese crime as that phrase is understood in police circles. Moreover, with subterranean Peiping at his disposal, a Chinese criminal, whether educated or not, would have found a more cunning means of concealing the body of his victim.

Granting that my deductions were so far correct, I was getting down to an exceedingly narrow circle whose hub was the house in the compound which contained the "sad little room" with the empty cot—in short, to that small group of white intellectuals presumably living in or near the Legation Quarter and more or less intimate acquaintances of the Werners.

WHO, then, were these acquaintances? Well, there was a smattering of British officialdom, and a smattering of lawyers, doctors, artists, musicians, journalists, preachers, and the like. The Werners' contacts with these people, however, were few and not at all intimate. Most of the members of their limited circle were students of Oriental lore and their wives and children.

There was, however, another side to Edward Werner—the adventurous side, which had led him into far countries and perilous situations, and had doubtless attracted to him many curious characters not directly associated with historiography.

Wasn't it possible that some such person, nursing for years a fancied wrong and eventually losing his reason, had risen like a ghost out of the explorer's past and had struck at him through his innocent daughter?

Such a maniacal avenger of supposed wrong might gradually have won the girl's confidence without disclosing his presence in Peiping to the old man; or his entry into the Werner circle might have been made easy by the fact that Werner himself had never seen him.

One Lung refused to take this suggestion seriously.

"It is true, though," he said, "that Mr. Werner has led an active and adventurous life. He's been in a shipwreck, a bad railroad accident, a powder-magazine explosion, three earthquakes, several Chinese riots, and one massacre. He was the second white man since Marco Polo to find the ruins of Kubla Khan's palace. You remember your Coleridge, Old-Timer?

"*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan*
A stately pleasure-dome decree . . ."

I didn't; but I wasn't going to let this Harvard Chinese put anything over on me, so I cleared my throat in a learned manner and said, "Yeah."

Well, the world may be a small place, but there was a continent and an ocean between the mental operations of One Lung, the Chinese G-man, and this old flatfoot from Pell Street.

One Lung still thought that the man he was after was a lunatic, a sadist, or a sex ritualist—and he might be right, at that.

But, for my part, by the time I went to bed that night I had what I thought was a pretty clear picture of the fiend who ravished the body and removed the heart of Pamela Werner.

In the long days and nights on the Pacific, coming home, I found little reason to change that picture, except as to age. I saw Pamela's murderer for the first time as a contemporary not of her parents but of herself. It was foolish to assume that love of some sort—doubtless unsought and unrequited, but all the more apt to turn into hatred and vengeance—had not entered the life of this reserved but gently attractive young girl.

She had been five years away from her father, in Tientsin. She had been two weeks " on her own " in Peiping. Suppose some passing youth had fallen madly in love with her. Suppose she had turned him down. Suppose he knew that she was sailing almost immediately to the other side of the world, perhaps forever. The romantic murderer, the killer for love, is just the type that might conceive and painstakingly execute the fantastic scheme of preserving his victim's heart.

One Lung's story of the husband, the wife, and the lover would not leave me. Love, I said to myself, is sometimes more cruel than lust!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: At this writing the Pamela Werner case is still unsolved—but it won't be forever.

The average Chinaman engaged in the lay operation of tea selling or ricksha pulling is more observant than the most skilled Western detective. It is more than probable, it is almost certain, that at least one of these lynx-eyed Orientals knows who killed the English schoolgirl. In time, which is infinite in the East, he will talk.

If he doesn't do so of his own will, the native police have ways, unknown to the Occidental mind, of ferreting out bearers of guilty knowledge and persuading them to rid themselves of their burden.

But the Chinese policeman is in no hurry. He is under no pressure from public opinion, because the vital details of crimes—such, for instance, as the time Pamela's watch stopped—are kept from the public eye. Consequently, he works slowly, surely.

Sometimes I think my own job would be a lot easier if the important details of murders in little old New York were kept off the front pages of every metropolitan newspaper.

" Yes," says the missus, " but think of all the swell reading we'd miss! "

THE END

Not only will the Old-Timer look into other famous criminal cases, but New York's District Attorney William C. Dodge will make it clear why some memorable murders were never solved—both in early issues of Liberty.

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Woman's place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was unthinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

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We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

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The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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This Entry Blank must accompany each entry submitted in Liberty's Pete Smith—M-G-M Whoppers Contest.

The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the material and the use of his name to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the material submitted herewith is wholly original with the undersigned; that it is not libelous; and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

NAME______________________________

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FIRST PRIZE	**$250**
SECOND PRIZE	**150**
THREE PRIZES, Each $100	**300**
SIX PRIZES, Each $50	**300**

THE RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of the families of the employees of said corporations.

2. Write in pen and ink or typewrite on one side of paper only. Write name and full address in the upper right corner of your first sheet.

3. Whoppers must not be less than 100 nor more than 300 words in length. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry blank properly filled out.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, exaggeration, improbability, and merriment, and must be entirely the creation of the entrant.

5. For the best entry rated on the above basis Liberty and Metro will pay a first cash prize of $250. For the next best entry $150 will be paid, etc., as in the accompanying prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The judges will be PETE SMITH, FULTON OURSLER, editor of Liberty Magazine, and FRED QUIMBY, of METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CORPORATION, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

7. All prize-winning entries become the property of Liberty and Metro for publication and exploitation at any time, and none will be returned. Liberty and Metro may use the names of any of the contest winners for such purposes.

8. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to or take from the submitted entries as it sees fit in the event it desires to use same for motion-picture purposes.

9. Metro shall have the right to use the prize-winning Whoppers in the production of one or more motion pictures, and shall have the right to use any of the other Whopper entries submitted in the production of one or more motion pictures; and Metro agrees to pay fifty ($50) dollars to each entrant not among the eleven (11) contest winners whose entries are so chosen for motion-picture purposes. The name of any of the contest winners, and the name of any entrant whose material is actually used in a motion picture, may be used by Metro in such motion picture and in the publicity and exploitation thereof.

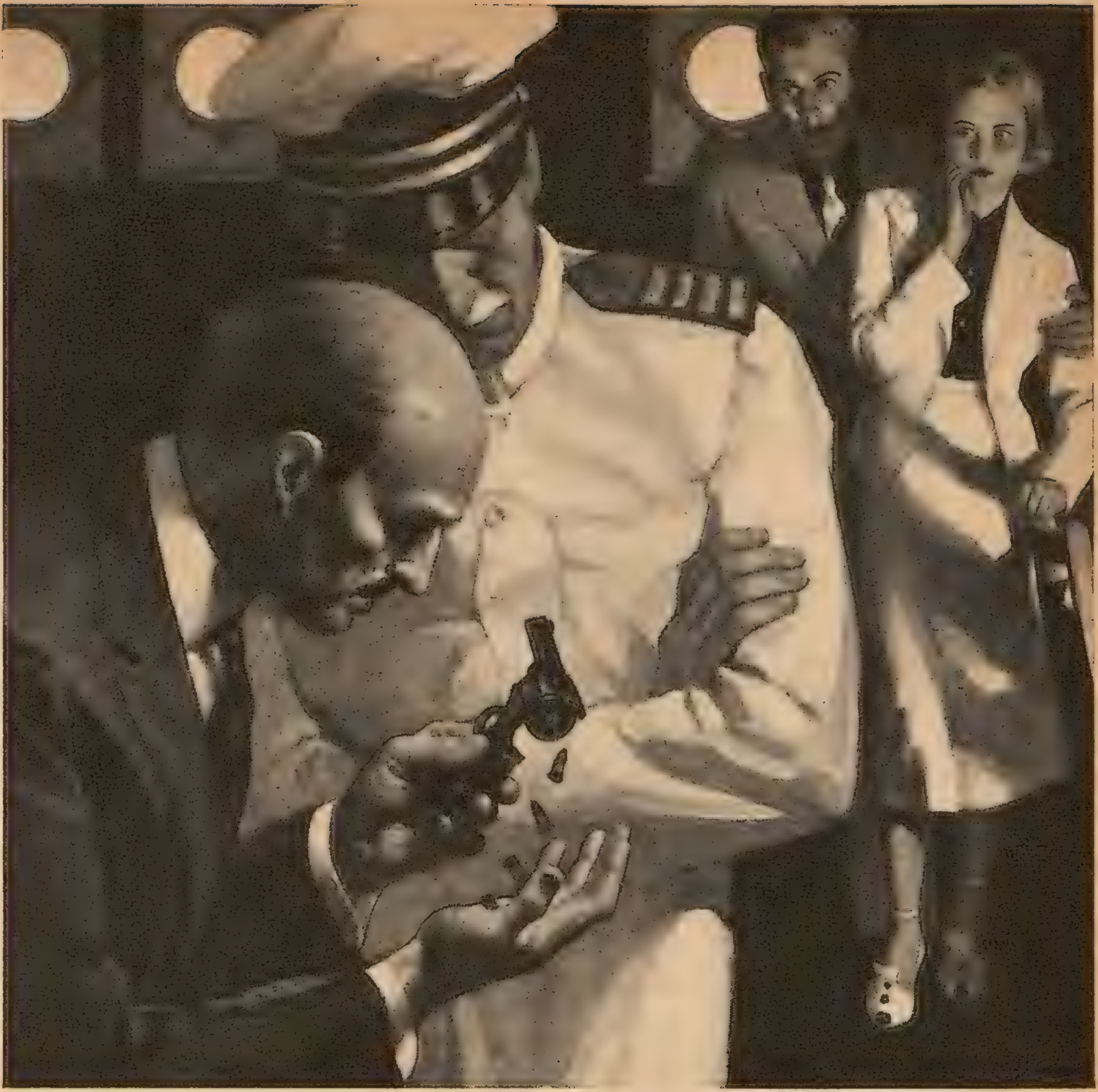
10. Send all entries by first-class mail addressed to Whoppers Contest, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

11. This contest closes on October 9, 1937. Entries received later will not be considered.

12. Winners will be announced in the December 18, 1937, issue of Liberty Magazine.

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FOUR—
CONCLUSION



Every cartridge in her revolver was intact. It was clear that it had not been fired.

THE GLASS BRACELET

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

UNFORTUNATELY for the little detective, certain facts were soon learned that threw a veil of mystery over the murder of Jay Montrose.

To begin with, it was found that no apartments or staterooms on A and B Decks had locks alike. There were three keys to each door. Two were given to the occupants—only one if the stateroom contained a single passenger; the other being kept in the purser's office—and the third key was in the joint possession of the steward and the stewardess on duty.

One key to Apartment 135 was discovered in the murdered man's pocket. Mrs. Montrose's key had been left in a drawer of the bureau.

This did much to lessen suspicion against her; and since it came on top of the revelation that every cartridge in her revolver was intact, the bore clean, and the evidence clear that it had never been fired at all, her name was practically dropped from the investigation.

Jeff Corning, too, was freed of suspicion, since Detective Rainey's case against him had been based on the assumption that he had been working with Connie.

But, although Connie was free of guilt as far as the detective was concerned, Jeff, hating himself, still suspected her. A damnable whisper within him argued thus: Apparently she attached no importance to her aventurine bracelet and declined to believe him when he said it was associated with imminent danger. Then why had she been so frantically anxious to go back to 135 for the thing? And why had he to check her by force before she allowed him to go, in her place, for it?

One of two reasons only. Either her innocence as to the bracelet was a pose, or she knew that Montrose was dead and didn't want him, Corning, to discover the body.

This was a fearful thing to contemplate.

For one thing, however, he thanked God. With the robbery of her glass bracelet, the Damoclean sword hanging over her head no longer threatened. At least, he argued with himself, Lady Moray had not been molested since the theft of her bracelet.

The news of the murder spread quickly. The Star of Alaska buzzed with talk of the tragedy. And Corning, to escape the incessant questions of the two Southern girls, fled to his stateroom as soon as he had finished dinner.

He was there when a cable came from the London office. It was a reply to his cable from Monte Carlo and informed him that all passengers on board the Star of Alaska had been properly accounted for, although the U. S. S. R. authorities in London were unable to verify the Princess Dalakhine's title. Her passport and those of her suite, however, seemed to be in order.

His phone rang. It was a summons to the purser's office. Wilcy, the purser, a big 200-pounder with a long jaw, greeted Corning lugubriously.

"Mr. Corning," he said, "that murder has brought repercussions about our heads. I've already had forty-six passage cancellations."

Jeff Corning emitted a low whistle.

"I've just been in radio communication about it with the New York and London offices—the reason I sent for you, in fact. They seem to have great faith in you, Mr. Corning." He smiled wanly.

A killer unmasked, a lover rewarded . . . Now comes the story's thrilling climax

"In me? I'm honored, of course, but what can I do?"

"Mr. Macomber of the London office says you have tact and diplomacy. I've just spoken to the captain, and he concurs in the suggestion that perhaps you would be kind enough to see what you can do to relieve these several passengers' anxieties and persuade them that it is their duty to stay aboard until this unfortunate mess is cleared up."

"When do these people intend to get off?"

"When we drop anchor at Tangier tomorrow morning."

Corning thought of his father, and the time, the effort, the enormous lot of money he had put into this new passenger line to try to make it a success.

"Give me a list of the names," he said willingly. "I'll have a go at it anyway."

He went first to C Deck and was moderately successful in persuading irate passengers to reconsider their cancellations. On B Deck, his score was even better. He landed fifty per cent.

The only A Deck cancellation was that of the Princess Dalakhine. Corning got her secretary on the telephone and explained what he wanted.

"I should like to express our regrets," he said, "in the hope that she may be persuaded to reconsider—"

"Very sorry."

"May I not have a few moments of her time?"

"I am quite sure that it will not surprise Mr. Corning when I explain that disturbances on board ship have indisposed the Princess."

That, Corning replied, he could well understand, and sincerely regretted. "I would like, however," he persevered, "to express the line's apologies for those disturbances, in the hope, perhaps, of gaining the personal good will of the Princess."

"One moment. I ask."

There was a pause. Finally the secretary came on the line again.

"You speak Russian, Mr. Corning?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"Then I will translate for the Princess. She understands and speaks Russian only. She will receive you at eleven fifteen, please."

An hour later, Corning went to Suite A. He was met at the entrance by the secretary, Leon Nehudin. In the drawing room the Princess was extended on a chaise longue, a silken coverlet over her feet and knees. She looked a bit done in, and was surrounded at odd distances by her butler, Denzan, and her bodyguard, whose name on the passenger list was down as Ijo Tokpu. Only the maid was missing.

THE Princess' rich blonde hair gleamed under the subdued light slightly removed from her, and the skin of her exotic olive face seemed, at this distance, to be pockmarked. She was smoking a Russian cigarette in a long jade holder, and wore dark glasses. Eye trouble, evidently.

Corning was formally introduced by Nehudin, to which the Princess responded with a nod.

Corning, in urging the Princess to reconsider her decision, touched on the expediency of all the passengers remaining on board until the perpetrator of the crime had been discovered.

This was translated to the Princess by Leon Nehudin. At the end, she uttered one word.

Nehudin smiled sadly at Corning and shook his head. "The Princess feels," he explained, "that she prefers to continue her voyage to New York on some safer and more orderly ship."

The interview was plainly over. As Corning rose with the intention of bowing to the Princess and making his lame departure, the stub of the lady's lighted cigarette fell from its holder into the silken folds of her blouse. Both Corning and Nehudin sprang forward together.

But the Princess herself was aware of it, for she removed her dark glasses to see where the cigarette had fallen. A mere second, and her glasses were replaced again. In that second, however, Corning noticed her eyes. They were the most peculiar eyes he had ever looked at. Seen before on two occasions in the dining room, they were then a pronounced green. Now, the pupils distended, they were a hideous sort of blue-greenish black.

Corning went to his stateroom and called the ship's doctor on the telephone. "A little argument here, Dr. Richards," he said. "I've just been told that the color of a person's eyes can be changed. I'm betting they can't."

"Then you lose," Dr. Richards said. And he went on to explain that drops of a certain liquid preparation put in the eyes distended the pupils and concealed for a time the true color of the iris. "Painful," he added, "and if done too often, ruinous to the sight."

Corning helped himself to a spot of whisky, filled a pipe, and settled down to think.

"Lord!" he thought, "why didn't I think to ask Richards if he had been treating the Princess for eye trouble? If he has, that would explain things."

But, like an annoying mosquito, a little suspicion kept up its unceasing hum about his head. Princess Dalakhine and her suite! Koreans, the majority of them. A queer-looking crew! All getting off the boat tomorrow at Tangier!

WAS there any way, he wondered, in which that could be prevented? After Tangier, the next port of call was Plymouth, England, where Scotland Yard men could come aboard and see what they might do with the situation.

He felt the need of sharing his thoughts with some other person. And he thought of Second Officer Hallick, a young man to whom he had taken a liking.

It was close to midnight, and Second Officer Hallick was in bed, but he got up and put on a dressing gown when Corning knocked at his door and requested a word with him.

"Here's what I want to ask you, Hallick." Corning went straight to the point. "Is there any way to detain the Princess Dalakhine and her precious suite until we reach Plymouth?"

"No. If she wants to land at Tangier in the morning, we have no authority to prevent her. What's the idea, Corning?" Hallick grinned broadly. "Do you think Her Royal Highness committed the lead drilling on Montrose?"

"No," Corning said, "I don't. But there's something damned queer about the whole gang of 'em, if you ask me; and in some way, Hallick, we've got to hold them on board awhile longer. By cracky!" he suddenly decided, "I'll do it on my own responsibility if I can't get any official help from you chaps."

And if Second Officer Hallick was seen to yawn frequently during his forenoon watch, it was because he had stayed up talking with Corning until four in the morning.

At 10.15 A. M. Jeff Corning was posted in a secret position to see how the first move of his plan would work out.

Already, on E Deck, some of the passengers deserting the Star of Alaska were waiting to go ashore at the earliest opportunity. Among them were the Princess Dalakhine and her suite.

The first of Corning's carefully instructed stewards—he and Second Officer Hallick had taken two into their confidence—now approached Leon Nehudin with the fake news that one of the Princess' cabin trunks had come unlocked in removing it from her suite, and some of the contents spilled.

There was a furtive glance between the Princess and her bodyguard, and the three men went swiftly to the elevator, leaving the Princess with her maid.

Corning now made his second move. Another steward approached the Princess who was still wearing her dark glasses. The steward spoke in English, saying, as he had been told to say, that the Princess' presence was requested in the purser's office to sign some additional papers in connection with her departure.

A moment's hesitation––and both women went to the elevator!

So the Princess Dalakhine understood and spoke Russian only, did she! Corning thought triumphantly. As fast as he could, he raced up to the purser's office.

Second Officer Hallick was there, Wilcy, the Princess and her maid. There appeared to be some confusion. The purser (unable to speak Russian!) was trying to assure Riri Sensen, the maid, that he had no papers for the Princess to sign.

There was apprehension on both women's faces as Corning entered the outer office, and he gave them reason for it without wasting time.

"Princess Dalakhine," he said in English, grinning boldly at her, "have you any objection to being searched before leaving this ship?"

She remained motionless, shrugging to indicate she couldn't understand him, and Riri Sensen answered for her. "The Princess no objection," she said, "if such indignity necess'y."

"Very necessary." Corning bowed with mock politeness.

"Then perhap you good enough to permit the Princess to go back to suite where she can be searched by stewardess."

"That"—Corning smiled at her—"would be subjecting the stewardess to an indignity."

Instantly the swift change of expression on both women's faces charged the purser's office with something electric.

"In other words"—Corning grinned at the Princess—"I think it is more a man's duty to search you." And with a lightning movement he grasped her dark-blue beret, and snatched it, the dark glasses, and the blond wig she was wearing right off!

The small round Asiatic head of a man was revealed, the hair jet-black! And the eyes! Corning gasped. These were the repellent eyes he had seen on the deck the night Mrs. Terrill disappeared!

The man—he had a Japanese look—had gained instantaneous mastery of the situation, a Maxim silencer in his hand.

In a low voice (surely this was Japanese?) he spoke to Riri Sensen, and she picked up the blond wig, beret, and dark glasses while Corning, Hallick, and the purser were being forced into the inner office. The girl followed, and closed and locked the door.

KEEP your hands up!" the man said in perfect English to Corning, Hallick, and Wilcy. And they obeyed him.

The intention was plain. He meant to put on his disguise again, kill them in cold blood, lock the door on them, and quietly get ashore.

Jeff Corning felt that his last moment was at hand—when, from the outer office, some one tried to open the door.

The sound distracted the killer's attention; and in that instant Corning flung himself headlong for the man's feet and crashed him down.

There were two or three dull thuds from the gun, the bullets going wild. Hallick dove into the fight, and the purser found a battle royal on his hands with the tigerish Riri Sensen.

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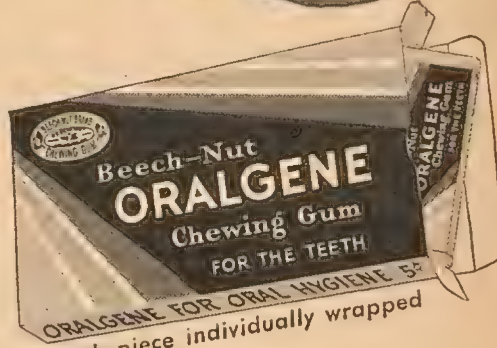

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Then the door was burst open, and the fracas quickly came to an end.

Corning realized that instant action was necessary to capture the rest of the gang; and he and Hallick, now with drawn guns, rushed for Suite A where they cornered Nehudin and Denzan, taking them by surprise. The man called Ijo Tokpu was nowhere to be seen.

Detective Rainey searched the suite and discovered Mrs. Terrill locked in a wardrobe, bound hand and foot and gagged. She was insensible and was rushed to the hospital.

The three men and the woman were placed in cells. Ijo Tokpu, the bodyguard, was never found. He had probably succeeded in getting aboard the tender and was now safely in Tangier.

Later on, Lady Moray, and a very subdued meek-voiced Betty Weldon were unanimous in recognizing "the Princess" as the man who had entered their respective staterooms. But examination of the prisoners' luggage failed to reveal incriminating evidence.

There remained only the explanation of the gang's murderous resolve to get possession of the four glass bracelets. And this explanation came from Connie.

They were alone in her 25a stateroom, and Jeff had just told her of the capture.

"I think I may tell you now," she said in a whisper. "Please close that porthole—and the transom."

He did as she wished, and sat close beside her, trying to warm her trembling hands in his own.

"Ever since we left Yokohama," she said, "I've lived in terror—inwardly. You asked me if Miss Weldon's meeting with that American in Yokohama was accidental. Yes, on her part it was. But not on mine. It had been very carefully planned—his connivance and mine."

"Yours?"

"When we got to Manila I received a secret letter on board from some one very dear to me, asking if I would undertake a mission of great importance—one that he himself was prepared to give his life for if it could be successfully accomplished.

"I decided I would go through with it. I think I would willingly have sacrificed my own life for this—this friend of mine—if—"

Jeff Corning was aware of a mounting excitement.

"When we went ashore at Yokohama, I took Betty Weldon with me to disarm suspicion. I suggested a sightseeing tour. The plan was for me to stop outside a certain house on the pretext of admiring the garden, and he, this friend of mine, would do the rest—which was secretly to give me the aventurine bracelet.

"To my consternation and dismay Lady Moray and Mrs. Terrill appeared.

"MY—my friend saw that we knew one another, and was forced to ask them in, too. In order to present me with the bracelet he was more or less compelled to make similar gifts to the others—unfortunately, but out of the gravest necessity, subjecting them to danger, since the bracelets happened to be alike in appearance.

"But he managed to tell me that those given Lady Moray, Mrs. Terrill, and Betty Weldon were solid aventurine glass. Mine wasn't solid. It had been ingeniously hollowed, and contained the formula, written on rice paper, of a new power invented by Japanese radiomen, a sort of radio-beam screen which can be projected for miles. Contact with this invisible beam will instantly explode any shell passing through it."

"Good God!" Corning said.

"Countermaneuvers to prevent the secret from leaving Japan were naturally to be expected. But he—this American I speak of—didn't expect violence. He thought no one would suspect that the formula was hidden in a bracelet.

"But after what happened to Lady Moray I began to be terrified. Not so much for myself, but for them. I didn't dare tell them. I knew, of course, at once, that counterespionage agents were on board. And I suspected the occupants of Suite A from the time they came aboard at Athens.

"My instructions," she shuddered, "given in his letter, were to wait until the ship reached Plymouth, England. If still in my possession then, I was to turn the bracelet over to two private detectives, Americans, representing some agency or other in New York. They would come directly to my stateroom, posing as newspapermen, and give me a certain password."

The futility of it all stunned Corning. She had not only risked her own life for this mysterious person in Yokohama, but Lady Moray and Betty Weldon had been terrified, Mrs. Terrill cruelly held prisoner, Jay Montrose shot dead—and the hellish formula recovered! The whole thing had been horribly, damnably in vain!

"Connie," he groaned, "who was this person you refer to—this man in Yokohama?"

"Winston—my brother."

He had been wholly unprepared for that answer.

"He wanted to atone—if he could—for what happened in his diplomatic career. He wanted to do something for his country—for humanity. And I," she said hoarsely, "wanted to help him. He knew he would have to pay for it with his life. He told me that. But he was willing to die if—if—" She was quietly sobbing now. "And I didn't dare even say good-by to him . . ."

JEFF CORNING stood there, a graven image. Now he clearly saw her unparalleled resolve, her shining courage, and at last understood the dauntless light he had seen in her eyes.

He took both her hands and, in silent worship and love, gently raised them to his lips. . . .

It was not until the Star of Alaska reached Plymouth that the final puzzling aspect was cleared up. If Connie's bracelet with its hidden formula had been of such incalculable value, why was it that she had worn it so openly, had left it lying in a conspicuous place, as though actually inviting its theft? Why hadn't she hidden it, put it in the ship's safe?

Jeff Corning wanted to ask her that question on the several occasions they walked the deck together, or sat, removed from morbid eyes, in the moonlight. But he curbed his curiosity in a resolution not to refer to a subject that would only cause her painful reflection on her brother's wasted sacrifice of his life.

At Plymouth he happened to be in her stateroom when two men, looking more like college football players than Secret Service men, entered the room.

"Mrs. Montrose?"

"Yes."

"The AP would like a brief statement from you with regard to the death of your husband. Might we have a few moments alone with you?"

She studied them in silence for a moment, then said: "You may speak freely before this gentleman. He is Jeffrey Corning, son of the president of this line."

One of the men closed the door. The other said:

"Winston Hope."

She went to her valise, emptied it, and, moving a secret panel of leather in the bottom of it, took out a pale-green aventurine bracelet!

She handed it to one of the men who wrapped it in a handkerchief, put it in his breast pocket, and in absolute silence, went out of the stateroom with his companion.

Corning was gazing at her with dumfounded eyes.

"Then—then they didn't get the bracelet—" he was stammering.

Connie's face lighted up with triumphant courage.

"Yes, they did. But my brother gave me two bracelets, identical. Both contained copies of the secret formula. That was why I wore the other one so openly. I wanted them to take it. I hoped they would take it and—and then go away believing they had prevented it from falling into other hands."

Lifting her face upward, she closed her eyes.

"Winston," she whispered, "if you can hear me, I want you to know that your sacrifice has not been in vain." . . .

Jeff Corning saw her only dimly, for his eyes were blinded with tears. He was too choked up to speak, and could do no more than hold out his arms to her.

And she walked quietly toward him in the full splendor of her loveliness.

THE END

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

From the sea comes a strange, dark tale of the '40s—New comedies and an old operetta zealously strive to duplicate past successes

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

George Raft and Olympe Bradna, who fill prominent roles opposite . . .

Frances Dee and Gary Cooper in Souls at Sea, a colorful story of slave days.

★ ★ ★ SOULS AT SEA

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee, Henry Wilcoxon, Harry Carey, Olympe Bradna, Robert Cummings, Porter Hall, George Zucco, Virginia Weidler, Joseph Schildkraut, Gilbert Emery, Lucien Littlefield, Paul Fix, Tully Marshall, Monte Blue, Stanley Fields. Screen play by Grover Jones and Dale Van Every based on a story by Ted Lesser. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 93 minutes.*

A SEA yarn, based remotely on fact, that came near being a far better screen spectacle than it finally jells. In 1841 a seaman, Alexander Holmes, was tried for manslaughter on the high seas. When his ship, the packet William Brown, went down, the luckier passengers and sailors had escaped in two lifeboats. Holmes had taken fate into his own hands, thrown seven passengers overboard to lighten the load. The man who played God pleaded necessity, escaped with a light sentence.

Here Gary Cooper is "Nuggin" Taylor, a rugged seafarer conducting a one-man crusade against the slave trade. Taylor gets a post on a slaver, wrecks it in one way or another. Then he moves on to another slaver. Here he is a passenger on the William Brown, headed for the slave center. Fire consumes the ship. Nuggin coolly fights off desperate passengers as did the historic Holmes; loses the faith of a lovely girl he has saved; is brought to trial.

There are superb scenes of great ships straining under canvas into glorious sunsets, interludes of considerable excitement, moments of romance and sacrifice. Somehow, the effect as a whole falls short. There is too much striving for punch. Not that Cooper isn't properly steely and personable. He is far more convincing than his role. Then there is George Raft as his fantastic pal Powdah, a tough, sentimental little slaver who wears his mother's wedding ring in one ear. Raft is amusing, but not believable either. Frances Dee is a colorless heroine. Olympe Bradna does far better as the ill-fated little ladies' maid who loses her heart to Powdah.

VITAL STATISTICS: The ill-starred William Brown is played by the Star of Finland, an old 225-foot 1,425-ton fishing bark, built at Bath, Maine, in 1899, for King Kalikua of the Kingdom of Hawaii, and christened the Kauilani. The King used it till he died. Then it was sold to the Alaska Fisheries, saw service for a quarter of a century, till steam sent it into the San Francisco mudbanks, where it rotted for ten years, till Paramount rescued and revived it for this. The slave ship Blackbird is the schooner Lottie Carson, former lumberer and sealer. It was rerigged for this into a barkentine. . . . Sailors who knew sailing ships were hard to corral, and since there was no mist or fog around for weeks and weeks, megger Hathaway had to manufacture it off Catalina, using speedboats that laid smoke screens. Hathaway hathaway with Westerns: used to make one a week, till he got shot to the top by Bengal Lancer. This is his first sea story. . . . After ten years with Paramount the sensitive cowboy Gary Cooper goes over to Sam Goldwyn, at $150,000 per picture. Gary refused to slap Frances Dee in the face when called on to do so in this. Claims after he slapped Madeleine Carroll in The General Died at Dawn he got 500 letters of criticism. So studio removed slapping scene. . . . Agnes Ayres, who played opposite Valentino in The Sheik, is starting a comeback. . . . Monte Blue, who used to be a star, is studying law by correspondence. Thinks his acting will sway juries. . . . Henry Wilcoxon's now married to Sheila Garrett, just finished building a San Fernando ranch. Has gone to Egypt to make a British talker. . . . At fourteen Olympe Bradna was in Paris' Folies Bergère; but her father—an ex-circus rider—won't let her go out with guys, visit night clubs, or stay up after ten till she's eighteen. She has a year to go. . . . This is a new George Raft. Tired of being the studio bad boy, always squawking, walking out mad or just walking back in, he has reformed. Will do as he's told. Has also taken the oil out of his hair, handed all his shoulder holsters, armpit pantie-waists, and high-heeled tango boots to his valet Killer Gray, and will go in for soft wavy-haired, non-dancing, wholesome non-gangster chiseler parts. . . . Born in New York and educated as a lawyer, Harry Carey is Hollywood's leading cowboy. Speaks Navaho fluently. Has written plays, starred in Westerns. Is married; lives on a Wild West ranch; has a pet timber wolf named Lobo, which looks hurt should Carey look cross-eyed at her. . . . Gilbert Emery is New York born but is always cast as the perfect Britisher. Shaved his mustache for this because the British navy didn't sprout 'em at the time.

★ ★ ½ IT'S ALL YOURS

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Francis Lederer, Mischa Auer, Grace Bradley, Victor Kilian, George McKay, Charles Waldron, J. C. Nugent, Richard Carle, Arthur Hoyt. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr., from a story by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 80 minutes.*

THE screen goes on seeking new fantastic comedies, new It Happened One Nights. This one is amusing but a trifle strained at times. The humor, we regret to report, runs a little thin.

The tremendously wealthy E. J. Barnes discovers that his nephew, educated abroad, is a spoiled spendthrift with an un-Yankee accent. Before he dies Barnes leaves his fortune to his mouselike secretary, trusting that the nephew will wed the girl and be saved from himself. The mouse turns out to be a glamour girl and nephew Jimmy Barnes has a hard time of it keeping up with her, much less winning her.

The events are fairly diverting, thanks chiefly to Madeleine Carroll, the prettiest girl in films, as the timid secretary who goes ermine and orchid, and to Mischa Auer as a penniless philosophical baron in search of a new fortune to marry and spend. This Auer actually steals the show as the fortune hunter. Miss Carroll never looked lovelier and her acting has verve and charm. Francis Lederer is disappointing to your Beverly Hills. The chief fault here is miscasting. Lederer never suggests a foreign-bred American lad. His accent is too thick, his acting too florid.

VITAL STATISTICS: Prague's glamour boy Francis Lederer has become an American, has tried in the few years he's been here to American-

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* Recommended for children.

* Recommended for children.

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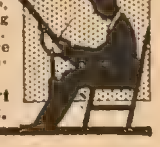

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ize himself so that not a drop of Continentalism remains. A good Czech, Lederer graduated from the Prague Dramacademy; in time fell into the inevitable Reinhardtian clutches; made a big hit in Berlin opposite Bergner in Romeo and Juliet. Then did something called Autumn Crocus. The play wasn't much good, but Lederer was—or so the women thought—so in time Lederer laid them palpitating in the New York aisles, and was imported, heat and all, to Hollywood. His picture success has been hardly phenomenal but he has made a fortune. . . . Maddie Carroll's a West Bromwich (near Birmingham) English gal. Her paw was an Irish-language prof at Birmingham University, her mother a French gal of poor but good fambly. Paw wanted Maddie to be a linguist, so Maddie absorbed languages, became a tutress for a time; then fled to London, did millinery modeling for money to take drahma courses. After a crack at the provinces she got to the screen via the stage, became the English tea rose of the screen, England's glamour girl. Hollywood imported, she failed to make good in something that definitely wasn't good; returned to England. England restarred her, then Walter Wanger reimported her, and she made good with a pretty bang. Maddie's golden hair is a manufactured product; admits her own hair is ash brown and would probably mean her career were she to flash it. . . . Mischa (Stretchski) Auer's real name is Ounskowski. He's a St. Petersburger; his paw, Russian aristocrat and army officer, was killed in action during the Russo-Japanese War. Exiled during the Red revolt, Auer's mother died of typhus in a refugee hospital. Leopold Auer, Mischa's musical grandfather, cabled funds; Auer was imported to New York, where he was adopted by his grandfather, changed his name, was taught music and acting. He became an actor, crashed Hollywood, made a meager living playing skinny heavies. Meanwhile at Hollywood parties he put on an act in which he imitated an ape. This landed him in My Man Godfrey. Since then his stock as a comedian has hit alpine heights. He's married to nonpro Norma Tillman; they have son Tony, aged three. Auer raises Great Danes. Is affable, amusing, lighthearted despite his sad eyes. Has had a hard time of it, but is content now. Has built a big house; saves his money; doesn't ever want to leave Hollywood. Few Rahshns do. . . . Frances Connie Conrad played with Taylor Holmes and Virginia Valli in the silent Ruggles of Red Gap; once had an Essanay contract; was a well known stage actress. Married herself off the screen at career tops, is trying a comeback.

★ ★ ½ THE FIREFLY

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones, Warren William, Billy Gilbert, Henry Daniell, Douglas Dumbrille, Leonard Penn, Tom Rutherfurd, Belle Mitchell, George Zucco, Corbett Morris, Matthew Boulton, Robert Spindola. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett based on the operetta by Otto A. Harbach. Adaptation by Ogden Nash. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 138 minutes.*

LONG, tuneful, dull, and dated, an operetta of the days of Napoleon. The melodies of Rudolf Friml are pleasant and soothing; Jeanette MacDonald sings with considerable charm (although this Nina Maria is not her best role); and the young and promising Allan Jones, occupying the position usually filled by Nelson Eddy, is, we regret to report, a little disappointing.

The Metro overlords seem to have lost the ability to cut their pictures. This runs on and on through the interminable dogged Spanish campaign conducted against the Man of Destiny, Bonaparte, by his nemesis, the Irish fighter who became the Duke of Wellington. Nina Maria is the Firefly, a lovely dancer-singer and, on the side, a spy for her homeland, Spain. She falls in love with the ingratiating Don Diego, who, alas, is a spy for France. There you have the plot, a favorite one on the Metro lot.

The principals sing romantically in cafés, on rough horseback and stagecoach journeys over the Pyrenees, in noisy farmyards, on brook banks peopled by admiring peasants. And many of the melodies of Friml—twenty-five years old—are still charming. But the yarn drags terribly, for all the lavish, even magnificent production and personable cast. You will find Warren William not a little stuffed in the role of a susceptible French major, victim of the Firefly's wiles.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Firefly buzzed into being twenty-five years ago at the Empire Theater, Syracuse, New York, Emma Trentini in the MacDonald part. It left Syracusians dazed for months afterward, wow-smashed long-run records at New York's Lyric Theater. Trentini sang the song Sympathy into our folk music. The show has been played in every language and in every country of the world, making a fortune for all involved. Sympathy and Giannina Mia still clean up royalties for composer Friml and the original show still plays on the radio from time to time. Five song numbers from the original Frimlism have been retained, two newies added, the composer going to Hollywood to write them. Friml has knocked off Rose-Marie, Katinka, The Vagabond King, High Jinks, among others. Is a very rich man, a casual worker, of Viennese blood but an American. . . . Biggest of Hollywood's weddings was that of Jeanette MacDonald to Gene Raymond on completion of Fireflying. Wedding came to about a quarter million when you add up all the flower banks, presents given, champagne, fuss and feathers. Nobody gives presents like Hollywood. . . . Allan Jones has Welsh blood; inherits his voice from his singing race. He is married to Irene Hervey. . . . Warren William's talents were first discovered and blown up by Alexander Woollcott. William stepped from The Vinegar Tree at the height of its B'way success to a lead debut in the picture Expensive Women. Recently released by the Warners, M-G-M has snapped him up. His biggest success thus far has been as Philo Vance and as Perry Mason in screen whodunits. . . . Belle Mitchell, who plays Jeanette MacDonald's maid, was a leading lassie twenty years ago in stuff like Yellow Ticket, Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, Common Clay. . . . Douglas Dumbrille sang his way into screen heavydom from Ziegfeld's staged Three Musketeers. He hasn't sung since; instead he has sneered much, well, and for good prices. . . . Henry Daniell's as distinguished as Piccadilly can turn 'em out. . . . Leonard Penn, better known as Gladys George's husband, screen debuts in this. Has played in Georgeous stage productions; is a beauty preparation manufacturer; has intellectual leanings; is handsome, a musician. . . . Important Nothings: Five cut-crystal chandeliers, six feet in diameter and eight feet tall, which formerly hung at the U. S. Embassy in Vienna, hang in this, playing Spanish chandeliers. That's Bayonne in the Spain of 1808, and if you doubt it you know what you can do about it. Spanish civil warfare will make this a sad comparison.

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★ ★ ½ MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR

THE PLAYERS: Kenny Baker, Frank McHugh, Alice Brady, Gertrude Michael, Jane Wyman, John Eldredge, Henry O'Neill, Harry Davenport, Ferris Taylor, Linda Perry. Screen play by William Wister Haines and Elaine Ryan from a story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Produced by Warners. Running time, 80 minutes.*

THE films are striving eternally to do another something or other. Here the Warners hope author Clarence Budington Kelland will duplicate his Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.

This is the story of a small-town baritone who works in the local electrical shop for $17.50 a week. A simple throat operation for quinsy by the town medico transforms Claude Dodd into a tenor who goes to meteoric heights in radio. America goes mad over him; an amorous opera singer and a mercenary gold digger set their traps for him; he almost misses the real love of a little employee in the broadcasting studios.

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* Recommended for children.

* Recommended for children.

Right here let's admit that this is not another Mr. Deeds. It is pleasant enough, tenuous at times, mildly amusing at others. Kenny Baker is personable and ingratiating. He'll go a distance if he isn't pushed too fast. Alice Brady contributes a rich performance as the acquisitive opera diva.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mr. Dodd is out of The Great Crooner, from which this movie was made. Author C. B. Kelland also created Mr. Deeds, who went to town. . . . Hollywood's had plenty of chances in the past to sign Kenneth Lawrence (Kenny) Baker for as little as fifty dollars a week. It waited for Mervyn Le Roy to grab him off at $1,500, and now all studios are demanding his services at the usual third more premium. Son of a Monrovia, California, furniture dealer and native daughter, Kenny Baker is twenty-five, pleasant, big-mouthed, handsome, and a lush quavery tenor. His first movie job was with a choral singing group in a Novarro picture. Had several secondary singing picture parts till Jack Benny gave him a trial run on that calves'-foot gurry program, and Kenny's made good with a tonsorial bang. . . . Jane Wyman was born Sarah Jane Folks in St. Joseph, Missouri. After college she tried manicuring, hairtending, telephoney work, secretarying, modeling, and blues singing before she got a bit in My Man Godfrey. . . . Megger Green collects blooded horses and first editions. . . . Ferris Taylor got his start with a three-line bit in They Won't Forget.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon.

★★★½—Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy.

★★★—Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Dr. Walter Reed (1851-1902).

2—Thirty-seven.

3—Norman Thomas, Socialist.

4—Small black sedans, because there are so many of them that they can be detected less easily.

5—Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. The play was produced at New York in 1920.

6—About $1,000,000, based upon current market prices of around twenty-one dollars a ton, and the fact that the S.S. Leviathan weighs more than 50,000 tons.

7—The little spiked wheel on each of his spurs.

8—Robert Todd Lincoln (1843-1926).

9—A hundred thousand.

10—Just 773,746 (A. V.).

11—Maine. In 1935 eleven of every 100 bushels of home-grown potatoes were produced in Maine.

12—From the Greek words *nephros* (meaning kidney) and *pneumon* (meaning lung).

13—Originated about 1850 in Barcelona, Spain, the swindle is conducted by residents of foreign lands who write prospective victims for money "to obtain release from prison in order to gain possession of concealed treasure." It's a racket.

14—Thirty-three and a half years, according to the American Iron & Steel Institute.

15—By looking for the unkempt ribbonlike streamers which form the ends of sweet corn and are lacking from field corn.

16—In fox hunting, to urge on the hounds.

17—Yes, before it was absorbed by Los Angeles.

18—A reel.

19—Nine; six; four.

20— Saint-Saëns

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ALSO IN THE BIG OCTOBER ISSUE

We Pushed Our Weakling Out of the Nest, by Nina Wilcox Putnam • Do Headaches Follow the Weather? by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M. D. • My Adventure With Arthritis • 10% of Drivers Have Night Blindness • Why I Was an Unwed Wife • My Experience With Birth Control • Don't Play With Love • Finding Exercise in the City • For More Lovely Hands • I Was Love-Starved • When Baby is Feverish • Do You Eat Too Much or Too Little • That Delightful Vegetable Plate •

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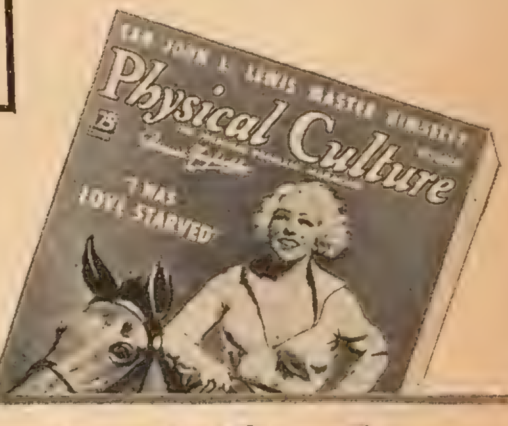

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Vox Pop

Spencer Tracy's Tribute to Jean Harlow

New York, N. Y.—Your serial Why Jean Harlow Died (July 31-August 14 Liberty) called to mind a recent visit I had with Spencer Tracy in Hollywood. We were standing in the middle of Metro-Goldwyn's brightly subdued dining room. Just an hour earlier word had struck the Metro lot like a body blow that Jean Harlow was gone.

“I can't believe it! Not Jean. Why, we all thought she was coming back to work today. The call was up for her picture!” Then he added softly, “Yeah —her call was up. Only we didn't know it.”

Spencer turned his face toward the Venetian blinds. “The grandest woman in the business!”

And slowly, in brief snatches of things said and unsaid, came the story of the reasons why. . . .

Six A. M. at the Good Samaritan Hospital, six weeks before Jean herself was to be there. An operating carriage, surrounded by nurses and internes, is being pushed carefully toward the elevators. Nerves, tension in the air. A tough operation, supremely delicate, on the throat of one of Hollywood's stars. For the patient there's a fifty-fifty chance it may mean loss of voice and career, or—curtains. A nurse coughs nervously.

And from the white sheets of the operating carriage comes the tight-lipped grin of Spencer Tracy. “Say, whose funeral is this, yours or mine?”

The elevator door abruptly moves back and a young woman steps out. A shaft of early-morning sun hits her hair—gold and platinum again—the most famous hair of our generation. The internes snap to attention, the nurses gape, and—Jean Harlow laughs!

Spencer's tired eyes fixed on her in surprise. “My God, Jean, what are you doing up at the crack of dawn?”

“Well, I'll tell you, Spencer. The crack was so loud it woke me up, so I thought I'd drop around for a game of handball.” The smile brushes away and she leans down to take his hand. “Here's wishing you lots of luck. I'll be thinking about you all the time you're up there.” She pressed the hand in hers. “Remember, it's going to be all right.”

“Sure,” Spencer breathes. “It's going to be all right.” . . .

He was still looking out through the Venetian blinds. “Well, that was the kind of girl she was.” Then suddenly he burst out, “Think of it! Just six weeks later at the same hospital!”

And in that moment I knew Spencer Tracy wished with all his soul he might have been there to wish Jean—bon voyage!—*Helen Gilmore.*

WHAT DEGREE?

Philadelphia, Pa.—Having the pleasure of Liberty's good reading every week since the first issue, we take the liberty to ask a question.

To the writer of Billions for Relief, in July 31 Vox Pop, signing himself F. M. Newman, M. D.: Does the M. D. stand for “Mule Driver”?—*Nemo.*

A HAPPY PRIZE WINNER

Cleveland, Ohio—I was very happy to be a prize winner in your recent Alpha contest. Now I wish you would start a Funny Face contest similar to the one you ran in about 1930.

I didn't win anything, but I entered four times a week because it was such fun.—*Alice O'Donnell.*

REFINED ANKLES

Indianapolis, Ind.—What would we do if we had no Liberty to criticize? Sometimes I think the editors arrange to have incongruities just to see how alert their readers are. Far be it from me to disappoint them.

The cover drawing of July 31 is out of keeping with good form, good taste, or “what have you.” A young woman of refinement would not sit with one ankle practically on the knee of her other leg even if her foot was in great pain. In a sport or bathing scene—yes, but not otherwise.

Why? Because “we girls” know just how much of our anatomy is exposed when we assume such a posture. She would lean forward and cross the aching member over her other leg anywhere from the top of the calf down. In this position she would still be able to look soulfully into the eyes of her admirer and let him hold her hand.—*Fraudia Sellers Warner.*

SENATOR CAPPER COMMENDS PUBLIC DEFENDER ARTICLE

Washington, D. C.—I have just finished reading the special Public Defender article written by Colonel Mayer C. Goldman, which appears in July 31 Liberty.

It is a wonderfully fine article and will be most helpful in creating support for the Public Defender system. I think it is one of the best suggestions that have been made recently.

I have a bill before the Senate Judiciary Committee which sets up a plan for the Public Defender system. I feel that your article will be very helpful in creating support for the legislation. —*Arthur Capper.*

ROGER GARIS DEFENDED BY BULLFIGHTING EXPERT

East Orange, N. J.—Mr. A. G. Montenegro of Chihuahua, Mexico, was kind enough to comment (August 14 Vox Pop) on my story, A Matador for Milady, which appeared in June 26 Liberty. His two objections to the story were that prize bulls for the ring are not raised in mountainous country but on the plains of Mexico, and that no bullfighter ever dedicates his first bull of the day to an individual but always to the public.

I plainly indicated that the bull which appeared on the mountain road from Mexico City to Taxco was a domestic animal which had been made savage by being “played by farm lads, embryo matadors.” As to Mr. Montenegro's second objection, I received the following telegram from Rafael Solana, one of the best known experts on bullfighting in Mexico, the “Verduguillo” of the newspaper El Universal:

> “Every matador before playing first bull of afternoon with muleta must request permission from official presiding to kill bull he is then at liberty to dedicate it to the person he desires he may also dedicate it to the public in general I have had many first bulls dedicated to me in Spanish and Mexican bull rings”

Incidentally, I wrote the story in Mexico after witnessing many *corridas*, after intimate association with many active participants of the “sport”—except the bulls.—*Roger Garis.*

MOTHER, GO TO WORK!

Hot Springs, Ark.—In July 24 Liberty, Puzzled Daughter asked for some advice on what to do with her mom and the kids, so she could get married.

Well, all I can say is for that “dear old sweet mother” to get out and find some sort of work, if she's physically able.

My mother started out with two baby girls on her hands, but she didn't ask a soul for help. She worked as a waitress to put us girls through high school and business college.

We're grown now, ready to get married, and our mother owns a thriving café business with twenty-four employees. And all she started out with was a strong back and a will to beat the world.—*F. E.*

JOHNNY OF THE OLD JOKE?

Plainfield, N. J.—Although I admit I dislike your Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles, I always solve the regular ones. Any one of average intelligence undoubtedly does the same.

I wonder if Puzzled Reader (July 31 Vox Pop) is the Johnny of the very old joke to the effect that the authorities had to burn down the school to get Johnny out of the third grade.—*Dorothè Morgan.*

DOROTHY SPEARE'S RUMBLE

BUZZARDS BAY, MASS.—Mr. J. S. Smith (July 17 Vox Pop) writes that I must be a magician as well as a writer because, in Part Four of Whitewashed Lady, Dick and Diana start to Sally's party unaccompanied, Elsie and Spike Gillis following in Elsie's car, for "Dick's car has no rumble *seat,*" and then in Part Five Spike is concealed in the *rumble* of that car.

What does Mr. Smith call that space in the back of a roadster when it doesn't have a rumble *seat?* Where I bought my car—and didn't buy a rumble seat—they called it the rumble. Every time I've ever heard any one allude to it, it's called the rumble. Do you call it baggage space, Mr. Smith, or simply the car's back hind side, or perhaps, delicately, its bustle?—*Dorothy Speare.*

"THAT'S GOT ME LICKED!"

ATLANTA, GA.—After all these years you've finally intrigued me into reading something in Liberty. I've bought your conglomeration of hocus-pocus ever since it's been dropped down the chimneys of Mr. and Mrs. Public by a stewed stork.

I buy it every week to read the ads and the contests and sometimes Mr. Macfadden's editorials—because he thinks a lot about many things like I do. But until now I've never been able to get through the first hundred words in anything you've printed. Most of it is such old stuff it bores me stiff. All you gotta do is read the first hundred words and the last ten of anything and "thar ye are."

But upon picking up the issue of August 7 on my favorite bar I see "Strip-Tease Girl. A Self-Told Novel of Love and Sacrifice." So dad blame my hide if I ain't a-gonna force myself to read that. Because what in hell can a gal who strips herself off before a bunch of bums for approximately fifty cents per head know about love or sacrifice!

That's got me licked, but I'm gonna read it through if it kills me, and if it does you'll be billed the funeral expenses.—*Thumb-to-the-Nose.*

ONLY ONE MAN SALUTED COLORS

NORWOOD, PA.—Standing among a group of several hundred persons on the main street of one of our smaller manufacturing cities recently, as a parade was passing, I noticed exactly one man in a possible two hundred remove his hat as our national colors were carried past. Neither men, women, nor children bothered to stand at attention unless they had accidentally happened to be in that position. Numerous divisions of the parade carried flags.

But after the one lone thoughtful citizen removed his hat and replaced it, noticing that no one else did likewise, he also failed to remove it thereafter.

What can this mean? Is it a downright disregard for patriotism; thoughtlessness; an utter lack of respect, due to home training; a laxness in the teachings of our schools?

Or is Communism, Fascism, and Nihilism becoming so deep-rooted in this glorious and patriotic country that our national traditions are being trampled underfoot?

Is the foreign unnaturalized element in this country becoming so great that it is outnumbering our American-born citizens?—*E. M. G.*

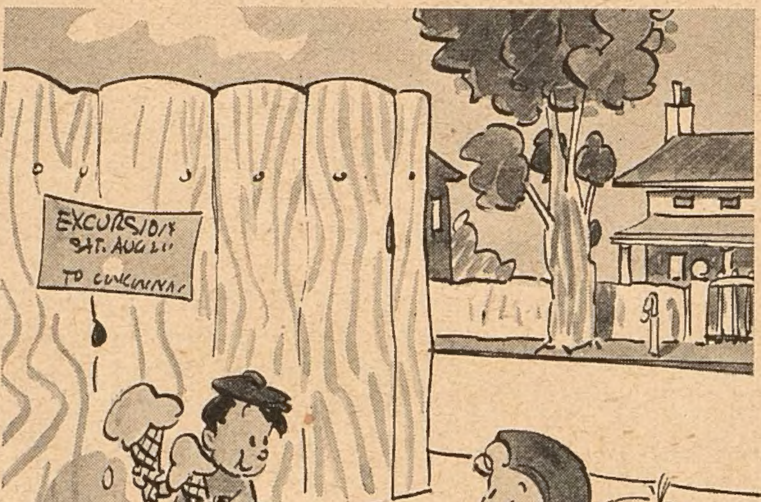
AFTER THREE YEARS SHE POPS!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Have been reading Liberty for over three years and this is the first time I have written. I always read and enjoy Vox Pop.

I certainly did like the story Alias Emerald Annie. One of the best I have ever read in your magazine. You have a swell publication for a nickel.—*Dorothy Angeloty.*

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller


EXCURSION SAT. AUG 21 TO CINCINNATI
Reamer Keller

"The family's been treatin' me better since I swallowed that ten-dollar gold piece."

NEW COMPLAINT

CLIFTON, TEX.—Here is a new complaint to add to your already full list. My husband says: "I wish that Liberty came every day." So are you popular—or are you popular? Yowsah!—*Mrs. J. Allen Jones.*

DID THIS HAPPEN TO AMELIA EARHART?

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Our theory of the Amelia Earhart disaster is that at the same time that she was leaving Lae, New Guinea, there was a violent eruption of a volcano on an island north of New Guinea, accompanied by seismological and magnetical disturbances which caused enough variations in the readings of her instruments to make her miss Howland Island by quite a large margin.

Would suggest that you investigate this idea and check theory, and if correct give us an article on it.—*M. Berry Doub.*

WHO WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED!

PARADOX, COL.—You people had better wake up or your magazine is going to the bowwows—it seems to get bummer and bummer.

I'll not try any more of your contests, either. I sent in some fine entries but never won a thing.

I would like to write you an article, a short short story, or paint a cover for your magazine. But no, you are impossible for us poor unknowns—and still you put up your shingle as helping us.

As a tip, why not print one issue of your magazine from cover to cover, articles, stories, even the cover picture, by us poor dubs, and I'll bet you'd be surprised!—*One of Them.*

GENERAL SHERMAN REINCARNATED

FLUSHING, N. Y.—In Denis P. S. Conan Doyle's spook story, Life After Death: Are We Getting New Proofs? (August 7 Liberty), the illustrator portrays an "ultra" marine who claims that he is the mortal who performed a Caesarian operation on one certain shark.

Apparently the artist's morgue, or reference file, is a nineteenth-century postage-stamp album (which see), as the tarry figure is none other than General Sherman reincarnated with a yen for indulging in an occasional shave.

Why has the general chosen Australia for a more pacific life? Has he learned that this country is no longer a republic and is now a democracy?—*Malcolm H. Tallman.*

Picture Star Admits He Was a Chump

THAT'S NEWS! And no catch in it! The picture star is Richard Arlen. With humility and humor—qualities rare in Hollywood—Arlen tells in Liberty next week of mistakes he made—including an inflated sense of his own value—that nearly wrecked his theatrical career. Now he is starting all over again. Liberty prints his remarkable statement because of its meaning for the rest of us; we are all tempted at one time or another to make the same kind of blunder in our own job. We salute Mr. Arlen's courage and wish him luck in his comeback. The nerve it took to write this article makes him more of a hero than any cinema role he ever played.

* * *

WAS "CRAZY EDUCATION" TO BLAME? John Erskine, who is not only a great novelist but also one of the foremost educators of today, declares in a ringing article in Liberty next week that our schools teach the youth of today everything except how to be brave and decent and sensible and kind. Teaching of character is left to parents, but many of them are too busy playing golf or bridge. Erskine not only indicts our public schools and universities but he offers a common-sense remedy. This will be one of the most discussed magazine articles of 1937, and justly so.

* * *

SUCH NEGLECT BREEDS CRIME. Not that we blame the defects of education for the Al Capones of the world. But we can blame an educational system that turns out citizens who are afraid to testify in court against gangsters like Capone, or who, when called for jury duty, don't dare to vote for conviction. Men who will bear true witness against criminals are real heroes, worthy of Congressional Medals of Honor. So says Judge George E. Q. Johnson, who as District Attorney put Al Capone behind prison bars—where he is stirring restlessly, even now. Public Enemy No. 1, caged in Alcatraz, has never given up trying for his release. If ever a man deserved a life sentence it is this repulsive gangster. Strangely enough, the real story of how he was convicted—by the heroic bravery of three good citizens—has never before been told; but Judge Johnson reveals the whole background in his new article. Judge Johnson, you will remember, wrote a remarkable piece for Liberty a few issues ago, called Boys for Sale, since republished all over the United States.

* * *

ROMANCE AND EXCITEMENT will be with you in abundance with the two heart-warming short stories: Desert Passion, by Achmed Abdullah, and Night Over the Atlantic, by Pierre Gendron—two stories that will leave you with something to think about.

You will find, too, an exciting baseball article called The Roar of the Bleachers, by Bill McGowan, in which the famous diamond veteran speaks his mind to the fans with unabashed frankness.

* * *

IN FACT, FRANKNESS ABOUNDS in next week's Liberty. One article we especially advise you to read is a pungent little piece by Lloyd Douglas (author of Magnificent Obsession and Green Light) a protest against the bad manners of Uncle Sam. Gently but firmly Mr. Douglas states the case: an admonition to bureaucrats who seem to think their government jobs give them the authority to write to their fellow citizens as if the U. S. A., were not still a democracy. Washington officials, please take notice.

* * *

FROM WALTER WINCHELL: "Thanks for the story about Bernie and me. The only thing that makes it seem dated is the reference to me as a keyhole columnist. That seems like 1927—not 1937."

Sort of out of key with today?

* * *

THE FRANÇOIS VILLON stories which were so popular in Liberty have just been issued in book form. The New York Times in a major Sunday review says: "John Erskine has brought him vividly to life in this biographical novel. It is a roystering tale shot through with beauty, a tale of mad adventure whose involvements are touched suddenly with the clear simplicity of poetry; and it stands out naturally against its historic background as it grows naturally from Mr. Erskine's understanding and scholarship."

All of which goes to prove that great magazine material and scholarly literature may be, and often are, the same thing. Watch for more of the new Erskine stories, Casanova's Women, coming soon.

* * *

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT writes: "Liberty makes important things interesting. So many authors think they have to be dull when they write on serious topics. Keep up the good work."

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW AND WHERE TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES THAT EDITORS PREFER
Introduction by Willard D. Morgan Contributions Editor LIFE MAGAZINE
BY A. J. EZICKSON
A Small Business of Your Own
WITHOUT CAPITAL INVESTMENT
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING IDEAS
BY WILLIAM ALLAN
MAKING ART PAY
CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

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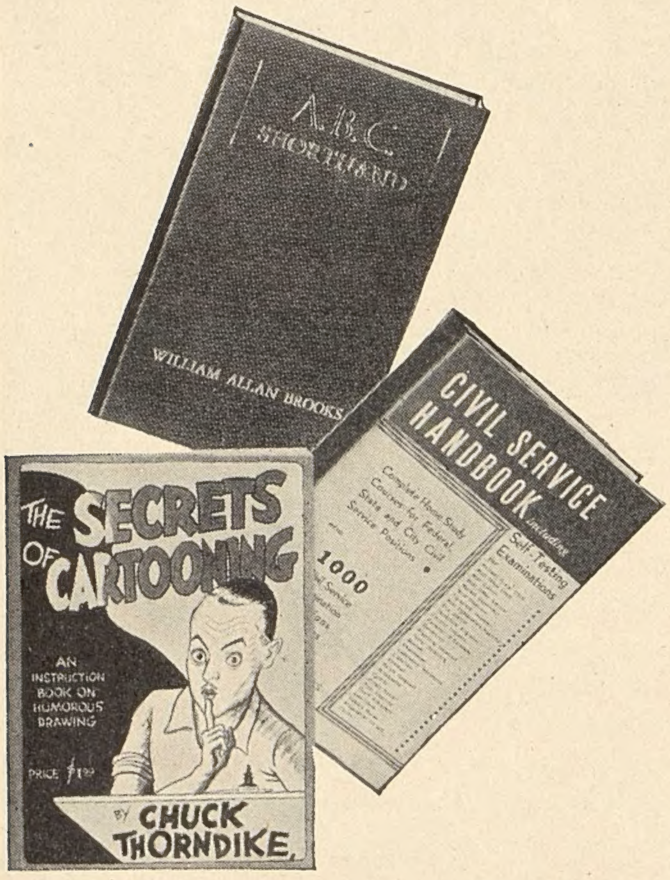
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Richard Crooks

says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

"*The rôle of* LIEUT. PINKERTON *in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo', I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since 1920.*"

Richard Crooks

STAR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA AND RADIO

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EASY ON YOUR THROAT - "IT'S TOASTED"

MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO SMOKE LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best . . .

it's Luckies—2 to 1

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